The Parish Hymnal

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THE PARISH HYMNAL:

FOR

"The Service of Song in the House of the Lord."

[John Ireland Tucker]

NEW YORK:
F. J. HUNTINGTON AND CO.,
459 BROOME STREET.

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J. W. TAYLOR, MUSIC STEREOTYPER,
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PREFACE.

I ANTICIPATE the wishes of those friends who have kindly interested themselves in my work, by explaining how "The Child's Book of Praise" has grown into "THE PARISH HYMNAL."

At the outset my intention was simply to compile a collection of hymns for the Sunday-school of the Holy Cross. I was soon, however, induced by the earnest solicitations of several of my clerical brethren to adapt music to the hymns. When I had completed my labours, and the book began to take form, it occurred to me that it was suited not only to the Sunday-school, but also to Bible and Confirmation classes, and, possibly, in some instances might be serviceable to the choir and congregation so far as the Hymns were duly authorized to be used on occasions of public worship. Without over-estimating the importance of my little book, yet honestly rating its powers of adaptiveness, I concluded that a comprehensive title such as "THE PARISH HYMNAL," would best denote its various uses. But the book, although adapted to the general purposes of the parish, is none the less fitted, as I believe, to the special object for which it is designed.

And yet, when I think of the original design to provide a book for Sunday-schools, I imagine a friend, after glancing his eyes over the pages of this Hymnal, suggesting, with a smile, that I have adhered too rigidly to the principle enunciated by St. Paul in the familiar verse: "When I was a child, I spake as a child; but *when I became a man, I put away childish things.*" Such a friend might venture to insinuate that the book is too old-fashioned, too dry and hard-featured to suit children's wants and wishes. I find it necessary, therefore, by way of an apology, to expose more fully the motives which have influenced me while selecting the Hymns and the accompanying Tunes.

I have long wished to make the *learning* as well as the singing of Hymns an important element of the Sunday-school exercises, hoping that the Hymns so learnt might be treasured up with other sacred associations, and remembered in maturer years. In order to effect my purpose, I was accordingly, obliged to select Hymns worthy to be enshrined in the memory, provided I could do this without making the book unfit for present uses. After a careful consideration of the subject, and relying somewhat upon the results of my own experience, I reached the conclusion, that in adapting Hymns to the age, the mental and moral qualifications of children, it is not necessary to restrict one's self in the selection to baby-talk and nursery jingles—that a Hymn with holy thoughts ex-

pressed in good, strong English may prove even to children as acceptable as the the vapid, maudlin verses of the popular, childish, rhyme-effusions of the day—that if children must be fed "like babes" there is nothing to justify feeding them with skimmed milk; that, on the contrary, we should endeavour to furnish a more substantial sort of nutriment, which may serve to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD."

Similar remarks are applicable to the Tunes which are here adapted to the Hymns. In contrast with the *popular* Sunday-school songs and melodies, I am aware that some of the music in this HYMNAL may seem to be too severe and difficult. And I am ready to admit that in many instances the tunes are not of that peculiar style which "takes" or "can be taken" at first hearing or sight. They *must be learnt* under the instruction of a choir-master or precentor,—a necessary official, in my opinion, in every well organized Sunday-school. This, by-the-way, may be the most practicable mode of introducing congregational singing into the Church.

I avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge the kindness of the friends who have so generously helped me in my work. From my much revered and more than much-loved *friend*, the Rev. Dr. MUHLENBERG, I have received fresh signs of sympathy and regard in the words and notes which he has contributed to this HYMNAL. With a name so honoured and so fondly remembered, I am glad to join the names of other brethren, the Rev. Drs. GEER and HODGES, and the Rev. Messrs. LEIGHTON COLEMAN, WM. H. COOKE, JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, JR., JOHN C. MIDDLETON, J. B. TIBBITS, and E. SOLLIDAY WIDDEMER, who, by their offerings of love and devotion, have added so much to the worth of this service of Sacred Song. I no less heartily express my obligations to Messrs. G. BAKER, Prof. of Music; H. C. LOCKWOOD, Esq.; S. B. SAXTON, Esq.; N. B. WARREN, Esq., Mus. Bac.; G. WM. WARREN, Professor of Music and Choir-Master of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, L. I.; J. H. WILLCOX, Mus. Doc.; and particularly to Mr. WM. W. ROUSSEAU, Organist of St. John's Church, Troy, on whose experience and success in teaching children to sing Hymns and Carols I have much relied in selecting the tunes, and for whose efficient co-operation my thanks are especially due.

When I add that the music has been carefully revised by WILLIAM H. WALTER, Mus. Doc., Organist and Director of the Choir of Trinity Chapel, and Organist of Columbia College, New York, I feel as if I could give no better assurance of my desire to furnish "THE PARISH HYMNAL" with all the advantages and attractions of science and art.

J. IRELAND TUCKER.

Parsonage of the Holy Cross, Troy, N. Y.

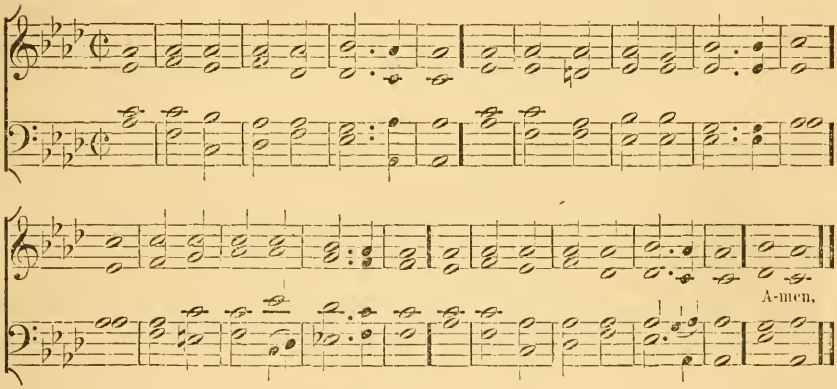
ADVENT SEASON, 1869.

THE

PARISH HYMNAL.

Morning.

SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ. *Arranged by* R. REDHEAD.



Hymn 1.

1 O SPLENDOUR of the FATHER's beam,
Who draw'st from Light its faintest ray:
Thyself the Fount of every gleam;
Day-star, that givest light to day.

2 True Sun of Righteousness, arise
In sheen of ever-streaming light,
Outpour Thy SPIRIT from the skies,
On mortal sense a radiance bright.

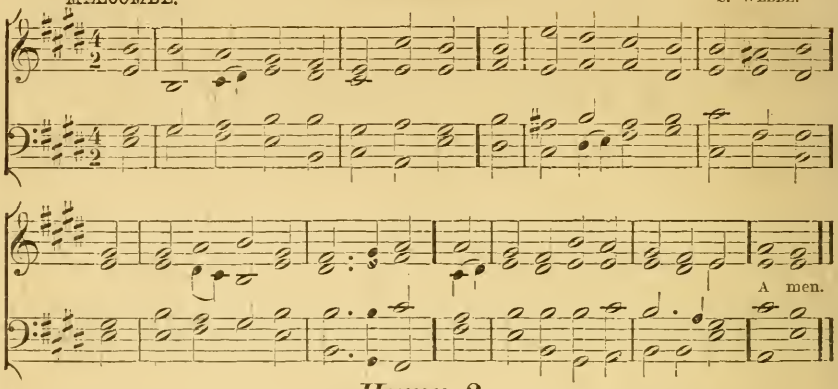
3 O FATHER, come to help our vows,
Thou FATHER of Almighty Grace:
Eternal glory crowns Thy brows;
Each guileful sin do Thou erase.

4 O strengthen all our valiant deeds;
Unpoison Envy's cruel fang;
Make smooth the rugged path that bleeds;
For steady steps on Thee to hang.

5 Direct and rule the erring soul,
May chastity unspotted reign!
Faith burn with fervour's living coal,
Unknowing craft's insidious bane!

6 In cheerful mood let pass this day;
Be modesty the dawning glow;
A bright meridian Faith display;
The soul a twilight never know. Amen.

MELCOMBE. S. WEBBE.



Hymn 2.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and powers and thought.

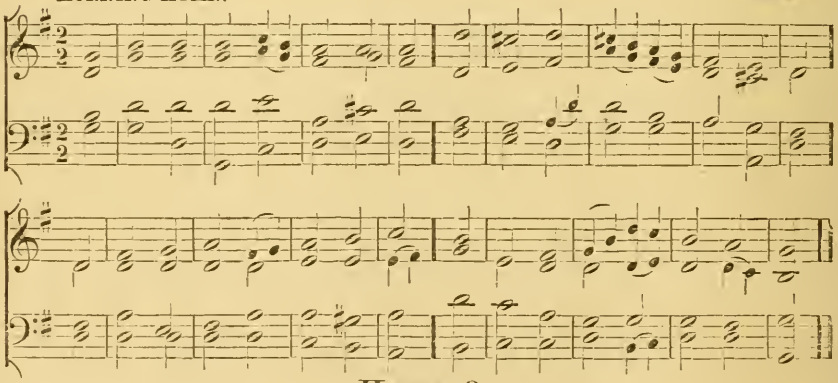
2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer GOD.

5 Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

MORNING HYMN. BARTHOLEMON.



Hymn 3.

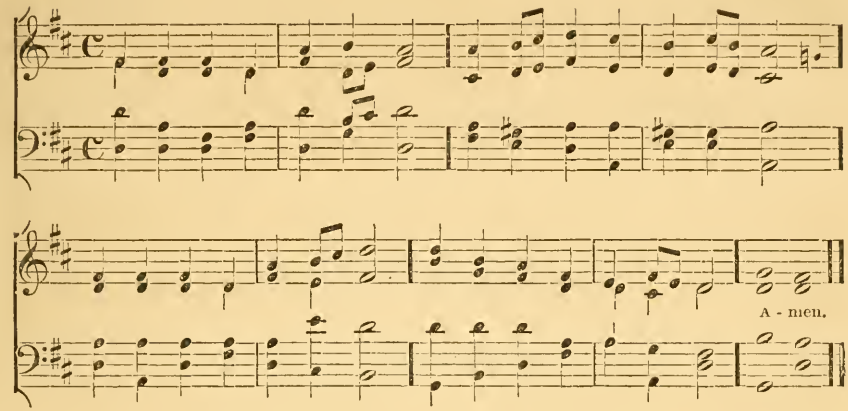
1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King !

FERRIER. REV. J. B. DYKES.



Hymn 4.

1 JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child ;
Thou hast sent the glorious light
Chasing far the silent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine ;
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies ;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread ;
And Thy HOLY SPIRIT give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 Make me, LORD, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child ;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

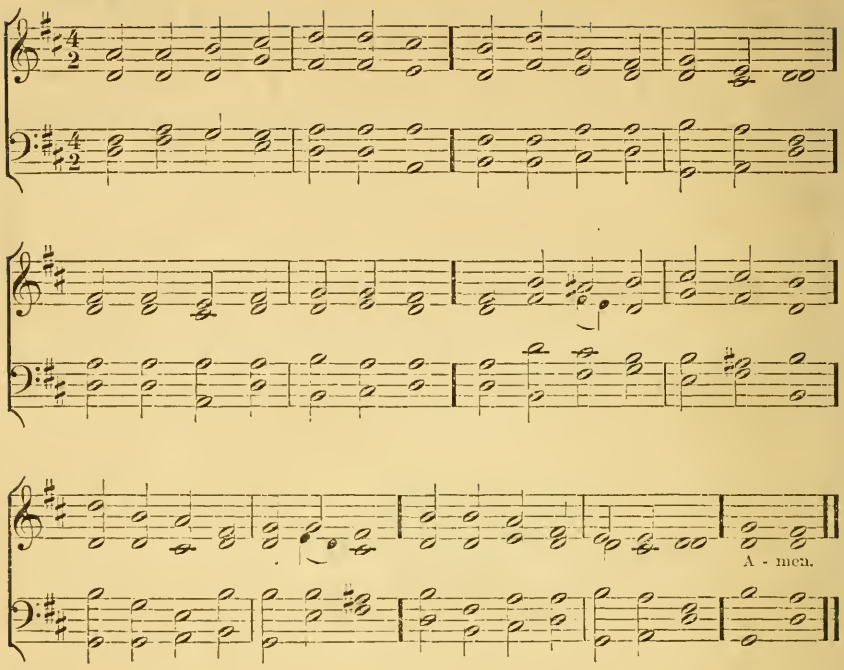
6 Help me never to forget
That in Thy great book is set
All that children think and say
For the awful Judgment Day.

7 Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, LORD,
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine angels do above.

8 Make me, LORD, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day ;
And when Thou at last shall come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home. Amen.

Morning.

RATISBON. WERNER.



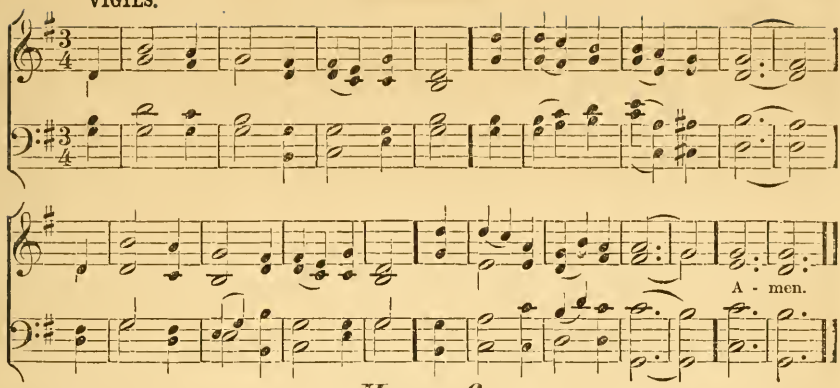
Hymn 5.

1 CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high be near,
Daystar in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
When illumin'd not by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

VIGILS.



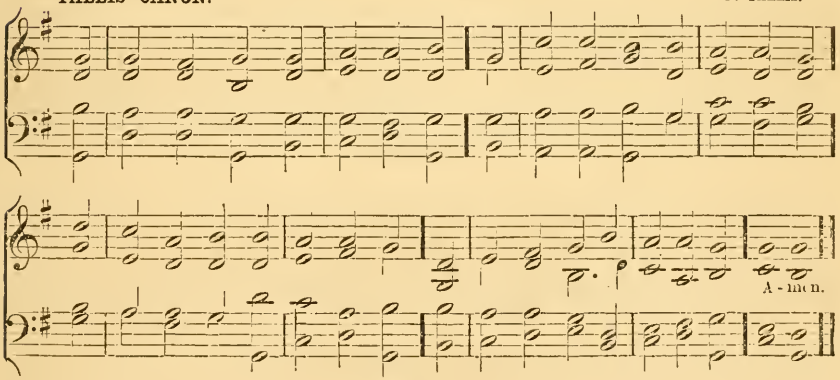
Hymn 6.

1 AS now the sun's declining rays
Towards the eve descend;
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

2 LORD, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretched,
To draw us to the sky;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in Those Arms to die.

3 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
All glory be from Saints on earth,
And from the Angel-host. Amen.

TALLIS' CANON. T. TALLIS.



Hymn 7.

1 GLORY to Thee, my GOD, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

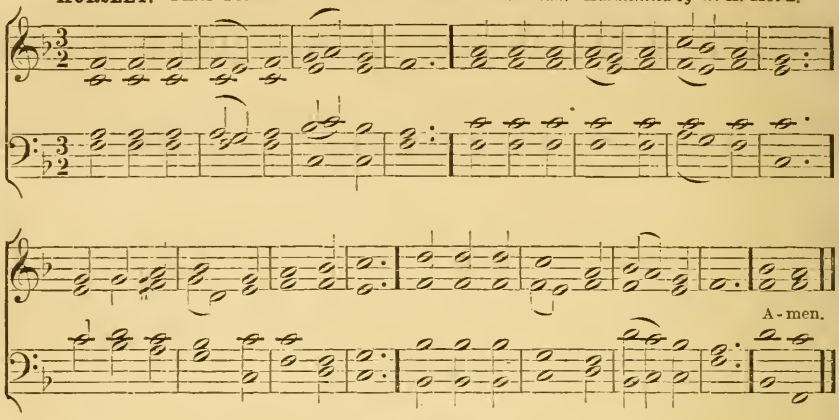
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise GOD from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HURSLEY. First Tune. *German. Harmonized by* W. H. Monk.



Hymn 8.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

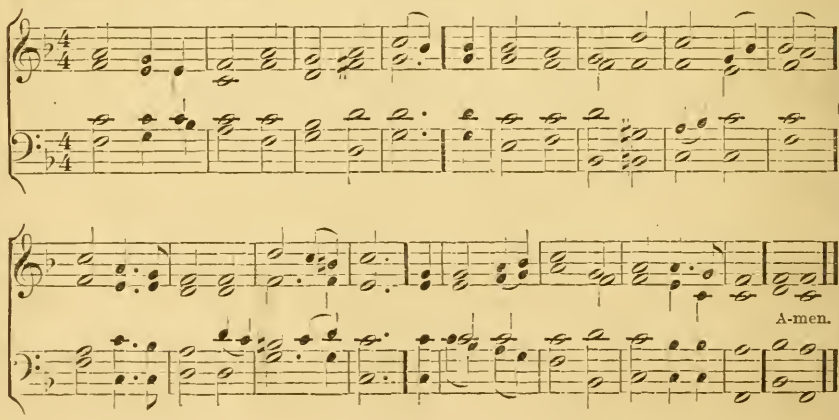
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.

KEBLE. Second Tune. (*Words above.*) J. I. T.



Evening.

SWEDEN. (*Words on opposite page*) H. Hiles.

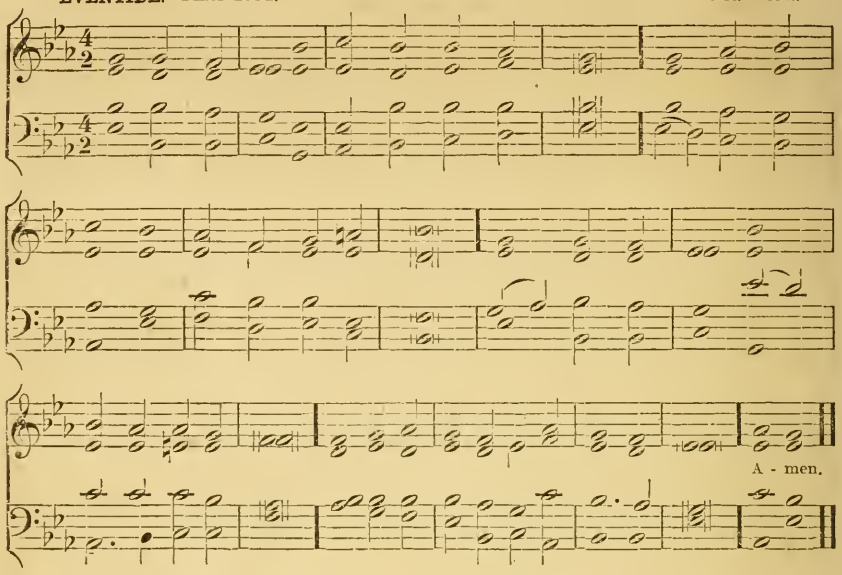
A - men.

Evening.

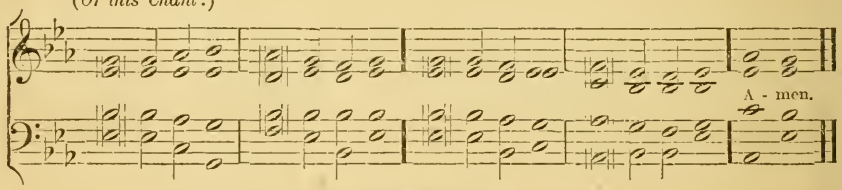
VESPERS. (*Words on opposite page.*) W. H. Hart.

A - men.

EVENTIDE. First Tune. W. H. Monk.



(*Or this Chant:*)



Hymn 9.

1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

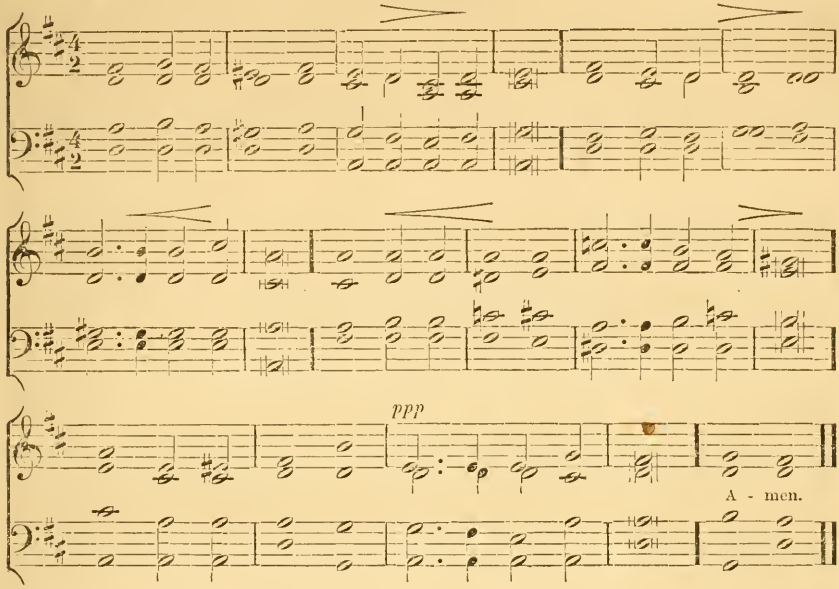
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a way;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

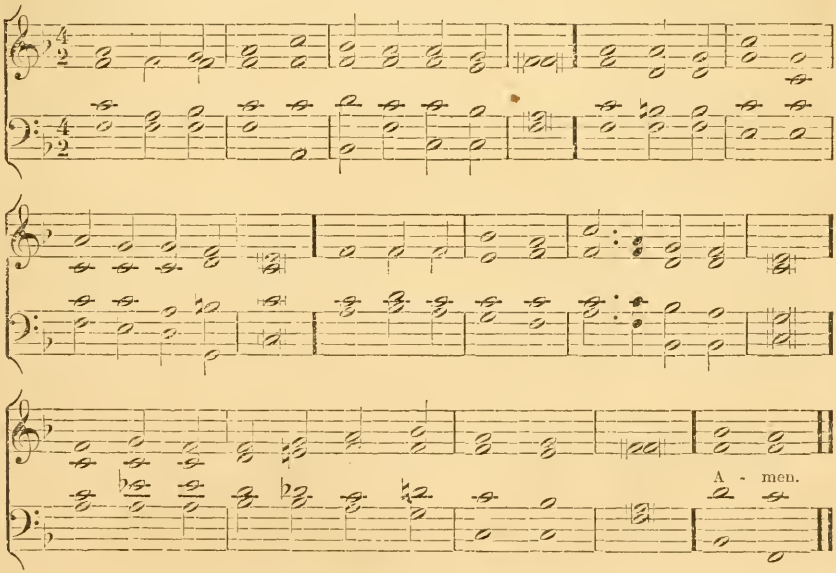
4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

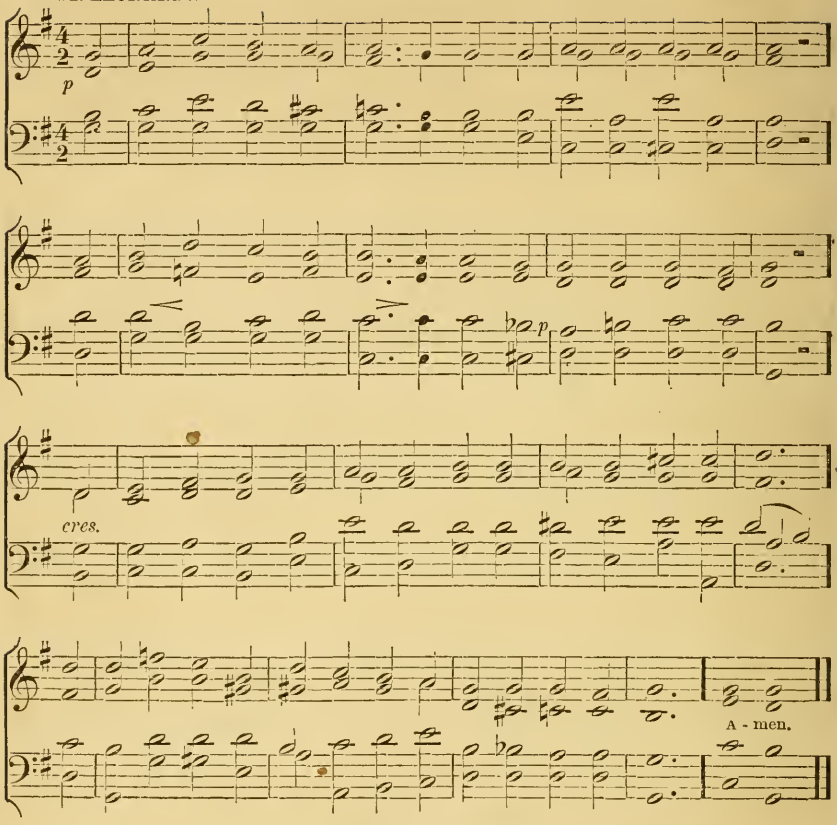
HYMN 9. SECOND TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) A. HARVEY.



HYMN 9. THIRD TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) JAMES LANGRAN.



ST. LEONARDS. H. HILES.



Hymn 10.

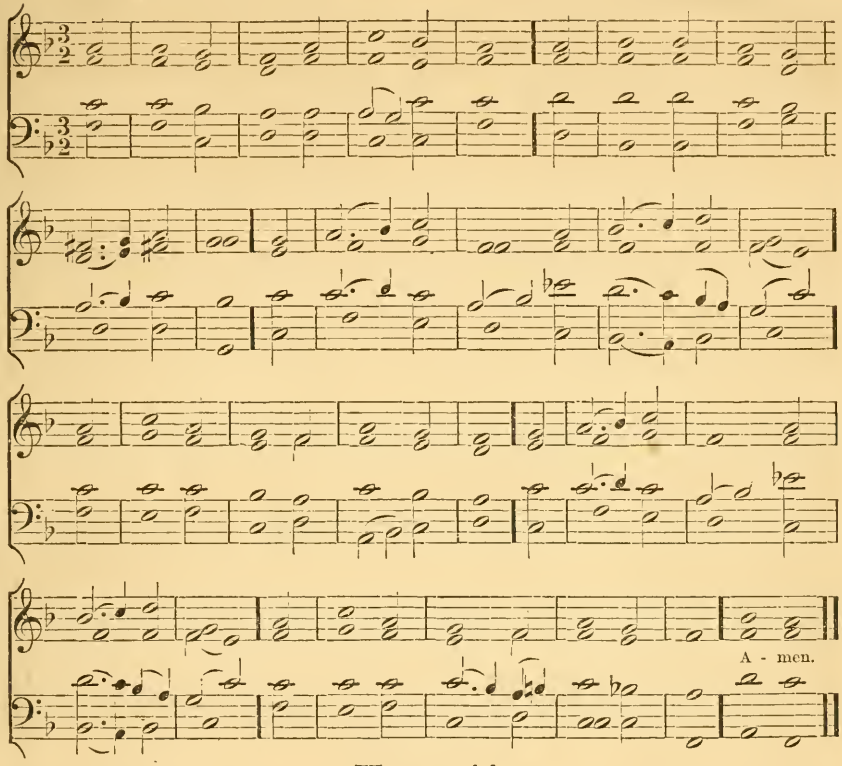
1 THE shadows of the ev'ning hours
Fall from the dark'ning sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flow'rs
The dews of ev'ning lie ;
Before Thy throne, O LORD of Heav'n,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, LORD,
Oh ! do not Thou despise ;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise ;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our hearts
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the Heavens shine ;—
Give us, oh LORD ! fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O LORD ! Thy peace, O GOD !
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend ;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, LORD,
Oh, give us now repose ! Amen.

BENISON. First Tune. *"Bamberg Hymn Book"*



Hymn 11.

1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
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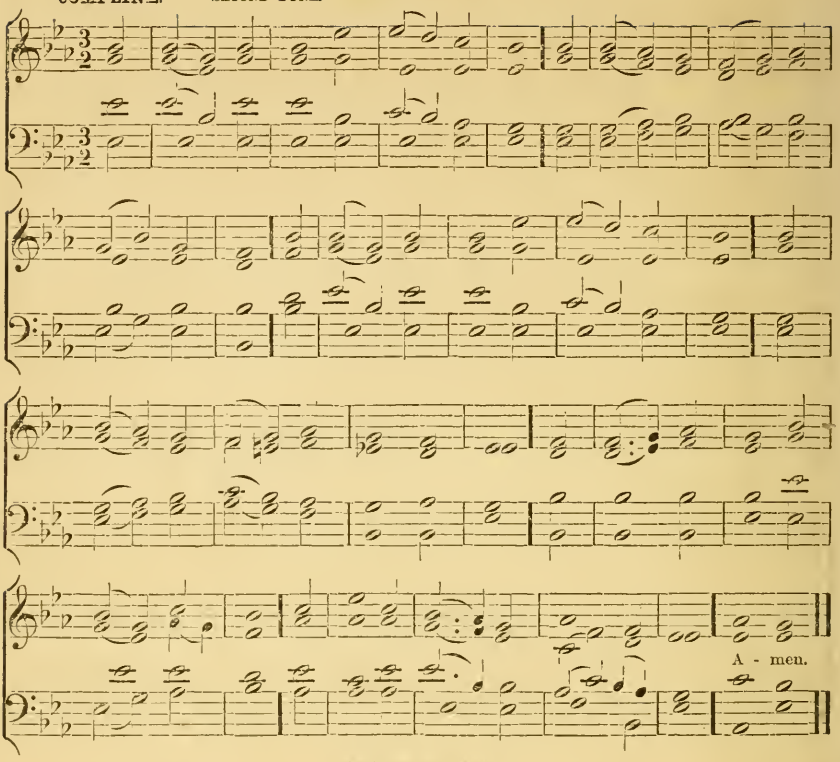
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercies make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Though life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

COMPLINE. SECOND TUNE.



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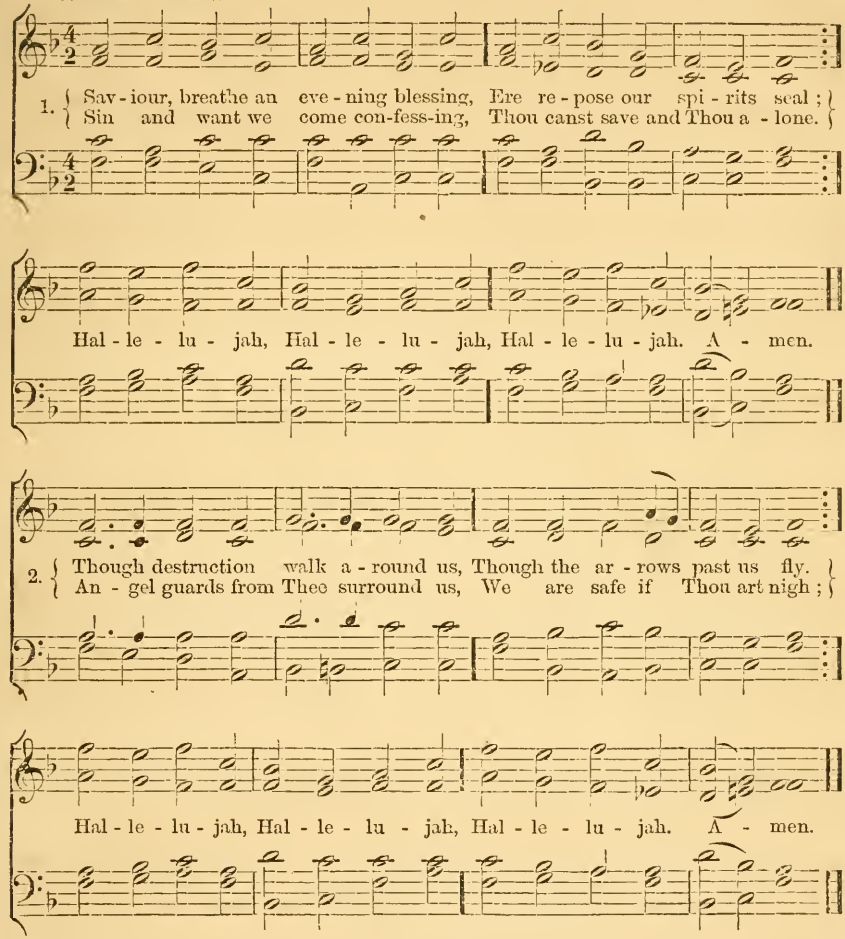
RUSSIAN HYMN.

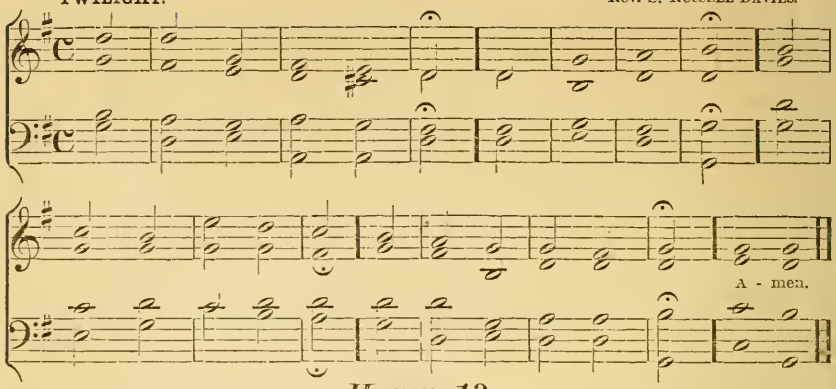


Hymn 12.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee !
Thou our shepherd, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Hallelujah &c.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our bed become our tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.
Hallelujah, &c.

TWILIGHT. Rev. S. Russell Davies.



Hymn 13.

1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

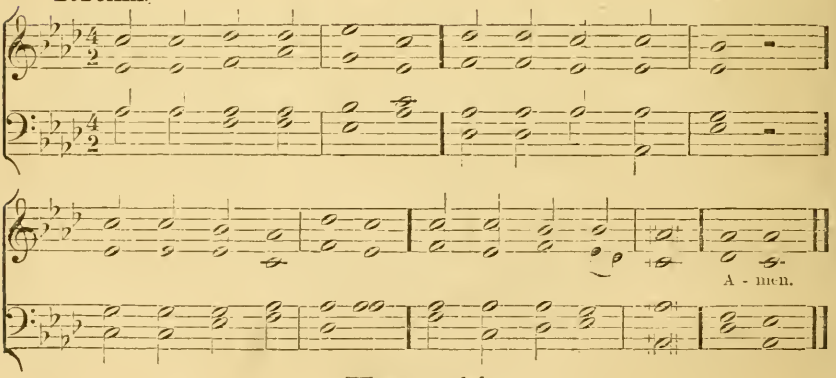
4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

EUDOXIA. Rev. S. Baring Gould.



Hymn 14.

1 NOW the day is over.
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

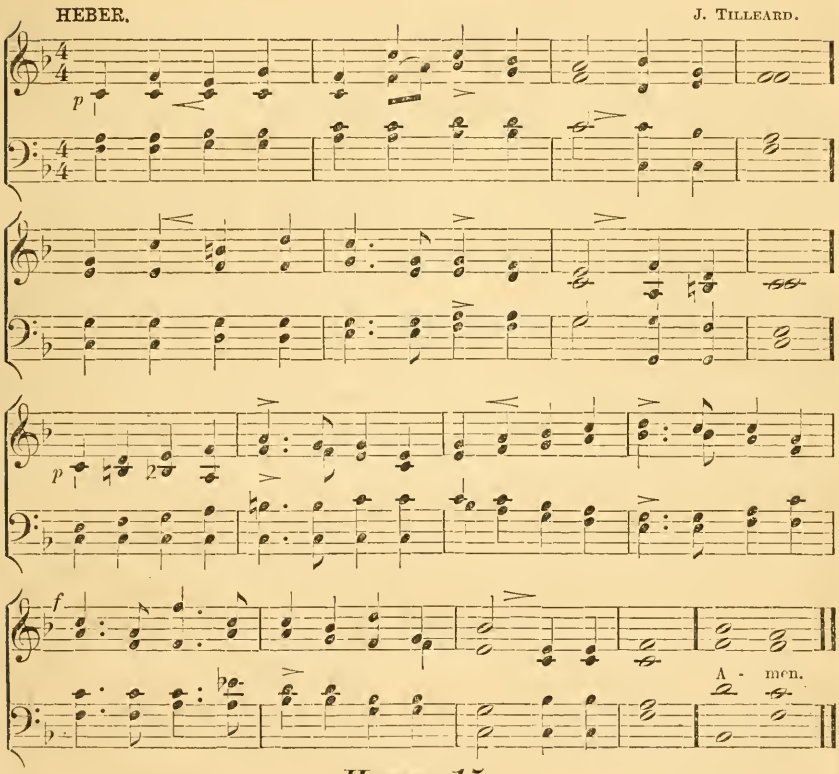
4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailor's tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

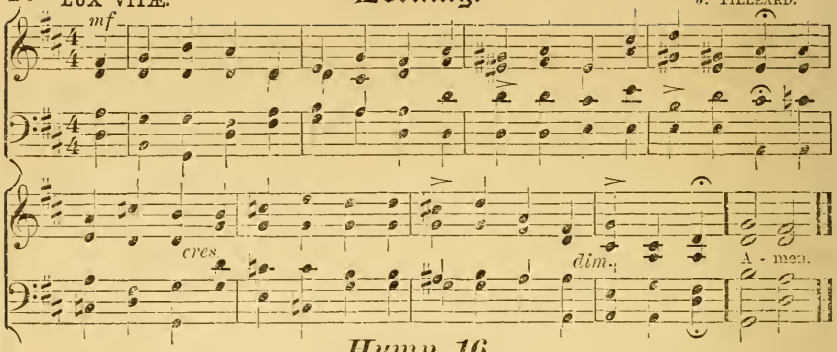


Hymn 15.

1 God, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

J. TILLEARD.



Hymn 16.

1 O LIGHT of life, O SAVIOUR dear,
Before we sleep, bow down Thine ear;
Through day and dark, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

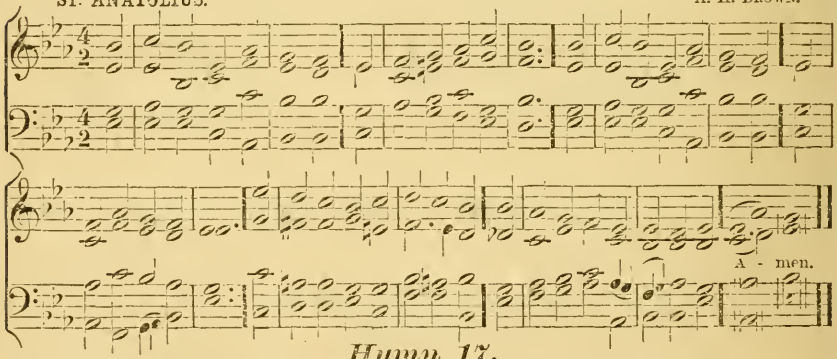
2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for GOD, and find Him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, SAVIOUR dear,
Abide with us more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of GOD's own Paradise.

5 Praise GOD, our Maker and our Friend!
Praise Him thro' time, till time shall end!
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore!

ST. ANATOLIUS. A. H. BROWN.



Hymn 17.

1 THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O LORD, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

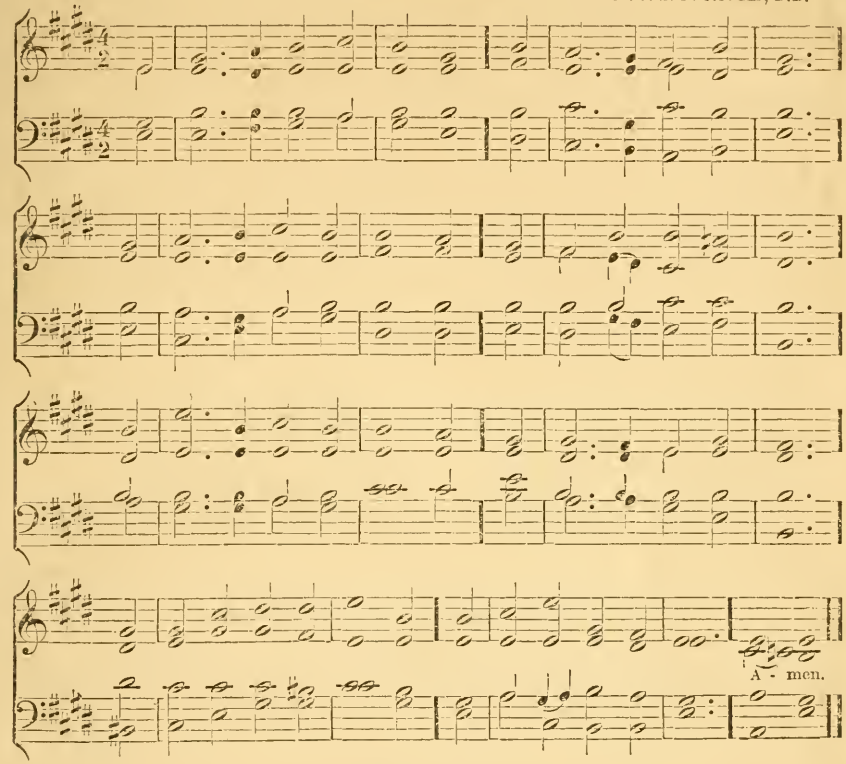
2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

5 Lighten mine eyes, O SAVIOUR,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
He could not make their darkness light,
Nor save them through the hours of night.

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go;
O loving JESU, hear my call.
And guard and save me from them all.

HODGES. Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.



Hymn 18.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

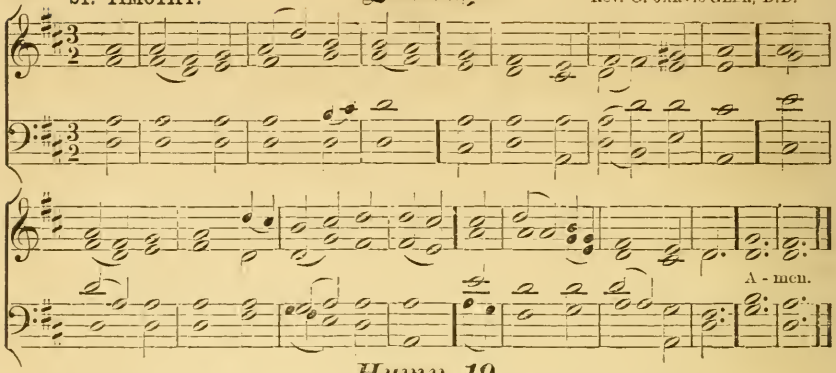
2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth,
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a holy ladder
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday find us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home;
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this, our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest,
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

ST. TIMOTHY. **Sunday.** Rev. G. Jarvis Geer, D.D.



Hymn 19.

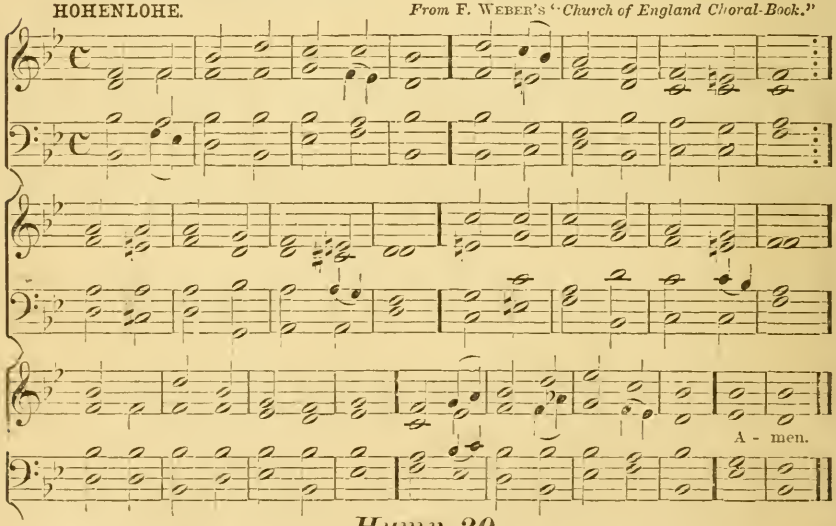
1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss. Amen.

HOHENLOHE. *From* F. Weber's "*Church of England Choral-Book.*"



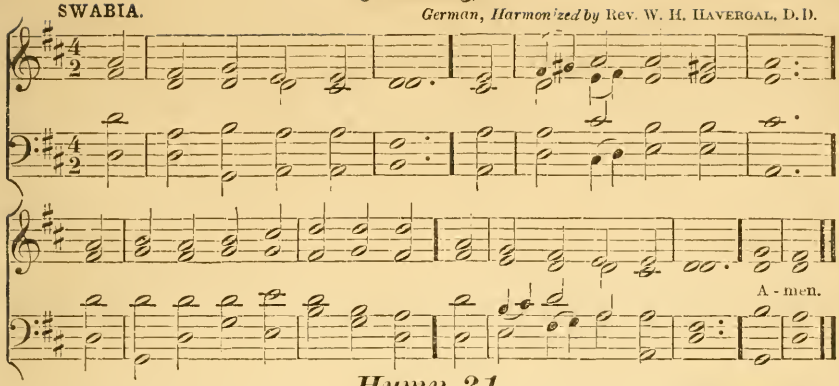
Hymn 20.

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest;
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
Thus He vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips His glory tell.

Gracious Lord, we love this day,
When we hear Thy holy Word;
When we sing Thy praise, and pray:
Earth can no such joys afford.
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days;
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys and endless praise. Amen.

SWABIA.

German, Harmonized by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, D.D.



Hymn 21.

1 THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day :
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew !
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

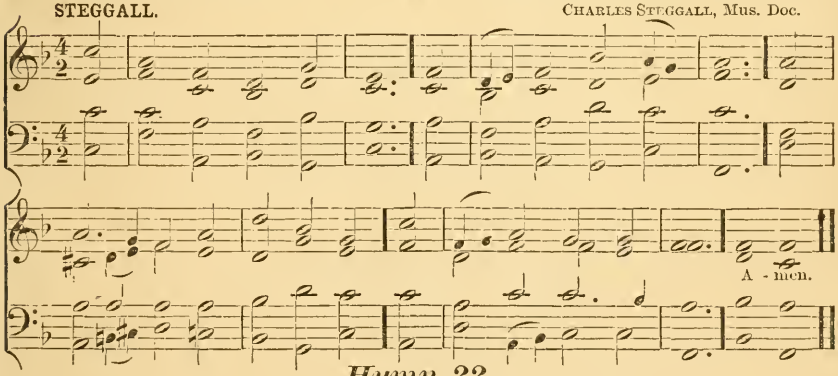
3 This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near :
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days ;
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death ! Amen.

STEGGALL.

CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



Hymn 22.

1 THE day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

2 Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless songs to Thee.

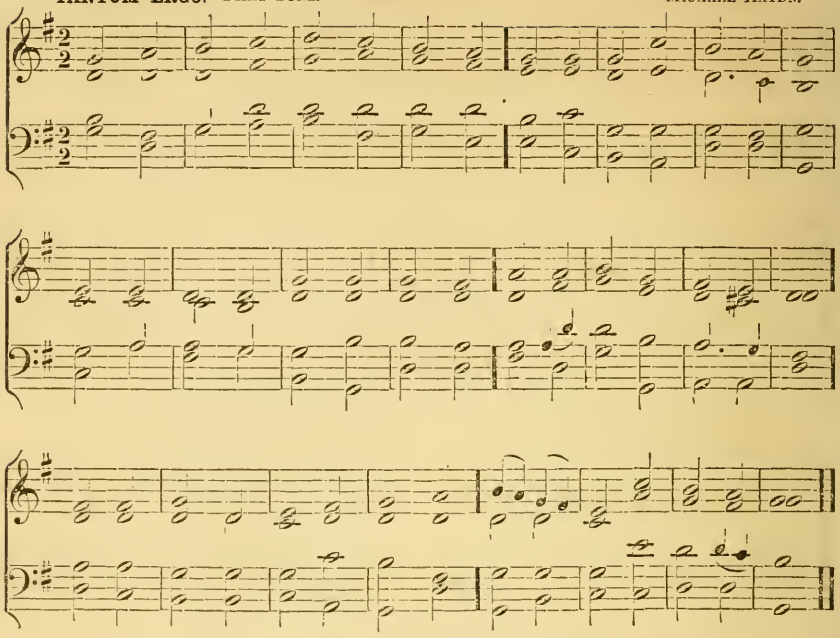
3 Too faint, our anthems here :
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

4 Yet, LORD, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angel's music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

TANTUM ERGO. First Tune. Michael Haydn.



Hymn 23.

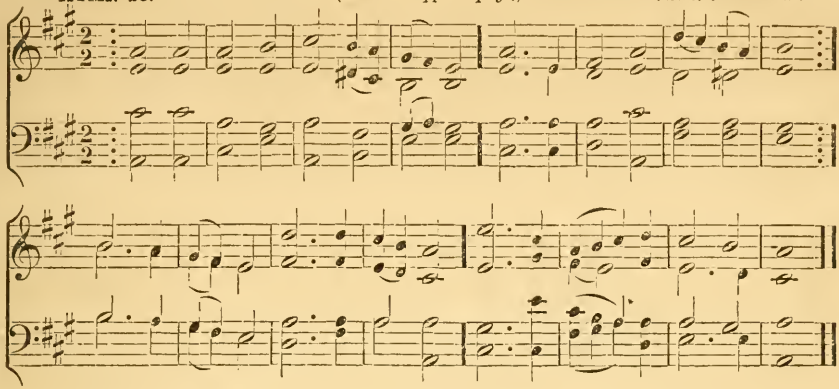
1 LO! He comes in clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth again.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

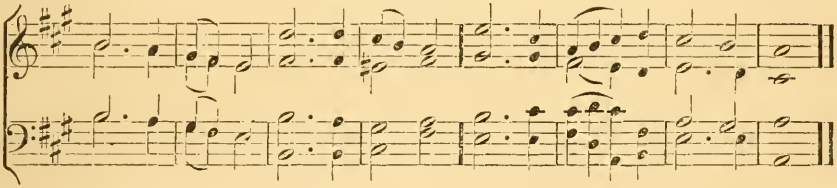
3 Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His wounded Body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Alleluia! Amen.

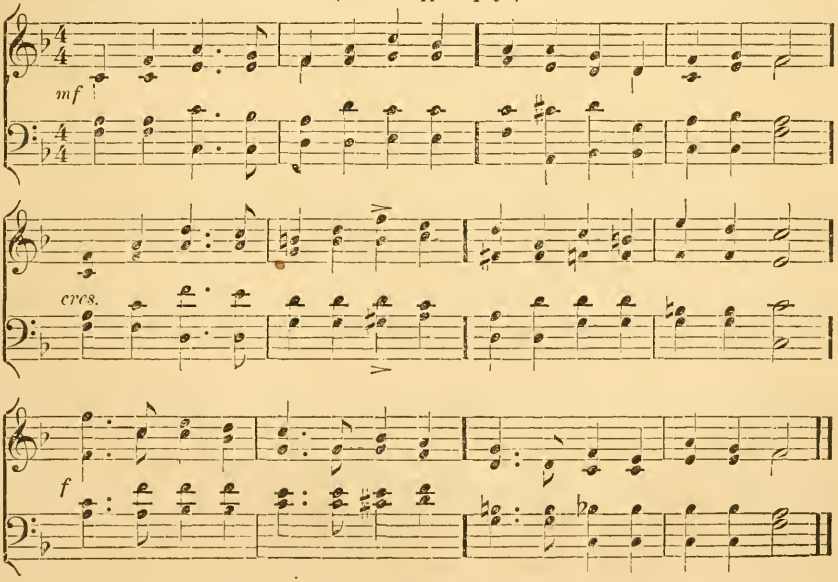
HYMN 23. SECOND TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) REV. S. S. GREATHEED.



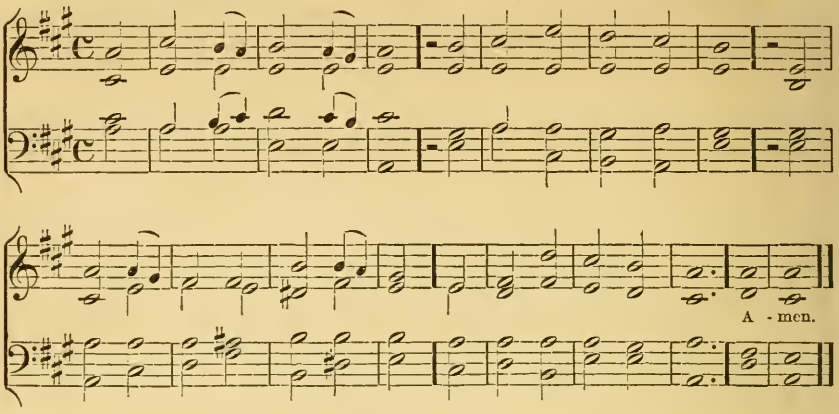
(*Another Harmony, to be used with the words* "Deeply wailing" *and* "O come quickly.")



HYMN 23. THIRD TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) J. TILLEARD.



CAMBRIDGE. First Tune. Rev. R. Harrison.



Hymn 24.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

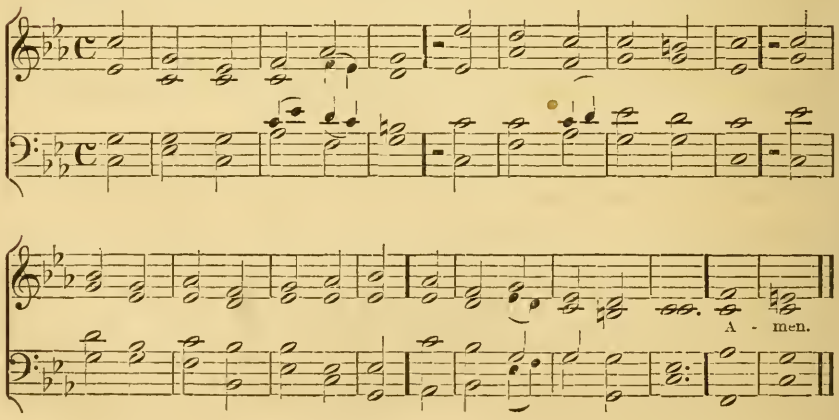
2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
And at the signal of His hand,
Be ready to appear.

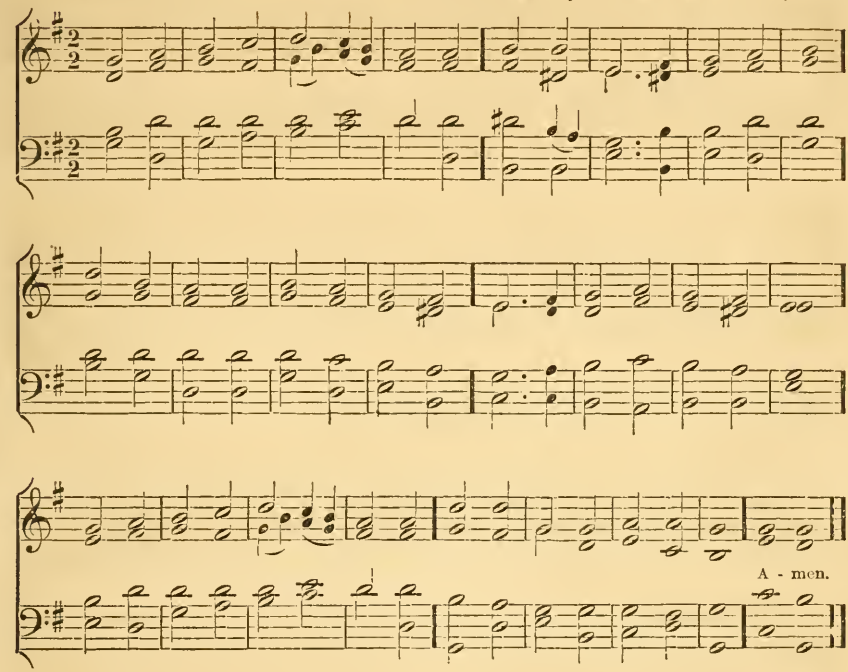
3 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band. Amen.

LEIPSIC. Second Tune. (*Words above*) Mendelssohn.



ADVENT CALL. *Words and Music by* Rev. Wm. A. Muhlenberg, D.D.



Hymn 25.

1 HARK! ye faithful, rouse from sleeping!
Strikes the Advent bell again:
With the Church your watch be keeping—
Louder grows her old refrain:
Alleluia,
Jesus, come to judge and reign!

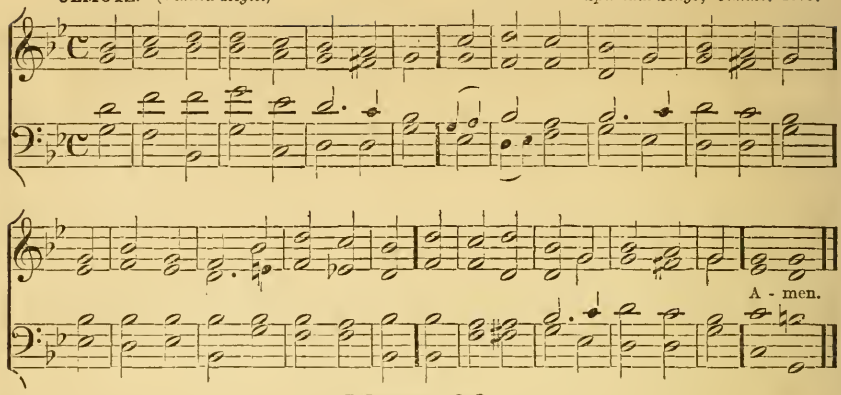
2 Fast flows on the tide of ages;
Of its fullness signs appear:
Tokens, by the prophet pages,
Seem to tell the Coming near.
Alleluia,
Welcome, Lord and Saviour dear!

3 Waxeth cold the love of many;
Waxeth hot the Devil's spite;
Few the steadfast—hardly any
Daring for the True and Right,
Alleluia,
Jesus, come in Thine own might!

4 List, the seventh trumpet pealing—
While the world keeps on its ways,
Sudden shows the last revealing;
Sudden breaks the Day of days:
Alleluia,
Lord, come when Thou wilt, we'll praise.

5 Join their cry who've gone before us,
Longing for the final doom:
Theirs and ours Redemption's Chorus,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
Alleluia,
Even so, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.

OLMUTZ.—(*Vexilla Regis.*) LEISENTRITT'S '*Spiritual Songs,*' *Olmutz.* 1573.



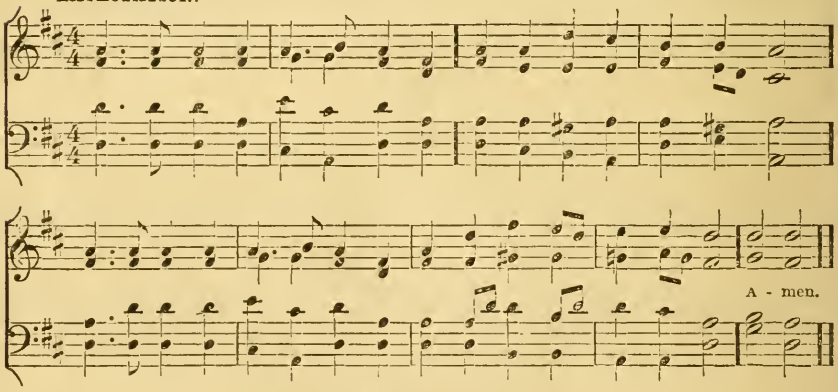
Hymn 26.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall we meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O CHRIST, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

EXPECTATION. J. I. T.



Hymn 27.

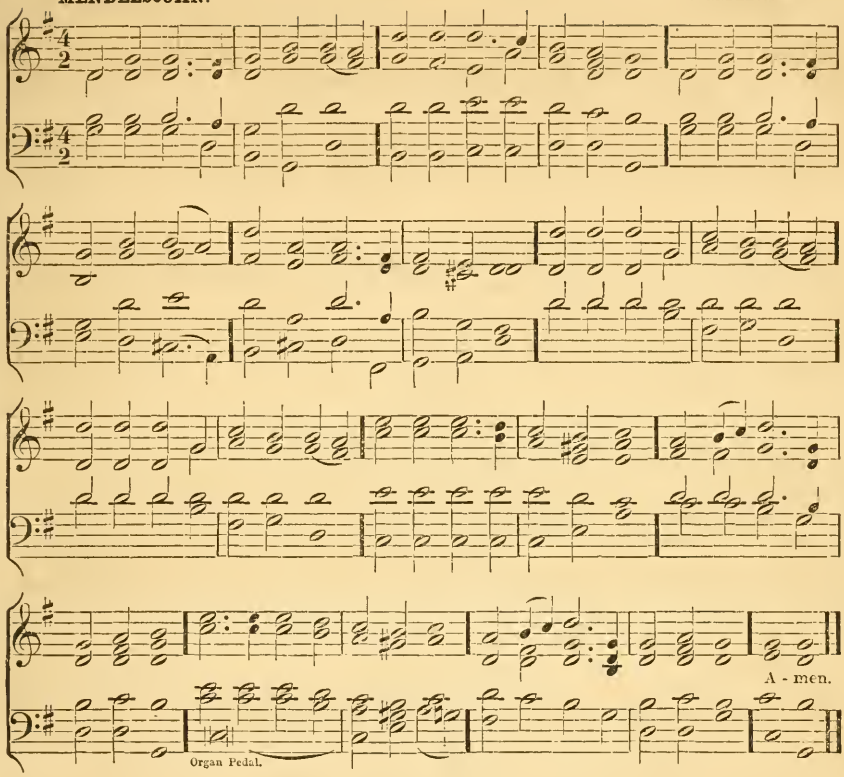
1 HAIL! Thou long-expected JESUS,
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet GOD our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal SPIRIT,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

MENDELSSOHN. MENDELSSOHN.



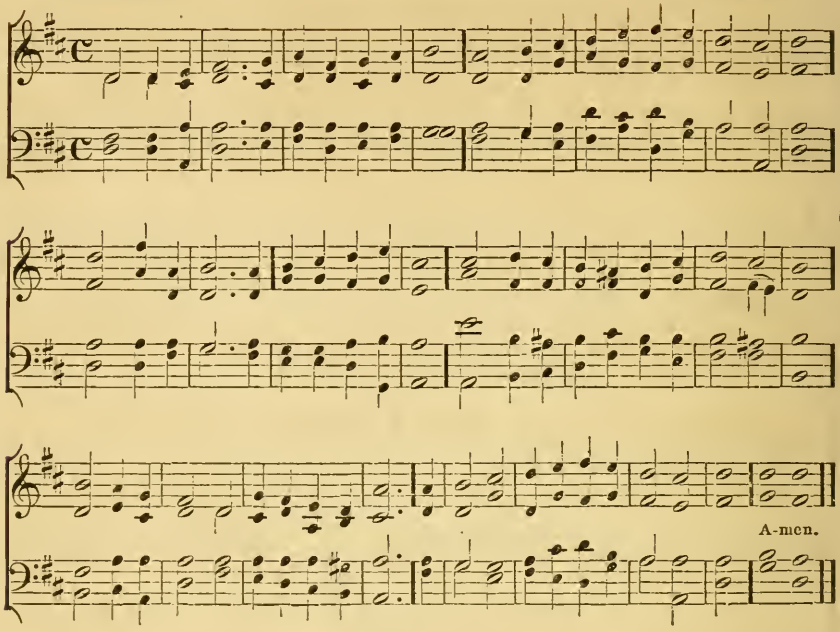
Hymn 28.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING.

2 CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see,
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
JESUS, our EMMANUEL.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING. Amen.

YORKSHIRE. Dr. WAINWRIGHT.



Hymn 29.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the SAVIOUR of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of GOD INCARNATE and the Virgin's SON.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a SAVIOUR's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath GOD fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD."

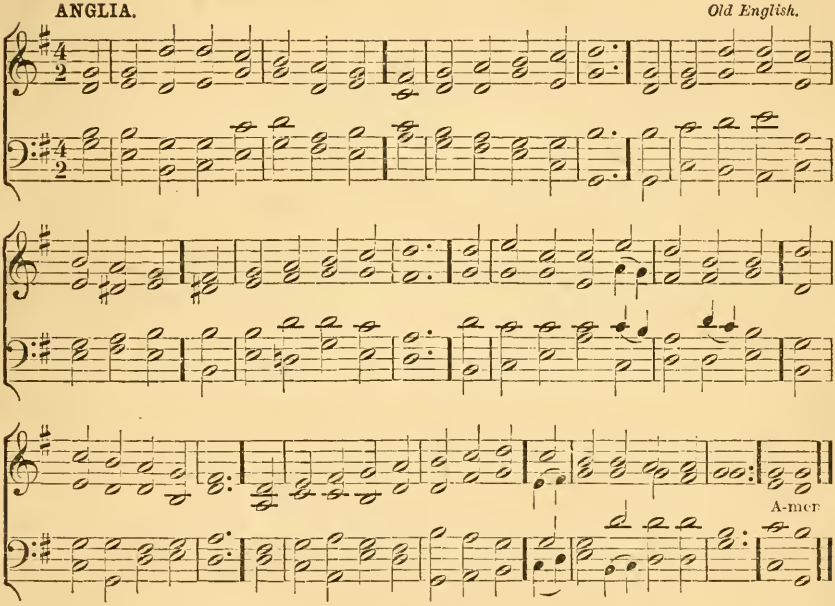
3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hyms of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:
GOD's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight th'enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders GOD had wrought for man:
Then to their flocks, still praising GOD, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn:
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the SAVIOUR's Name.

5 Oh ! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display :
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

ANGLIA. *Old English.*



Hymn 30.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not" said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

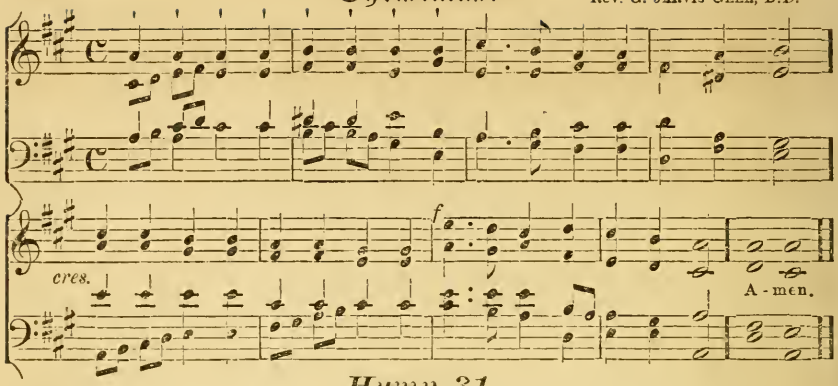
3 "To you, in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
A SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD,
And this shall be the sign :

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Or Angels praising GOD, who thus
Address'd their joyful song :—

6 "All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace :
Good-will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease." Amen.

Rev. G. Jarvis Geee, D.D.



Hymn 31.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure th'angelic host rejoices!
Loudest Hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high.

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

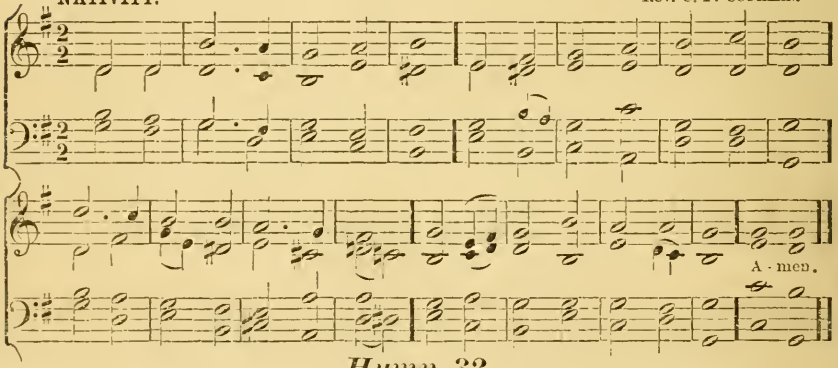
4 Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God most High!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth. Amen.

NATIVITY.

Rev. C. F. Coghlan.



Hymn 32.

1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
Unto us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

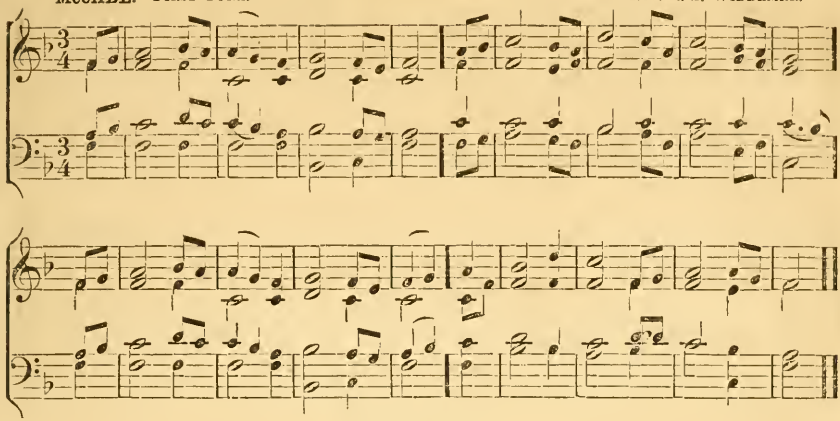
2 On His shoulders He shall bear
Power and Majesty: and wear
On His vesture and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The Incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone! Amen.

Glory be to God on high!
Earth, uplift the joyful cry!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

McCABE. FIRST TUNE. Rev. E. S. WIDDEMER.



Hymn 33.

1 THE SON of GOD, so high, so great,
A little child like us would be ;
He took our form in low estate,
And pressed an earthly mother's knee.

2 And while the horned beasts among,
In manger rude alone He lay,
Out in the fields the angels sung,
"A SAVIOUR, CHRIST, is born to-day."

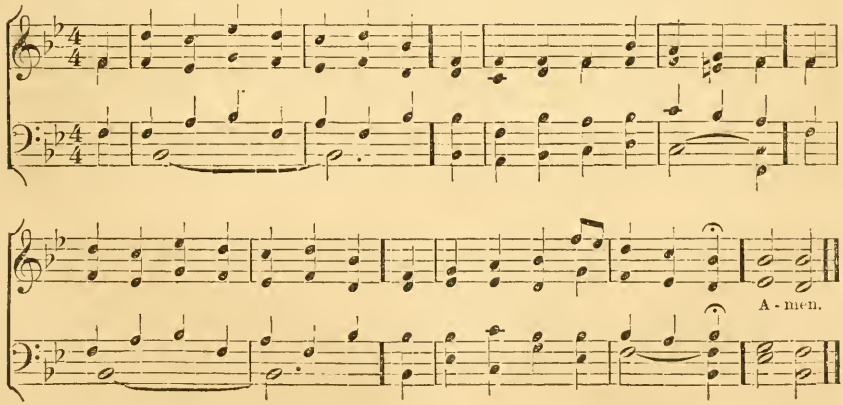
3 We did not hear the angels chime
Their birthday hymn to shepherd's ear;
But we can think at Christmas time,
How JESUS came to help us here.

4 We cannot run as shepherds ran,
To kneel beside that manger lone ;
But we can love our GOD, made man,
And worship at His cradle throne.

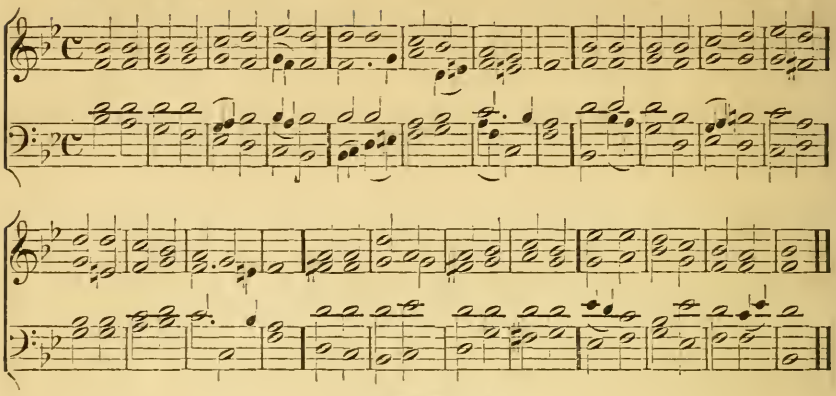
5 For us, the KING of kings came down,
For us He laid His glory by,
That we might wear an angel's crown,
And live the life that cannot die.

6 O, teach Thy children. Holy Child,
That evermore they serve thee thus,
And lead us by Thy mercy mild
Up to the Heaven Thou left for us.
Amen.

HYMN 32. SECOND TUNE. (*Words above.*) *Arr. for two or three voices by* W. H. W.



PANGE LINGUA. First Tune. *Adaptation of an Ancient Church Tune.*



Hymn 34.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come, and worship; :||
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

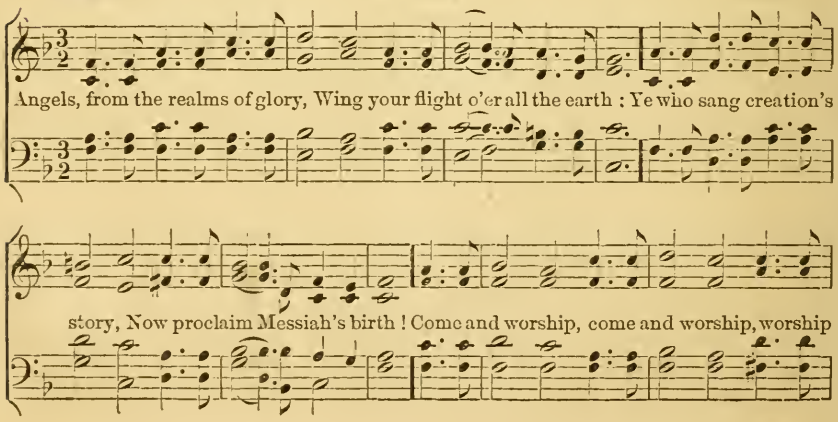
2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night!
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light.
Come, and worship; :||
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

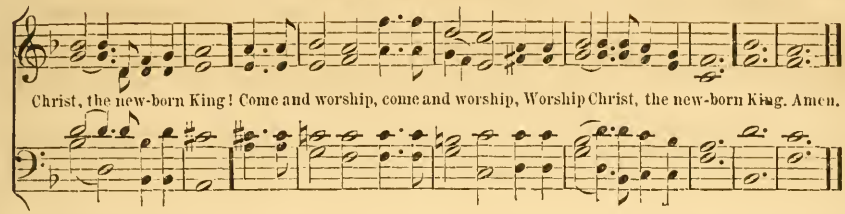
3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come, and worship; :||
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear!
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come, and worship; :||
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

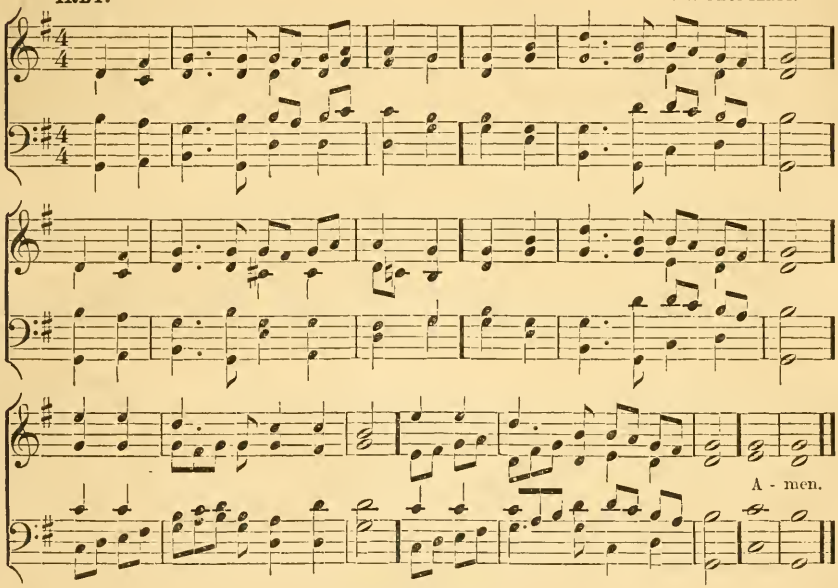
5 Lord of Heaven! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, One in glory
On the same eternal Throne;
Alleluia, :||
Lord of heaven, Three in One.

HYMN 34. Second Tune. *(Words above.)* Alf. King.





IRBY. Dr. GAUNTLETT.



Hymn 35.

1 ONCE in royal David's City
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is GOD and LORD of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our SAVIOUR Holy.

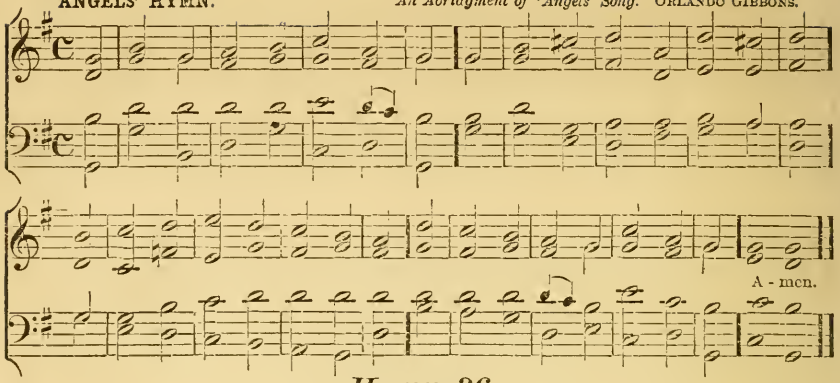
3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our LORD in heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven
Set at GOD's right hand on high:
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around, Amen.

ANGELS' HYMN. *An Abridgment of 'Angels' Song.'* ORLANDO GIBBONS.



Hymn 36.

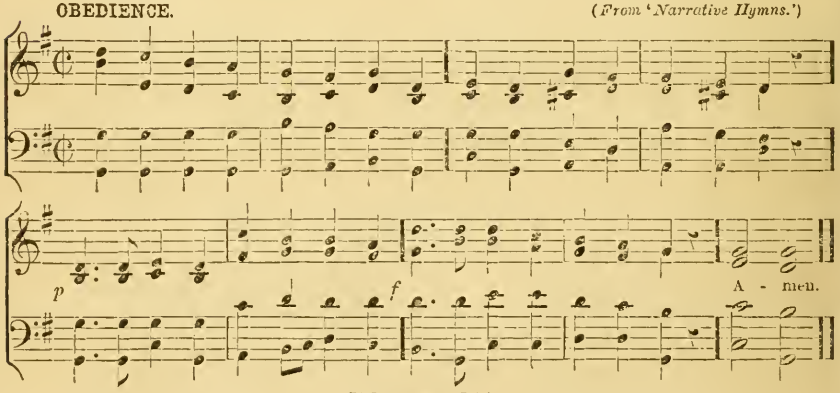
1 THE WORD, with GOD the FATHER ONE,
Before the heav'ns and earth were made,
Is now the Virgin's new-born Son,
Upon her lowly bosom laid.

2 Already on His sinless Head
The streams of wrath begin to flow;
Already on His infant bed
The taste of grief He deigns to know.

3 The lowliest poverty He bears
That we may be with wealth supplied,
He weeps: O precious grief and tears!
Through Him the world is purified.

4 JESU, who camest from on high
To be the Lamb for sinners slain,
Leave not Thy ransomed flock to die,
Nor let Thy toil be spent in vain. Amen.

OBEDIENCE. (*From 'Narrative Hymns.'*)



Hymn 37.

1 CHRISTIAN children must be holy,
Serving GOD from day to day;
Never is the time too early,
For a Christian to obey.

2 JESUS taught us in his childhood,
Only eight short days He saw
Ere He suffered circumcision,
And obeyed His FATHER's law.

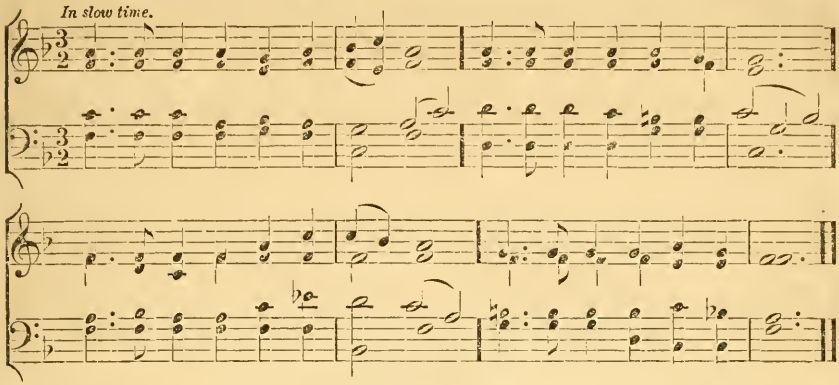
3 He, who is our great example,
Let no moment run to loss;
Not one precious hour He wasted,
From the cradle to the cross.

4 Soon He sorrow'd, soon He suffer'd,
We must meek and gentle be;
Little pain and childish trial,
Ever bearing patiently.

5 Soon He showed a SON's obedience:
We must early learn to do
Not our own will, but our FATHER's,
And be found obedient too. Amen.

ST. SYLVESTER. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

In slow time.



Hymn 38.

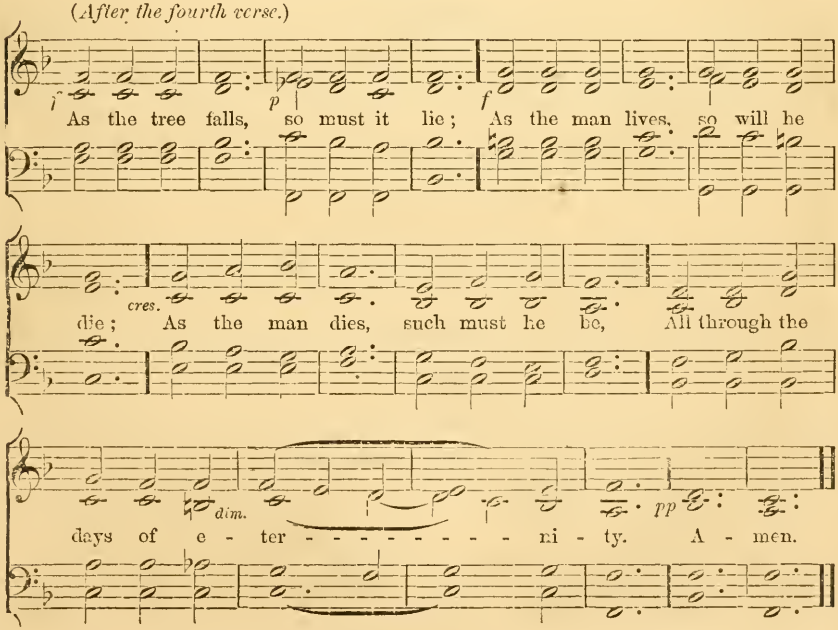
1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead:
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
O, that while we can we might!

3 Jesu, Infinite, Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

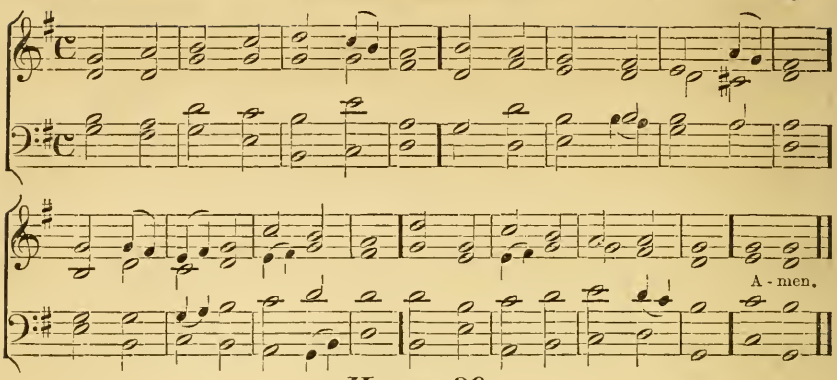
(*After the fourth verse.*)



HALL.

New-Year's Day.

Wurttemberg Melody.



Hymn 39.

1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace
Constant through another year
Hear our song of thankfulness;
JESU, our Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O GOD,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

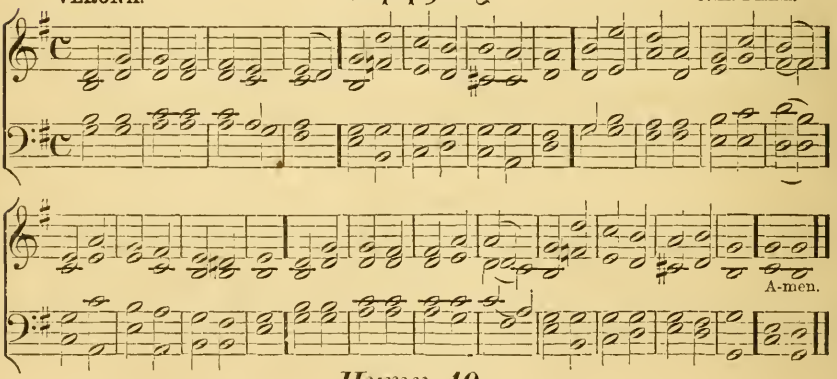
4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise. on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings.

VERONA.

Epiphany.

J. H. DEANE.



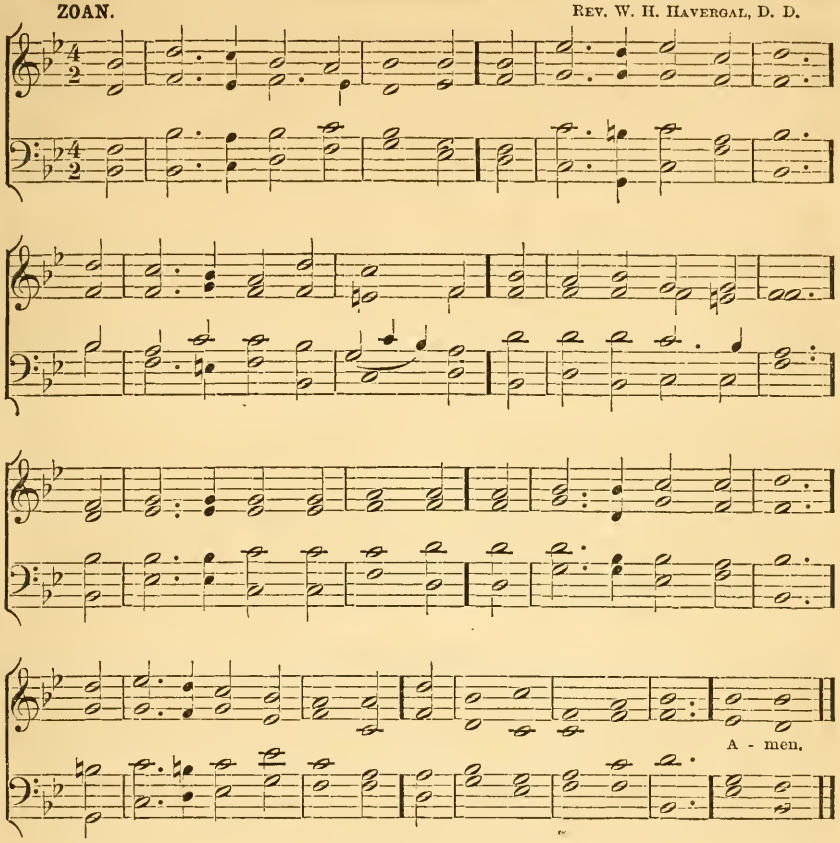
Hymn 40.

1 GOD of mercy, GOD of grace,
Shew the brightness of Thy Face;
Shine upon us, SAVIOUR, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, LORD
Let Thy love on all be poured;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their SAVIOUR KING;
At Thy Feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy Will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, LORD;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
GOD to man His blessing give,
Man to GOD devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

ZOAN. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, D. D.



Hymn 41.

1 HAIL to the LORD's Anointed,
Great David's greater SON;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away trangression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend:
His kingdom, still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His Name shall stand for ever:
That Name to us is Love. Amen.

HYMN 42. FIRST TUNE. A. HARVEY.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our Infant Re-deemer is laid. 2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall! An-gels a-dore Him in slum-ber re-clin-ing, Mak-er, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Voices in unison.

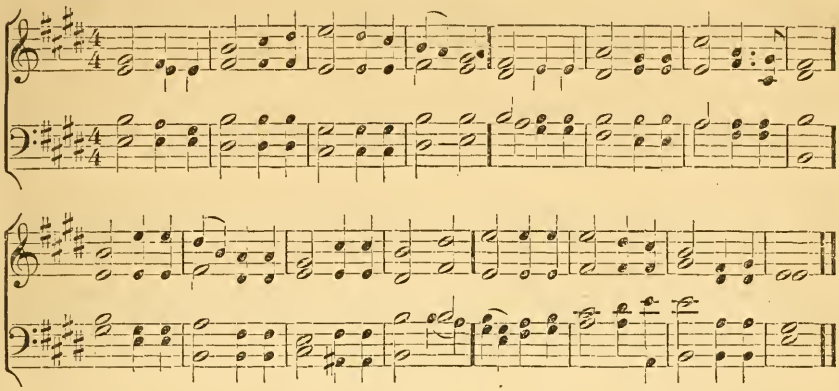
p *pp* *f* *cres-cen-do.*

Hymn 42.

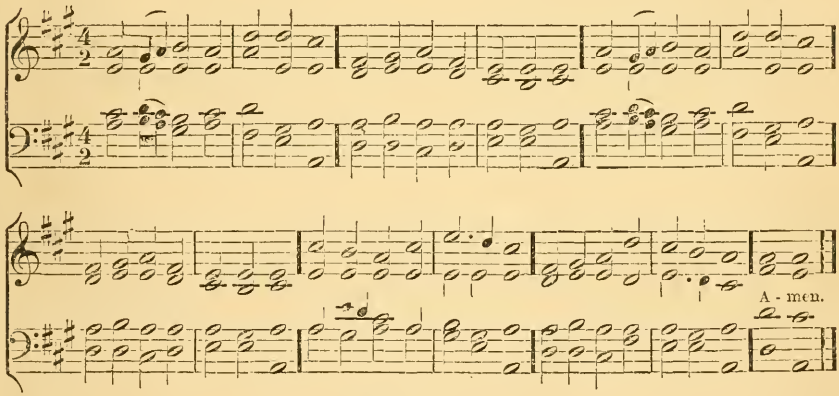
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to GOD are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN 42. SECOND TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) REV. J. F. THRUPP.



DIX. *German. Arranged by* W. H. MONK.



Hymn 43.

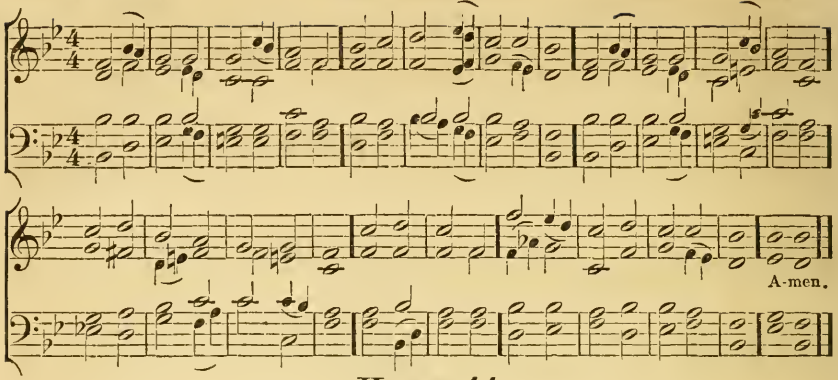
1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious LORD, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST! to Thee our heavenly KING.

4 Holy JESUS, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our KING. Amen.



Hymn 44.

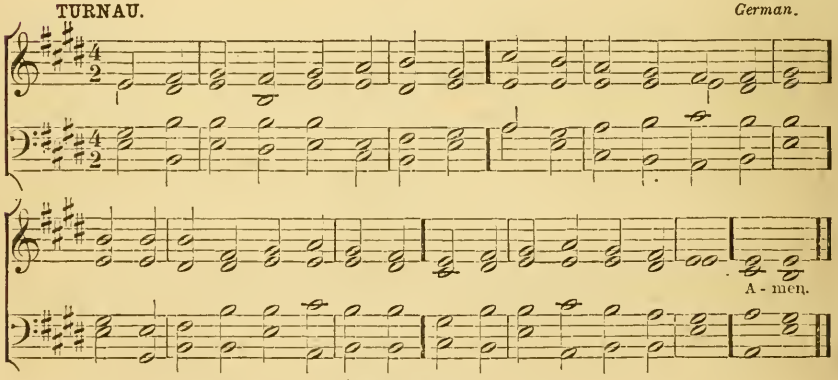
1 ALLELUIA! peace-instilling
Strain of everlasting praise,
Alleluia! sweetly thrilling
Key-note of the Angel's lays,—
Hark! in glory
'Tis the eternal chant they raise.

2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high
We poor exiles
Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
HOLY LORD, we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see.
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be.
Amen.

TURNAU. *German.*



Hymn 45.

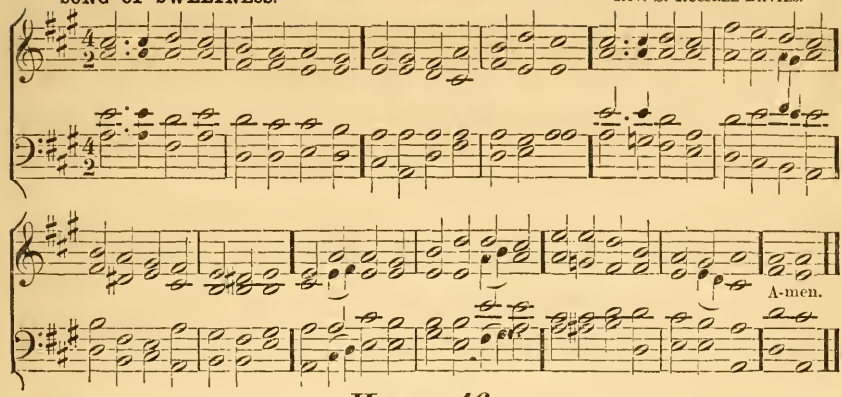
1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest for ever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of Blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid Eye.

4 LORD, in ceaseless comtemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see. Amen.

SONG OF SWEETNESS. Rev. S. Russell Davies.



Hymn 46.

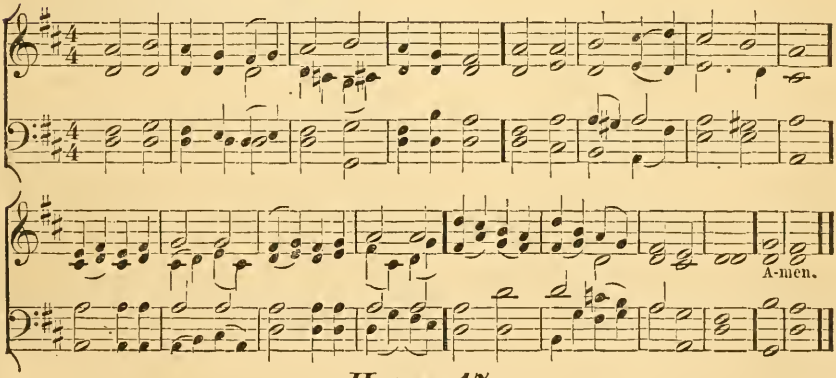
1 Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding,
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee
Grant us, Blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky:
There to Thee for ever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

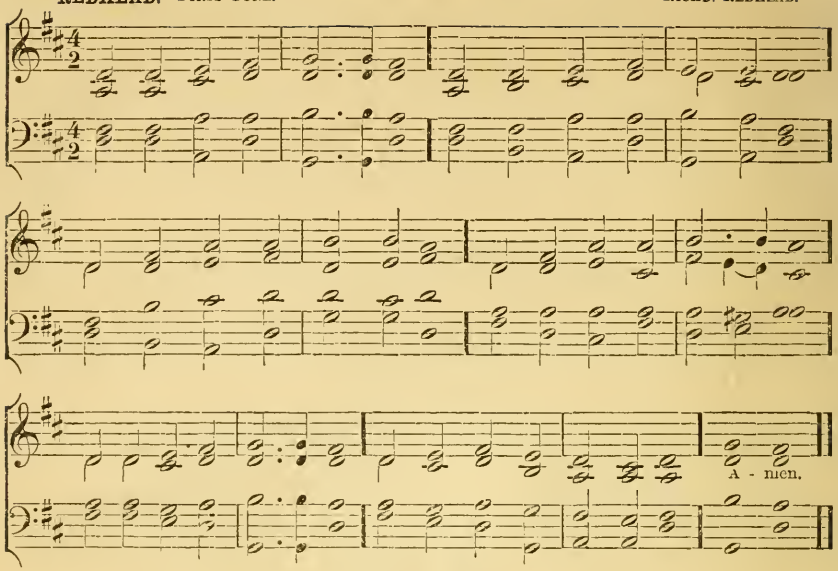
SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN.



Hymn 47.

O most merciful!
O most bountiful!
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession,
Hear us, help us, when we cry! Amen.

REDHEAD. First Tune. Richd. Redhead.



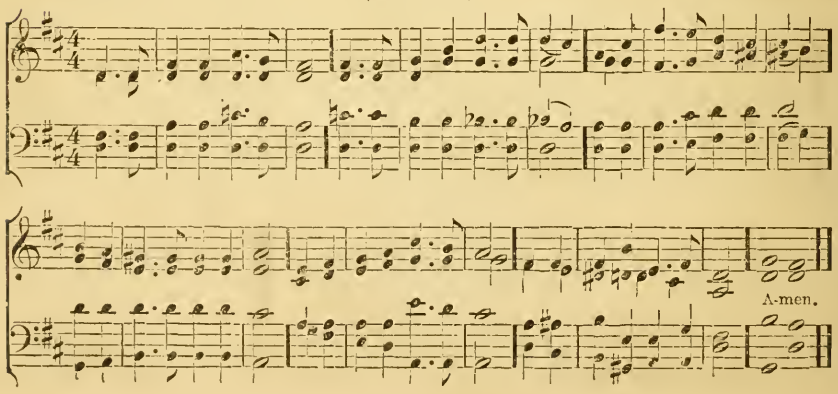
Hymn 48.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

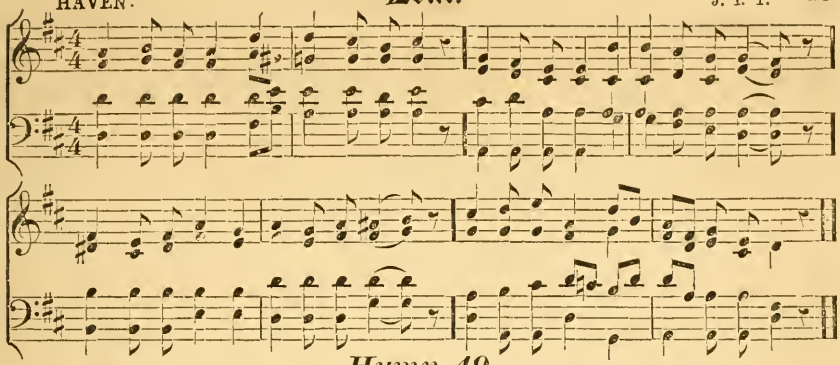
2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone.
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Amen.

HYMN 48. Second Tune. (*Words above.*) Mendelssohn.



HAVEN. J. I. T.



Hymn 49.

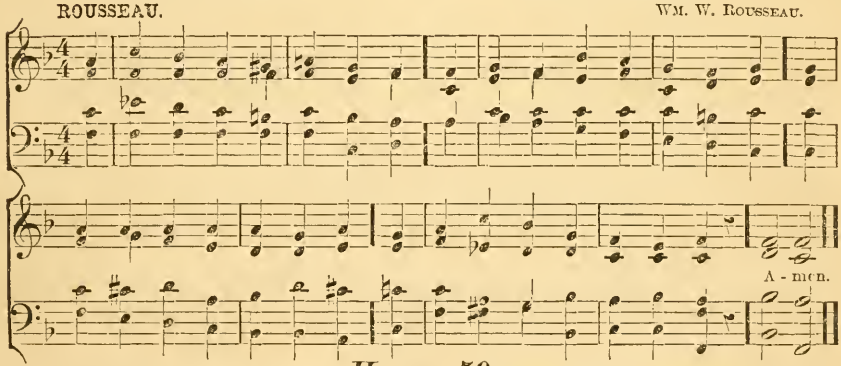
1 REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
SAVIOUR and Friend.

2 Pillow where lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
SAVIOUR and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble
To Thee I cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
SAVIOUR and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
Thee I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise;
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
SAVIOUR and Friend.

ROUSSEAU. WM. W. ROUSSEAU.



Hymn 50.

1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

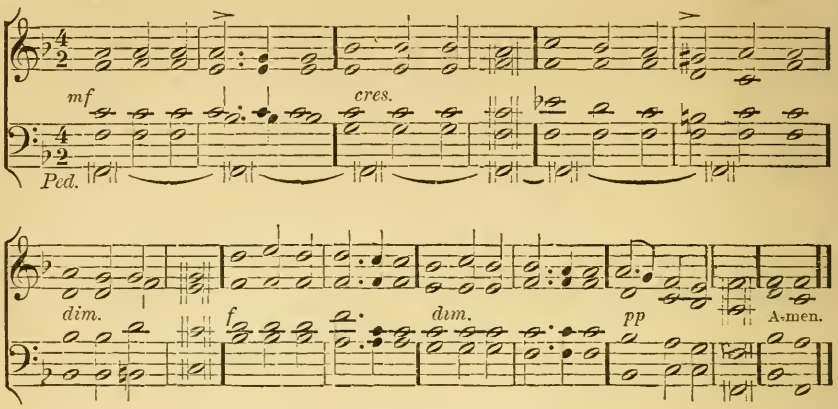
2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The FATHER, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed SON.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O GOD! Thy power, and reign. Amen.

HYMN 51. FIRST TUNE. A. B. SPRATT.



Hymn 51.

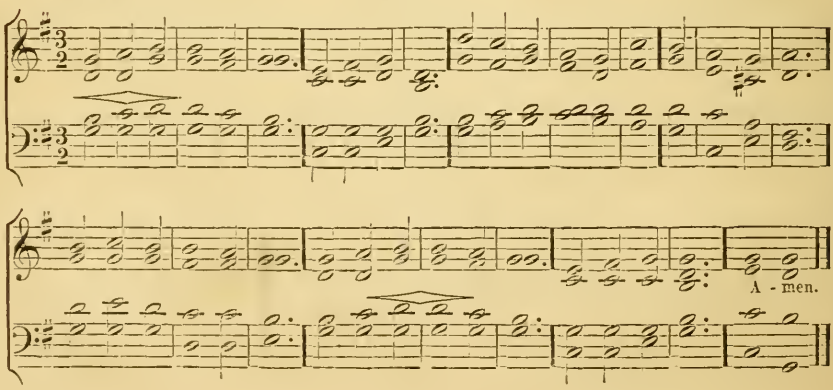
1 NEARER, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

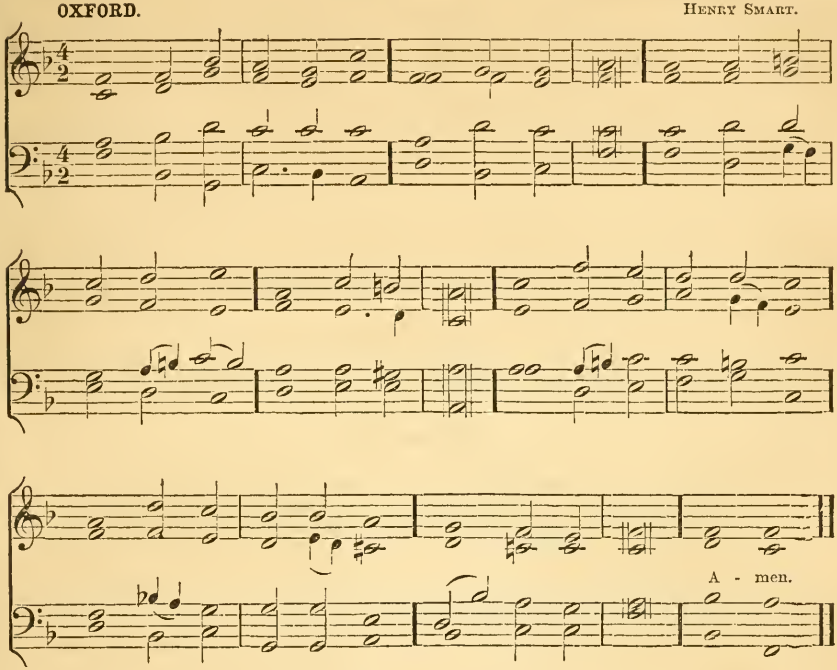
3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee,

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee! Amen.

HYMN 51. SECOND TUNE. (*Words above.*) REV. G. JARVIS GEER, D.D.



OXFORD. HENRY SMART.



Hymn 52.

1 "NEARER, my GOD, to thee!"
Hear Thou my prayer;
E'en though a heavy cross
Fainting I bear,
Still all my prayer shall be,
"Nearer, my GOD, to Thee:
Nearer to Thee!"

2 If, where they led my LORD,
I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His,
Weary and worn;
May the path carry me
"Nearer, my GOD, to Thee:
Nearer to Thee!"

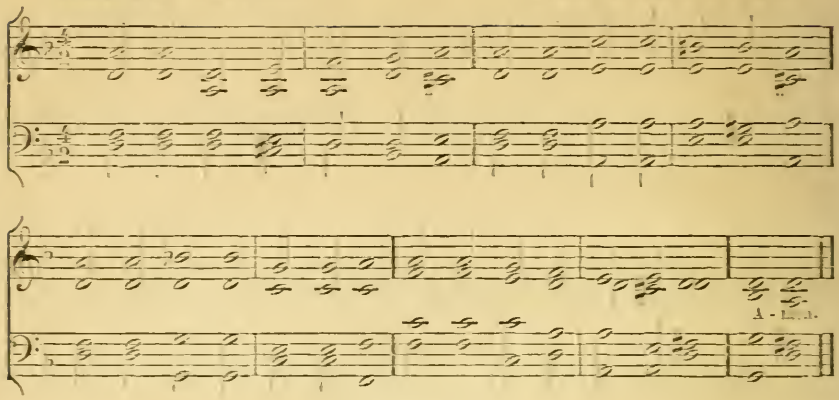
3 If Thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
"Nearer, my GOD, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!"

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights
Let me be found;
Through toils and strife to be
"Nearer, my GOD, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!"

5 When, my course finished, I
Breathe my last breath,
Ent'ring the shadowy
Valley of death;
Ev'n there I still shall be
"Nearer, my GOD, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

6 And when Thou, LORD, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh! for a dwelling-place,
In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
"Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!" Amen.

HERNLEIN. First Tune. *German. Arranged by* W. H. Monk.



Hymn 53.

1 FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day:
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

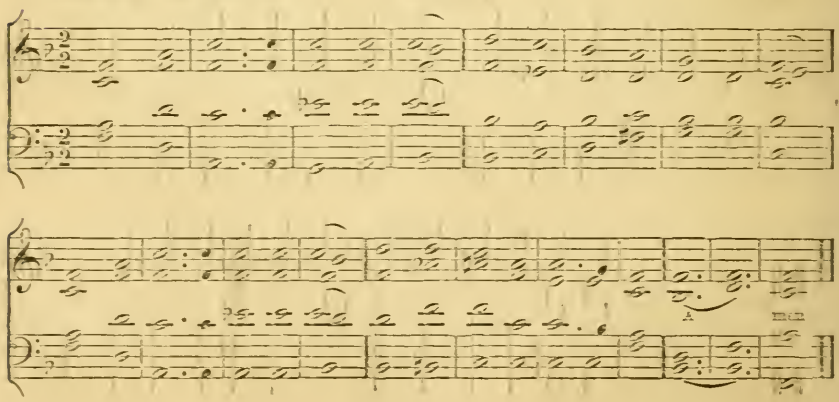
3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

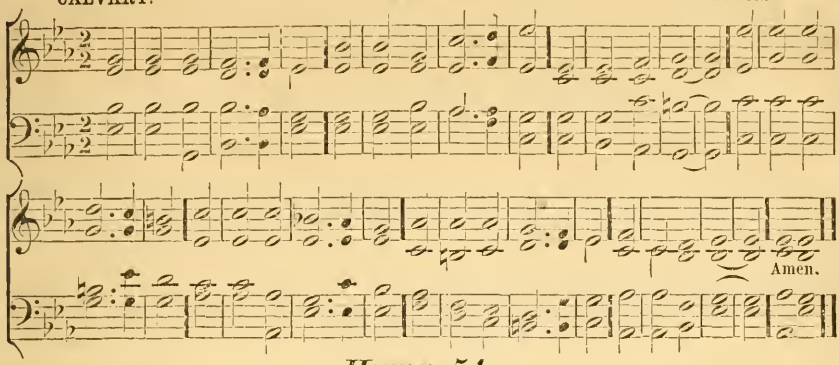
5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be:
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th'eternal Eastertide. Amen.

HYMN 53. Second Tune. (*Words above.*) J. L. Roe.



CALVARY. BRAUN.



Hymn 54.

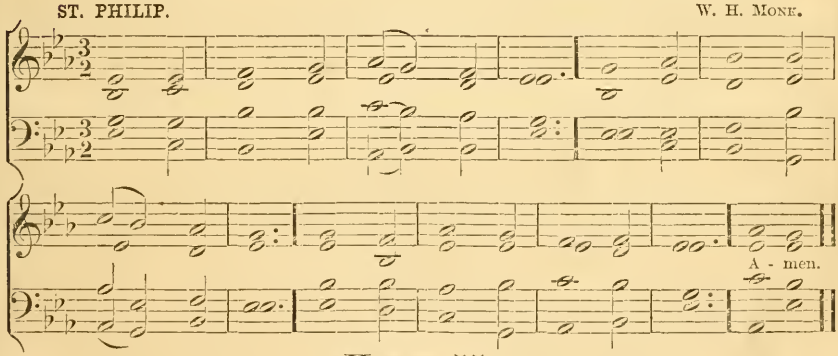
1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary
SAVIOUR divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll:
Blest SAVIOUR! then in love
Fear and distrust remove:
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul! Amen.

ST. PHILIP. W. H. MONK.



Hymn 55.

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

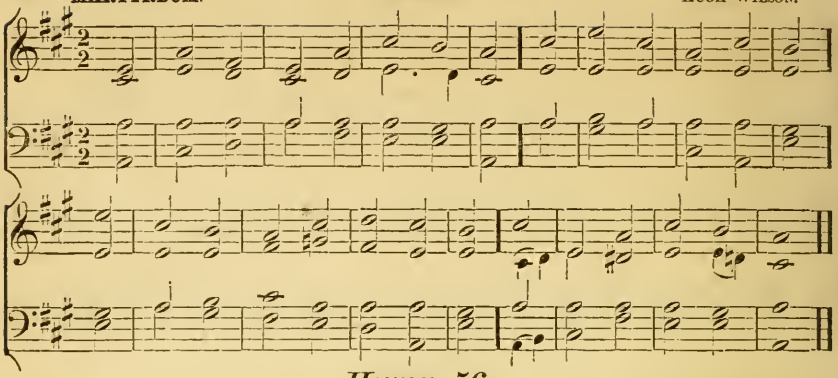
2 Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 LORD, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.



Hymn 56.

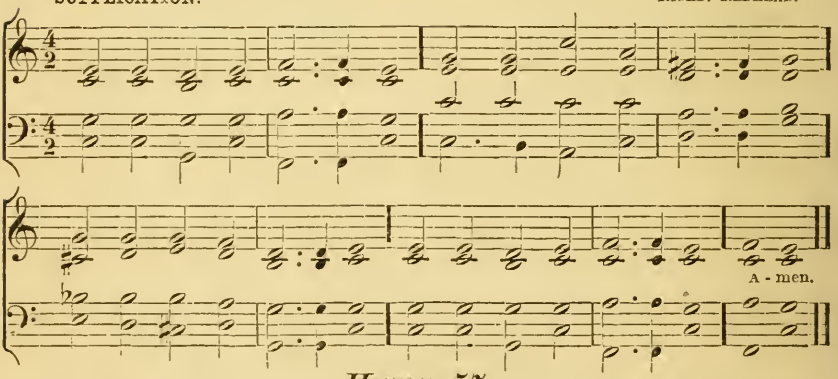
1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

3 LORD, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!

4 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in GOD the Father's ears
No other Name but Thine.

SUPPLICATION. RICHD. REDHEAD.



Hymn 57.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
JESU, SON of Mary hear.

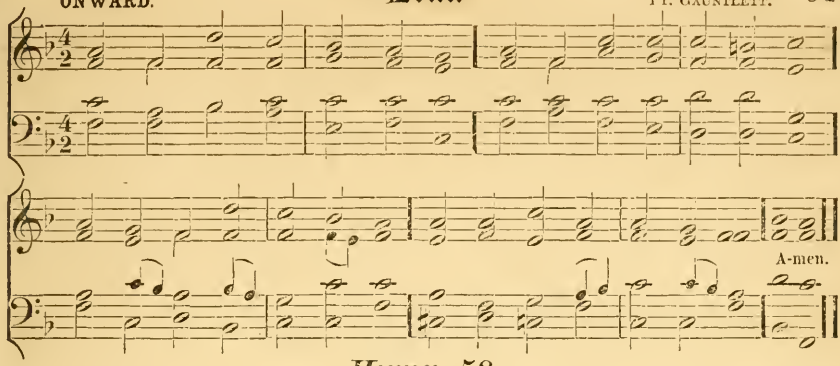
2 Thou our throbbing flesh hath worn,
Thou our mortal grief hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls;
When our final doom is near,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the Spirit shrinks with fear,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
JESU, SON of Mary, hear. Amen.



Hymn 58.

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

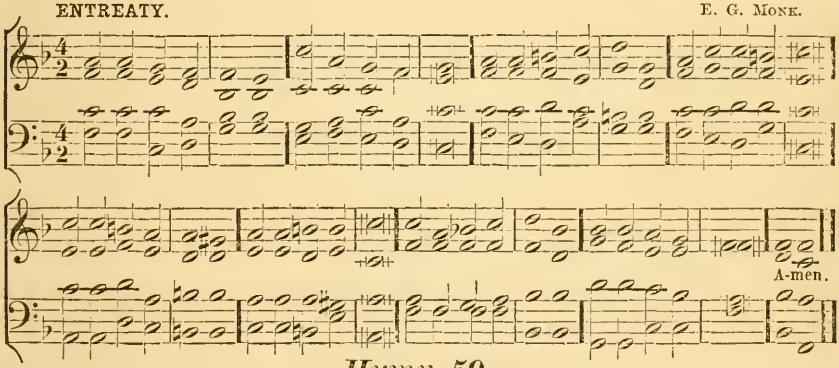
2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

4 Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove!
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

5 Hymns of glory and of praise
Father, unto Thee we raise:
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

ENTREATY. E. G. Monk.



Hymn 59.

1 IN the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me:
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

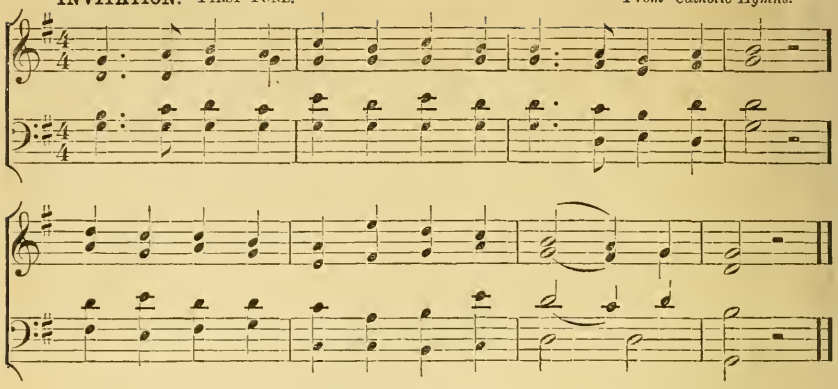
2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain;
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;

5 On Thy truths relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu, take me dying
To eternal life. Amen.

INVITATION. First Tune. *From 'Catholic Hymns.'*



Hymn 60.

1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

3 Hath He Diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

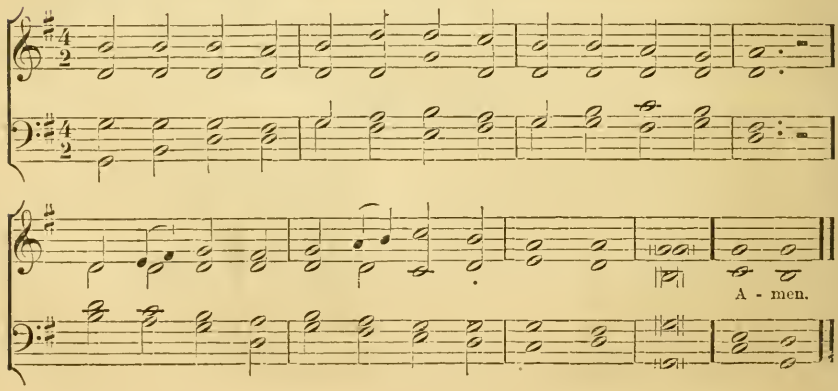
4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

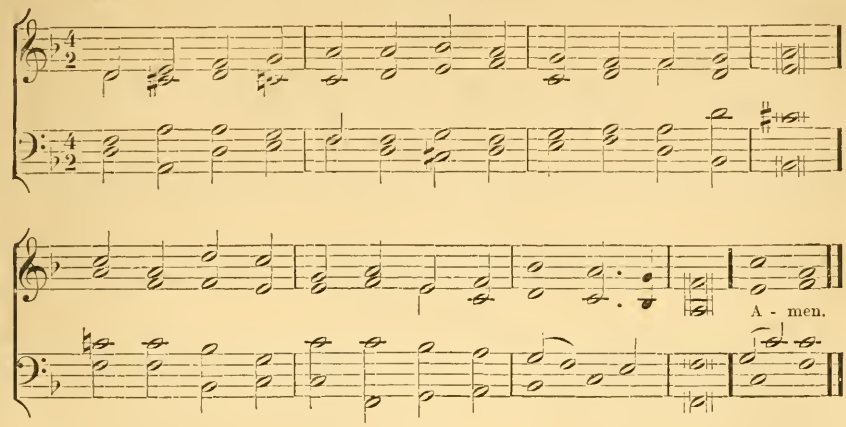
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay!
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

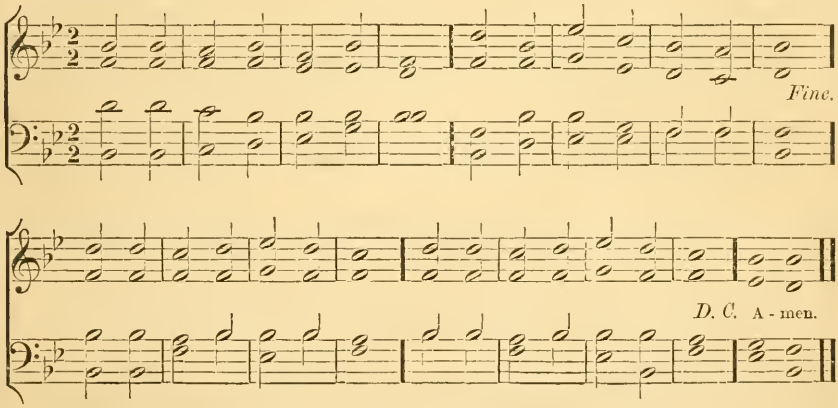
HYMN 60. Second Tune. (*Words above*) W. H. Monk.



HYMN 60. THIRD TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) Rt. Rev. H. L. JENNES.



SPANISH CHANT.



Hymn 61.

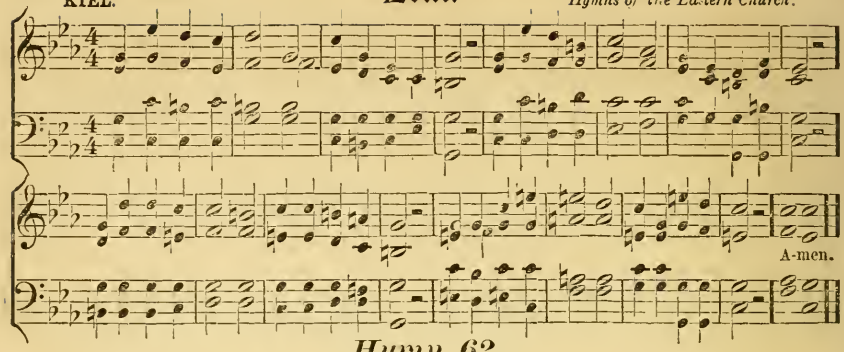
1 GOD, my FATHER, hear me pray,
Wash my crimson guilt away;
Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
Hear me for Thy blessed SON.
LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

2 GOD, my SAVIOUR, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee!
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

3 GOD, my COMFORTER, my Light,
Strenghten me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart!
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessed, glorious TRINITY!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, O hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare.
LORD unnumbered sins are mine;
But eternal love is Thine. Amen.

KIEL.



Hymn 62.

1 CHRISTIAN! dost thou *see* them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian! up and smite them
Counting gain but loss:
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross.

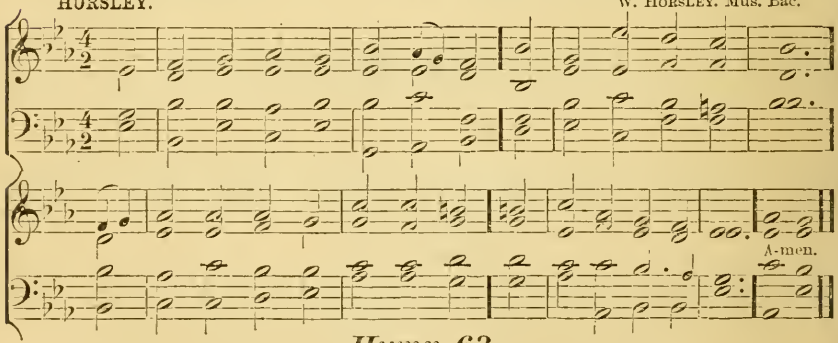
2 Christian! dost thou *feel* them
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble!
Never be down-cast!
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast.

3 Christian! dost thou *hear* them,
How they speak thee fair?
Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?
Christian! answer boldly:
While I breathe I pray:
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true,
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
One day all Mine own:
But the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne. Amen.

HORSLEY.

W. HORSLEY. Mus. Bac.



Hymn 63.

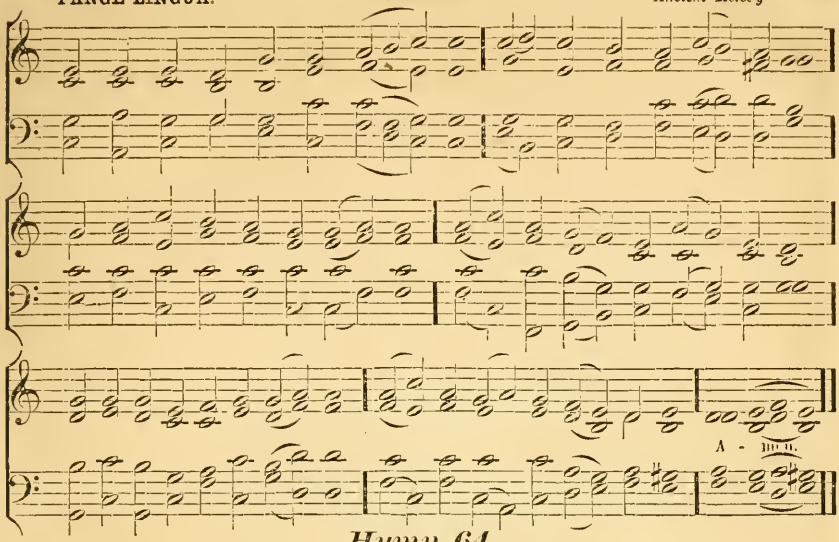
1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.



Hymn 64.

PART I.

1 SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray :
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,
Sound the glad triumphal lay,
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's REDEEMER won the day.

2 He, our Maker, deeply grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit forbidden
Whose reward was death and hell,
Marked e'en then this tree the ruin
Of the first tree to dispel.

3 Thus the work for our salvation
He ordained to be done ;
To the traitor's art opposing
Art yet deeper than his own ;
Thence the remedy procuring
Whence the fatal wound begun.

4 Therefore, when at length the fulness
Of th' appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the FATHER's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

5 Lo, He lies an Infant weeping,
Where the narrow manger stands,
While the Mother-Maid His members
Wraps in mean and lowly bands,
And the swaddling clothes is winding,
Round His helpless Feet and Hands.

PART II.

6 NOW the thirty years accomplished
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this, He meets His passion,
Gives Himself an offering free ;
On the Cross the LAMB is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

7 There the nails and spear He suffers,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed :
From His sacred body pierced
Blood and Water both proceed :
Precious flood, which all creation
From the stain of sin hath freed.

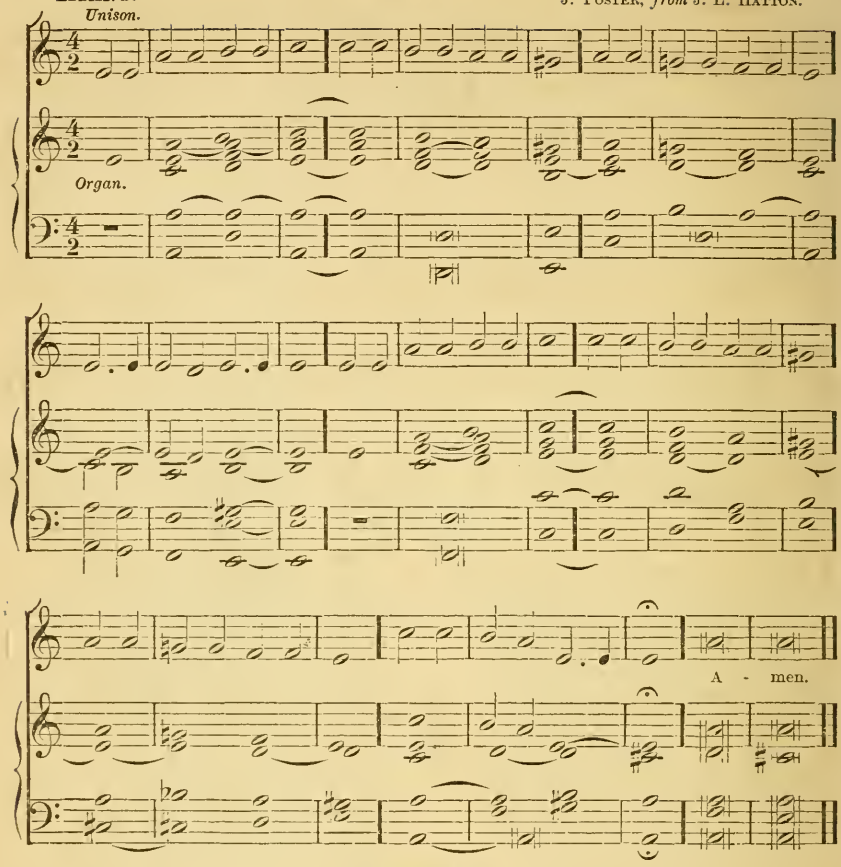
8 Faithful Cross, above all others
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be ;
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron :
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

9 Bend, O, lofty Tree, thy branches,
Thy too rigid sinews bend :
And awhile the stubborn hardness,
Which thy birth bestowed, suspend ;
And the Limbs of heaven's high Monarch
Gently on thine arms extend.

10 Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race for ever
Might a port of refuge gain,
With the sacred Blood anointed
Of the LAMB for sinners slain.

11 Praise and honour to the FATHER,
Praise and honour to the SON,
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE and ever ONE,
One in might, and one in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

LITANY. J. Foster, *from* J. L. Hatton.



Hymn 65.

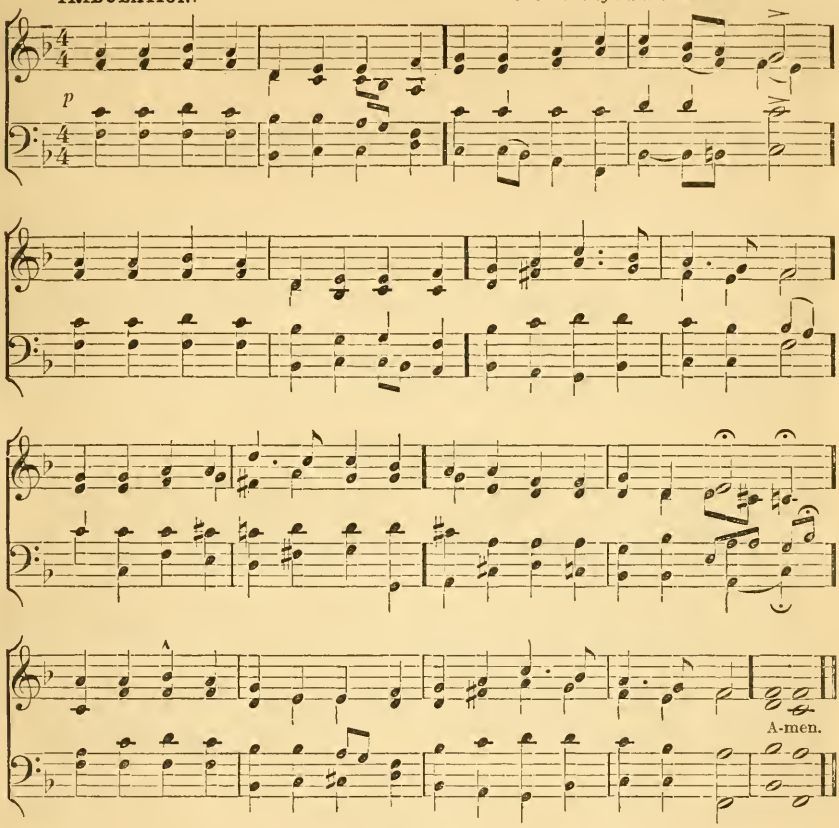
1 SAVIOUR, when in dust, to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
O, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human grief and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By, Thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save ;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

TRIBULATION. *From Bosey's Sacred Musical Cabinet.*



Hymn 56.

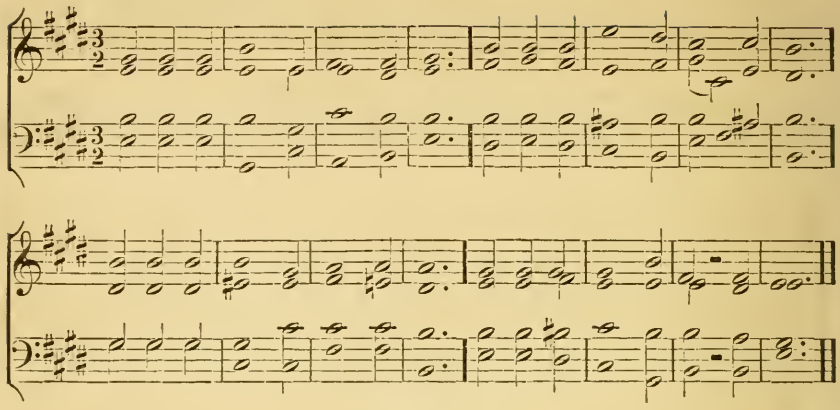
1 SAVIOUR, by Thy deep compassion,
So unmeasur'd, so Divine ;
By that bitter, bitter passion,
By that crimson Cross of Thine ;
By the woes Thy love once tasted,
In this sin-marr'd world below,
Succour those in tribulation ;
Succour those in sorrow now.

2 Thou, who wast so sorely burden'd,
Help the weak that are oppress'd ;
Sanctify all earthly crosses,
For the coming day of rest.
Give the weak a trustful spirit,
That will always lean on Thee,
And in storms of deep affliction
Still Thy gracious presence see.

3 Cheer the weak ones who are bending,
'Neath a weary burden now ;
Lift the pallid faces upward,
Smooth the care-worn furrow'd brow.
Send a bright and hopeful message
To each tried and tempted heart,
That the thick and gloomy shadows
At that sunshine may depart.

4 Tell them Thou canst see all sorrow,
In this world's rough wilderness ;
Tell them Thou art near to succour,
Near to comfort and to bless ;
Tell them of Thy Cross and passion,
Tell them of Thy trials sore ;
Tell them of the Angel city,
Where is joy for evermore. Amen.

ST. CRISPIN. First Tune. G. J. Elvey.



Hymn 67.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

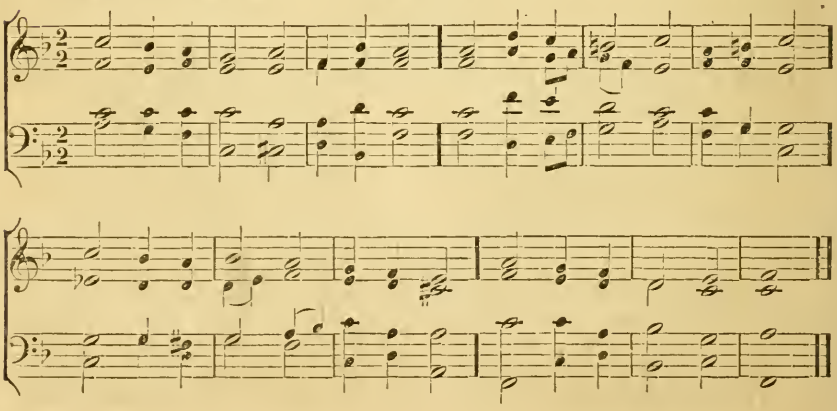
3 Just as I am, through tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find
O Lamb of God, I come!

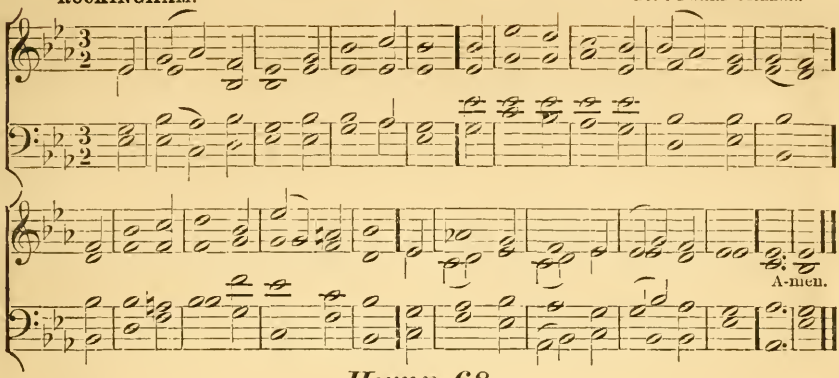
5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Thine now to be, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HYMN 67. Second Tune. (*Words above.*) W. H. W.



ROCKINGHAM. Dr. Edward Miller.



Hymn 68.

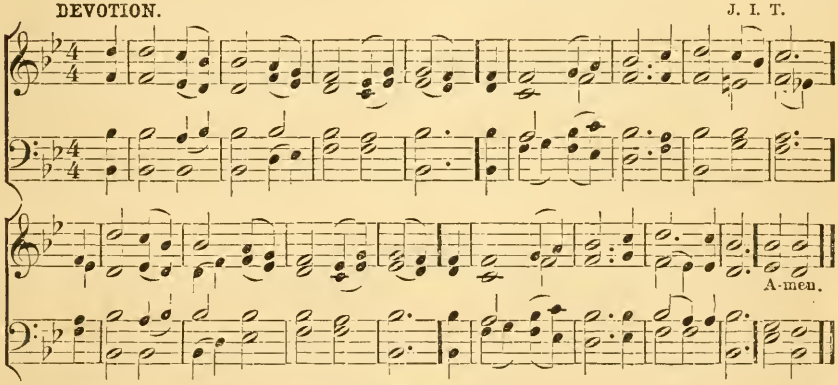
1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to Thy blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all. Amen.

DEVOTION. J. I. T.



Hymn 69.

1 WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, God is love;
He bears our sins upon the Tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the timid spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in heaven above.

6 To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

Palm-Sunday.

PROCESSIONAL. *From 'Catholic Hymns.'*

Chorus.

Glo - ry and praise and hon - our To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring! A-men.

Hymn 70.

1 GLORY and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.
Glory and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

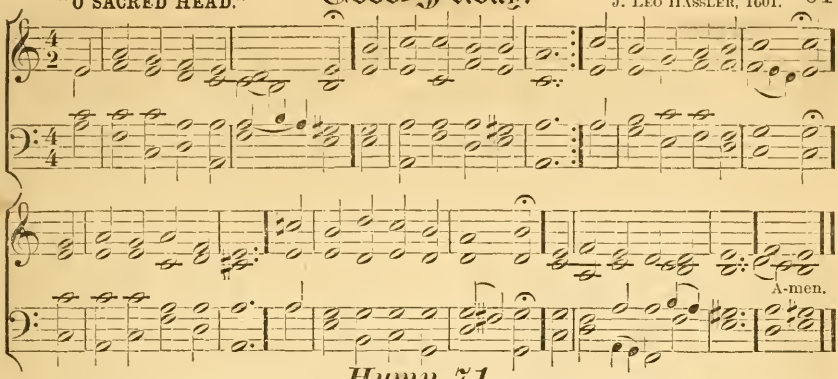
2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son;
Who in the LORD's name comest;
The King and Blessed One.
Glory and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

3 The Company of Heaven
Are praising Thee on High,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
Glory and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
Glory and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

5 Thou wentest to Thy Passion,
Amid their shouts of praise:
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.
Glory and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
Glory and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King! Amen.



Hymn 71.

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down;
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, Thine only crown.
O Sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

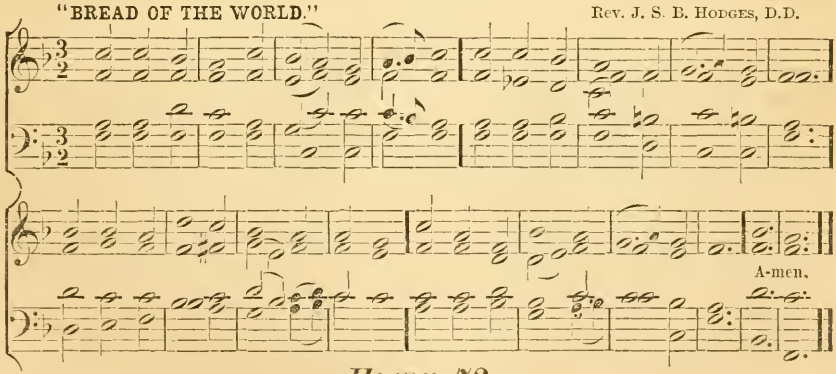
2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace,

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy Cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee!

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee!

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy Cross to me!
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing.
Dies safely through Thy love! Amen.

"BREAD OF THE WORLD." Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.



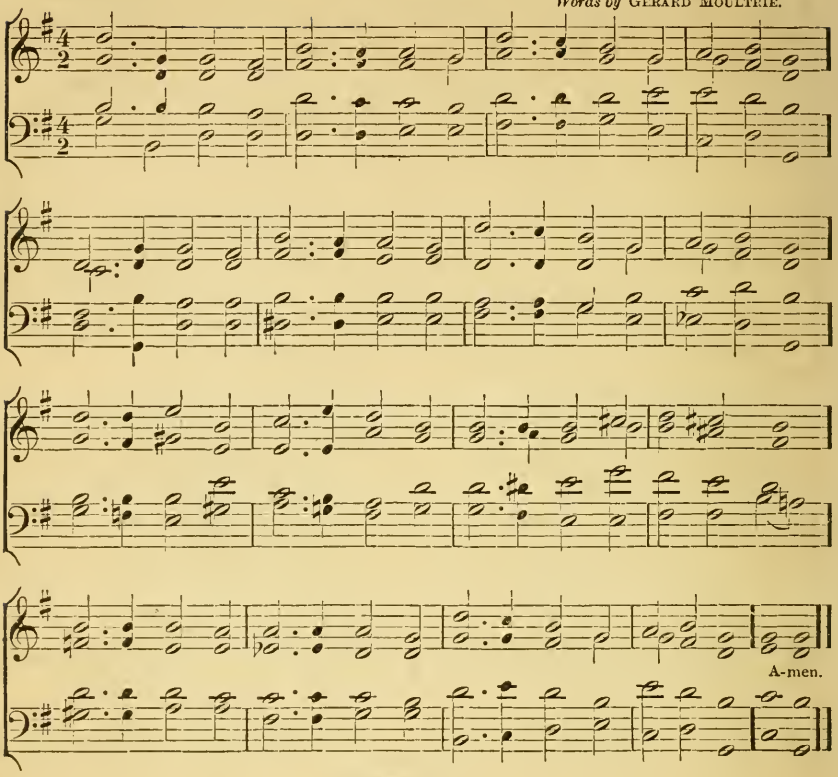
Hymn 72.

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken.
And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

MOULTRIE.

Music by Gerard Cobb, *Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.*
Words by Gerard Moultrie.



Hymn 73.

1 ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Floating o'er the crystal sea,
Comes a voice like many waters,
Rising up, O Christ, to thee!
Alleluia! Lord Almighty!
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood!
By Thy ransom price of Passion,
We approach Thee, Christ our God!

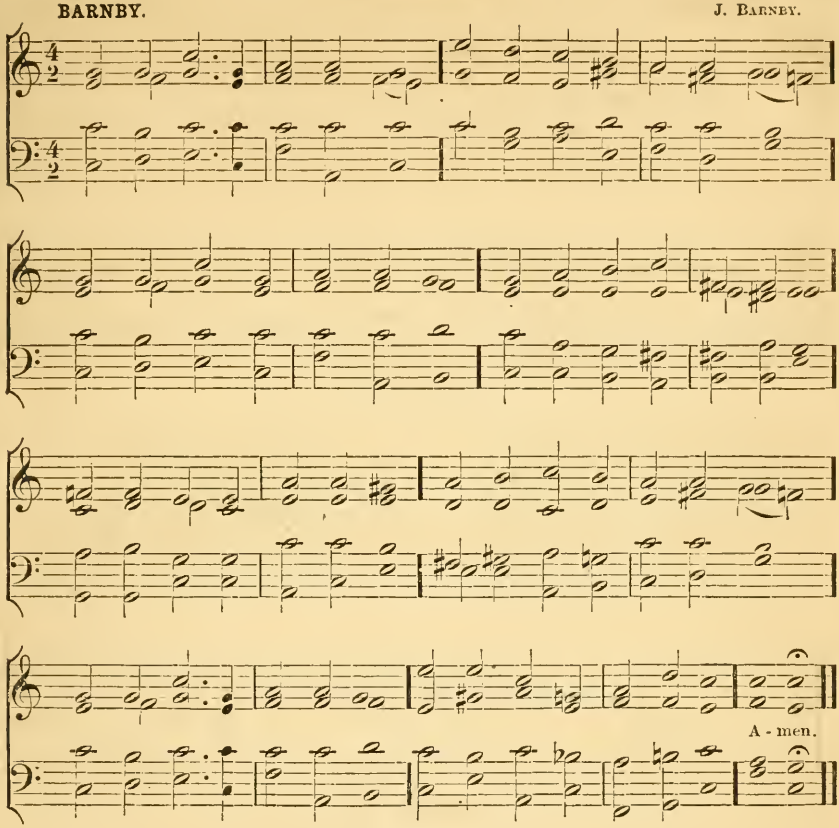
2 Alleluia! Alleluia!
From the sons of Adam rise
Sounds of Resurrection triumph,
Upward to the Easter skies:
Alleluia! well-belovèd,
We receive Thee, Jesu Christ:
Earth's ten thousand voices thunder
One united Eucharist.

3 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Welcome, child of Mary's womb,
Thou hast triumphed, God Incarnate,
O'er the dungeon of the tomb:
Alleluia! Hell's battalions
In the light of Easter morn
Know their brazen portals broken
By our Prince the Virgin-born.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou hast bound Captivity,
At Thy chariot wheels of glory
Death is captive led by Thee:
Alleluia! we salute Thee,
Thralls of Death, Thou Lord of life,
Breaker of the ancient bondage,
Victor in the deadly strife.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lamb of God, enthronèd Priest,
Christ our Passover is offered,
Therefore let us keep the feast:
Alleluia! Christ is risen!
Earth and heaven together sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Christ our King. Amen.

BARNBY. J. BARNBY.



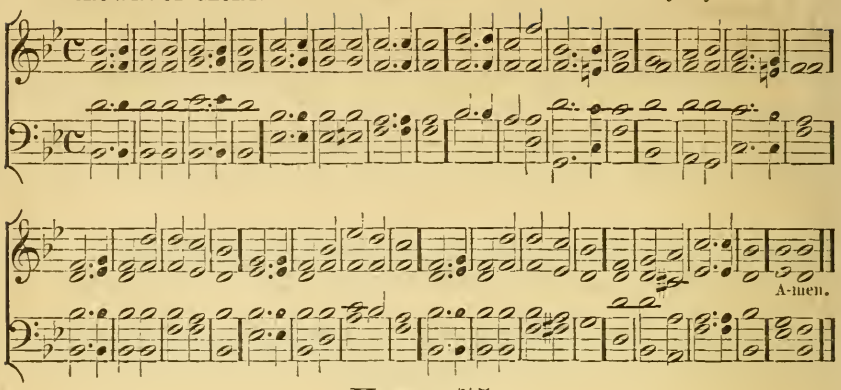
Hymn 74.

1 CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day,
Christians, haste your vows to pay,
Offer ye your praises meet,
At the Paschal victim's feet.
For the sheep the LAMB hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
"CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

2 CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,
Man to GOD hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay:
"CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

3 CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious LORD. Amen.

"CROWNS OF GLORY." *Arranged by* J. E. Roe.



Hymn 75.

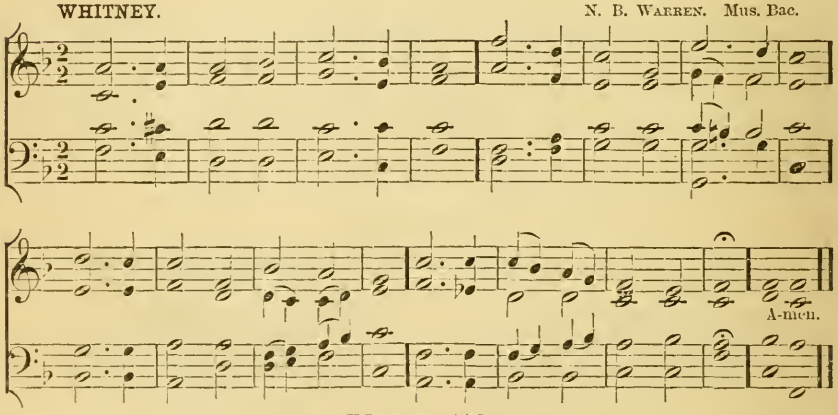
1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
Rest upon the Conqueror's Head;
Crowns of glory are His right,
His, Who liveth and was dead.

2 He subdued the powers of hell,
In the fight He stood alone;
All His foes before Him fell,
By His single Arm o'erthrown.

3 His the battle, His the toil,
His the honours of the day
His the glory and the spoil,
Jesus bears them all away.

4 Now proclaim His deeds afar,
Fill the world with His renown;
His alone the Victor's car,
His the everlasting Crown. Amen.

WHITNEY. N. B. Warren. Mus. Bac.



Hymn 76.

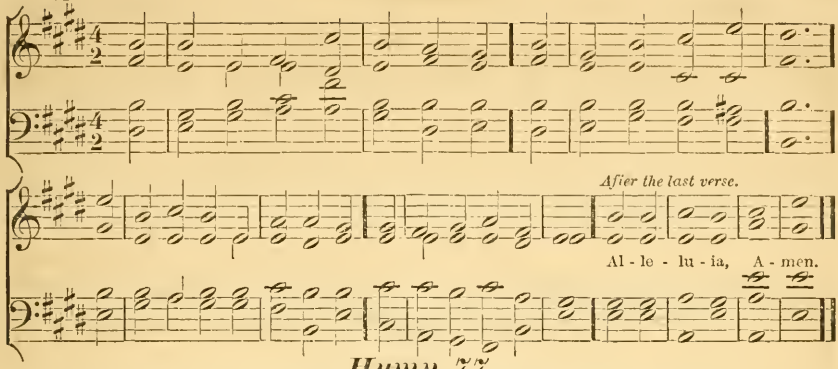
1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesu's agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

ST. FULBERT. Dr. GAUNTLETT.



Hymn 77.

1 YE choirs of new Jersualem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud thro' death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.

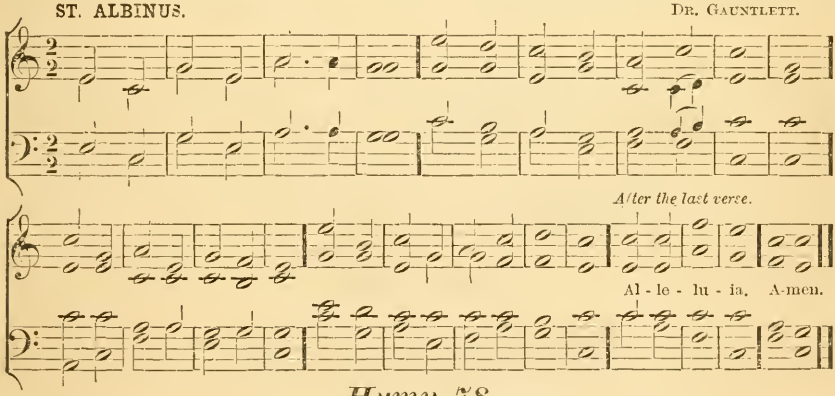
3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where JESUS goes before.

4 Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

6 All glory to the FATHER be;
All glory to the SON;
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Alleluia. Amen.

ST. ALBINUS. Dr. GAUNTLETT.



Hymn 78.

1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
JESUS lives, by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.

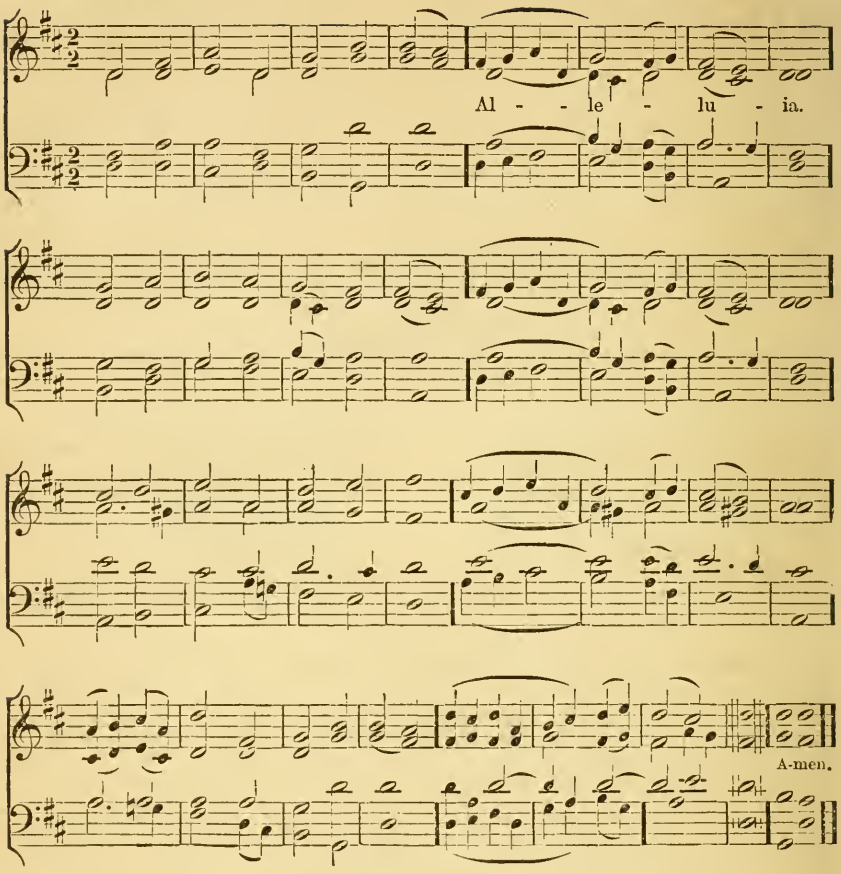
2 JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 JESUS lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.

4 JESUS lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.

5 JESUS lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

WORGAN. First Tune. *Arranged by* W. H. Monk.



Hymn 79.

1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

3 But the pain which He endured Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia! Amen.

HYMN 79. SECOND TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*)

Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia. A - - men.

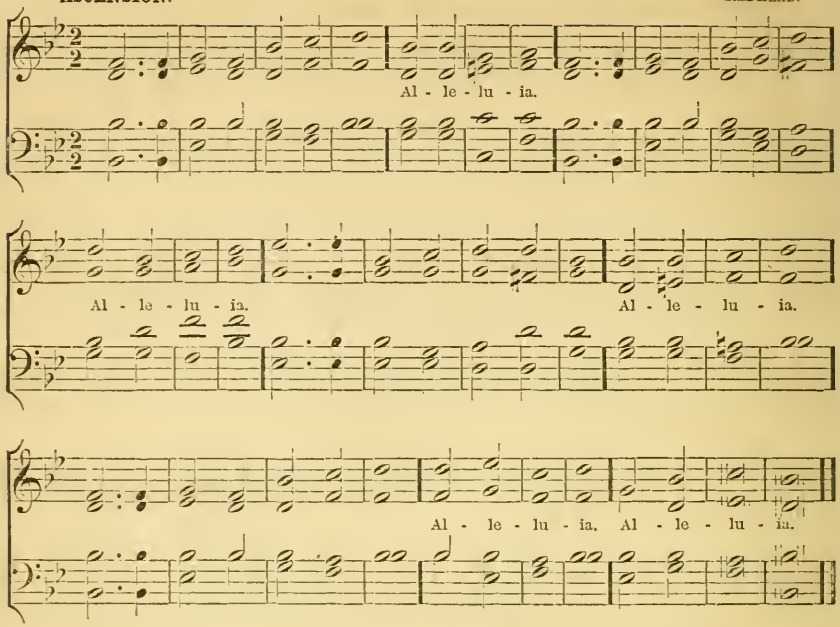
HYMN 79. THIRD TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*)

Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

ASCENSION. REDHEAD.



Hymn 80.

1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise Alleluia!
To His Throne above the skies; Alleluia!
CHRIST, the Lamb for sinners given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

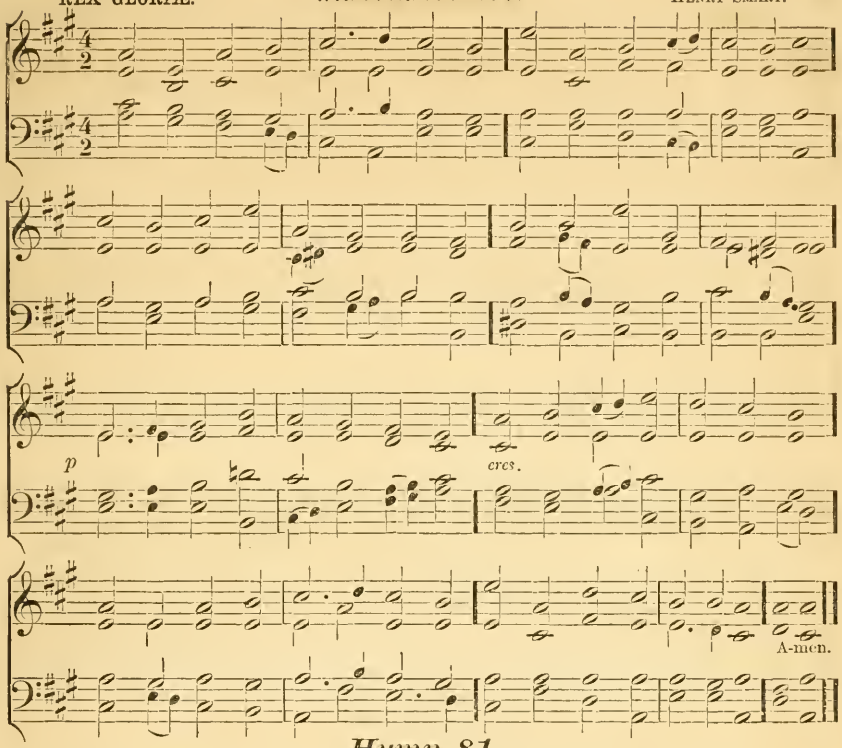
2 There for Him high triumph waits Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin, Alleluia
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

3 Lo, the heaven its LORD receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

4 See, He lifts His Hands above; Alleluia!
See, He shows the prints of love; Alleluia!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intecedes, Alleluia!
His prevailing death He pleads, Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia!

6 LORD, though parted from our sight Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia!



Hymn 81.

1 SEE thee Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace gate :
Hark, the choirs of angel voices
Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
LORD of battles, GOD of armies,
He has gained the victory ;
He Who on the Cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

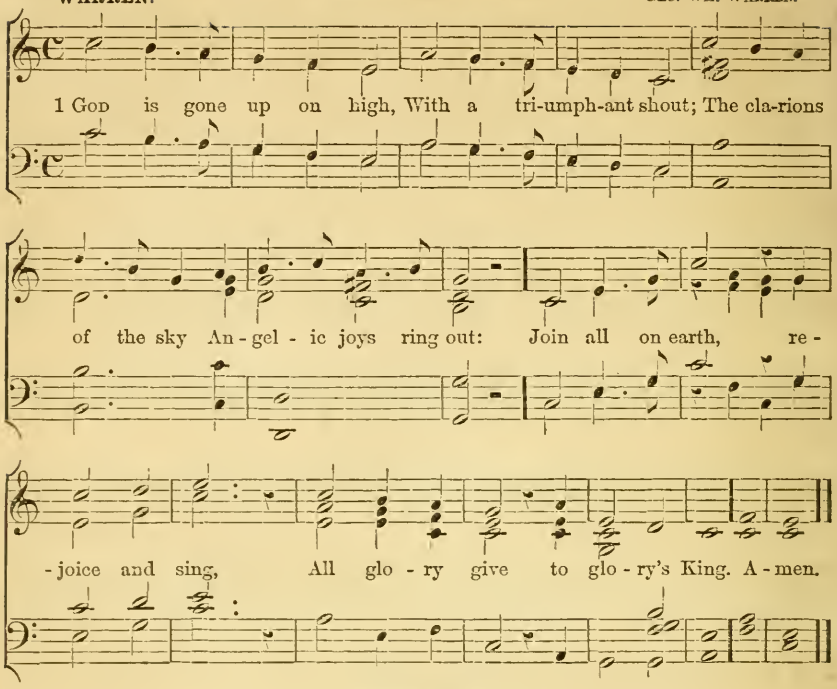
3 While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends ;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends ;
He Who walked with GOD, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His Blood, within the veil :
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail :
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place ;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 He has raised our human nature
In the clouds to GOD's right hand ;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand :
JESUS reigns, adored by angels ;
Man with GOD is on the throne :
Mighty LORD, in Thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own.

6 Glory be to GOD the FATHER ;
Glory be to GOD the SON,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won ;
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT :
To One GOD in Persons Three,
Glory in both earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be. Amen.

WARREN. GEO. WM. WARREN.



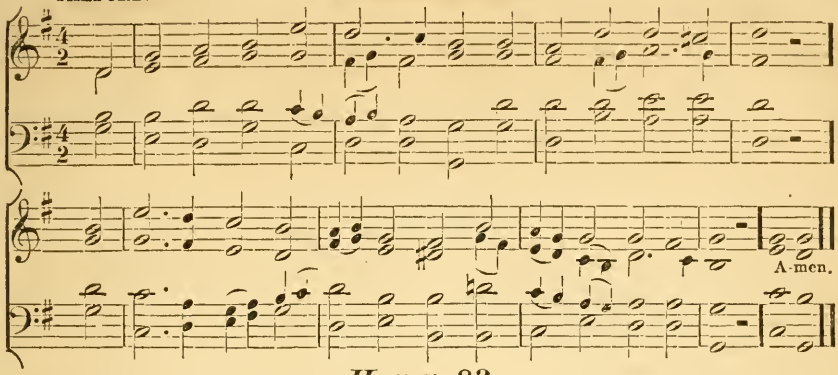
Hymn 82.

2 All power to our great LORD
Is by His FATHER given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in Heaven;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

3 High on His holy seat
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

4 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

5 With lips and hearts of fire,
Thee, JESU CHRIST, we praise;
With heaven's eternal Sire,
And HOLY GHOST always.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King. Amen.



Hymn 83.

1 CHRIST is gone up : yet ere he passed
From earth in heaven to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

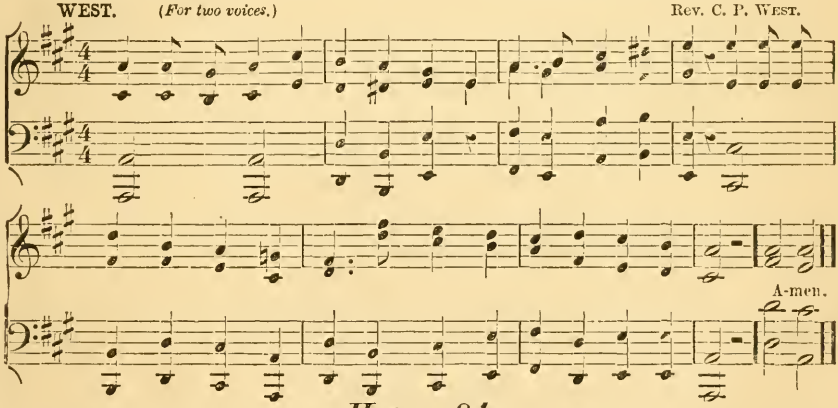
2 His Twelve Apostles first He made
His Ministers of grace ;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

3 So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on ;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her LORD is gone.

4 Whate'er we do, whate'er we say,
By her we must be led ;
For though our LORD is far away,
His Church is in His stead.

5 Let those find pardon, LORD, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold ;
And bring them in, and let there be
One SHEPHERD and one fold. Amen.

WEST. *(For two voices.)* Rev. C. P. WEST.



Hymn 84.

1 CHRIST has ascended up again,
Unto His heavenly place ;
And we must wait a little while,
Before we see His face :

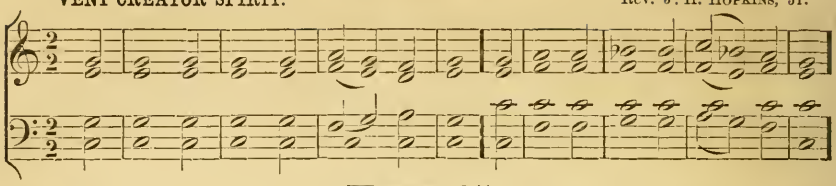
2 As sometimes on a summer's day,
The gathering winds grow loud ;
And for awhile the big round sun
Is hid behind a cloud.

3 And where our LORD is gone before,
There shall we one day be ;
When CHRIST shall come and gather all
His own, by land and sea.

4 Then often should our hearts look up
To heaven so high and fair ;
And think about that blessed place,
Since we are going there.

5 Look thro' Thy cloud, ascended LORD,
And lead Thy children on ;
That we may learn to love and seek,
The Heaven where Thou art gone. Amen.

VENI CREATOR SPIRIT. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.

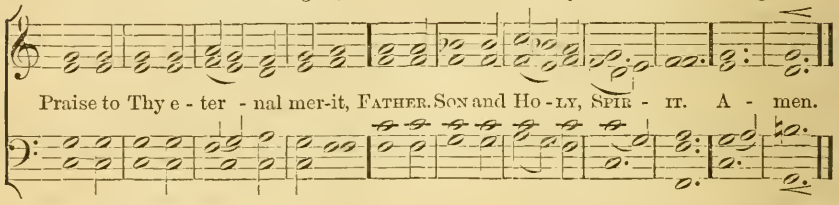


Hymn 85.

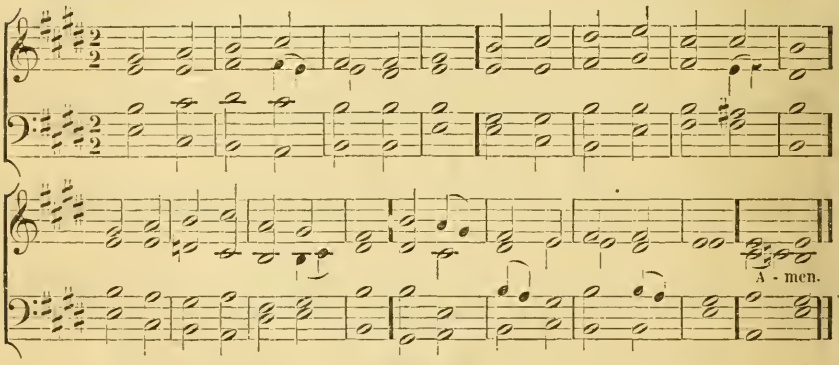
1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song;



GIBBONS. Orlando Gibbons.



Hymn 86.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove:
Fill me full of heaven and love.

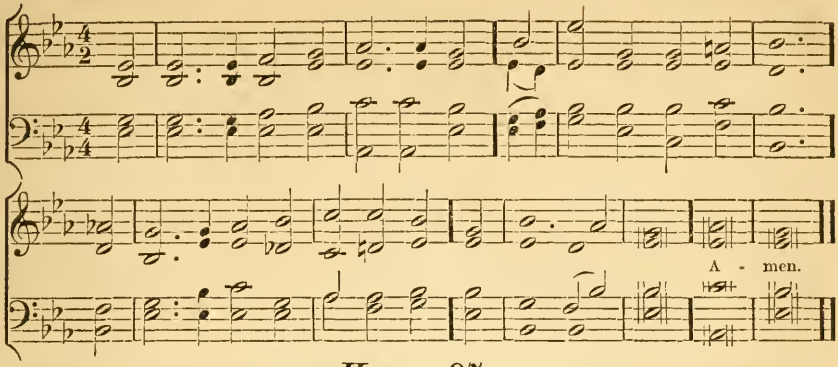
2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart!
Breathe Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

5 Guard me round on every side;
Save me from self-righteous pride;
Me with Jesu's mind inspire,
Melt me with celestial fire. Amen.

ST. CUTHBERT. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



Hymn 87.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

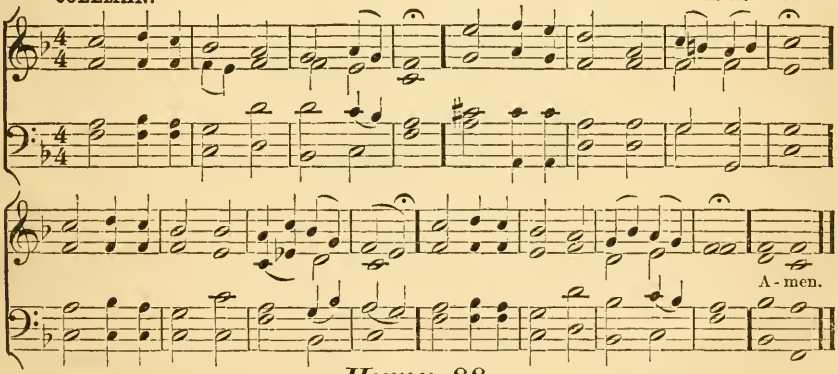
3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each [fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 SPIRIT of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

O praise the FATHER; praise the SON:
Blest SPIRIT, praise to Thee;
All praise to GOD, the THREE IN ONE,
The ONE IN THREE. Amen.

COLEMAN. L. H. Weis.



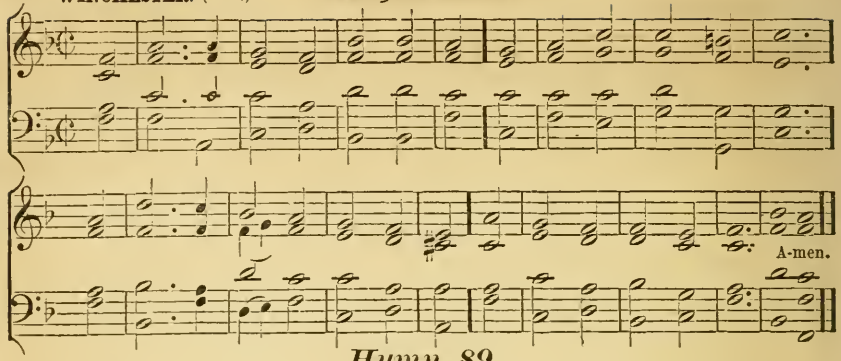
Hymn 88.

1 SPIRIT of Mercy, truth and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be GOD's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our SAVIOUR wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide;
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love.

4 O HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE;
Thy grace devoutly we implore
Thy Name be praised for evermore. Amen.



Hymn 89.

1 WHEN GOD of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

2 But, when He came a second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

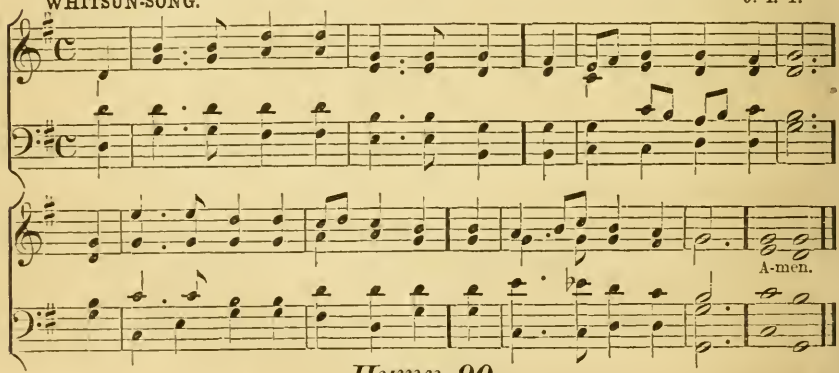
4 And as on Israel' awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So when the SPIRIT of our GOD
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of GOD; It fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

7 Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, LORD, by love or fear. Amen.

WHITSUN-SONG. J. I. T.



Hymn 90.

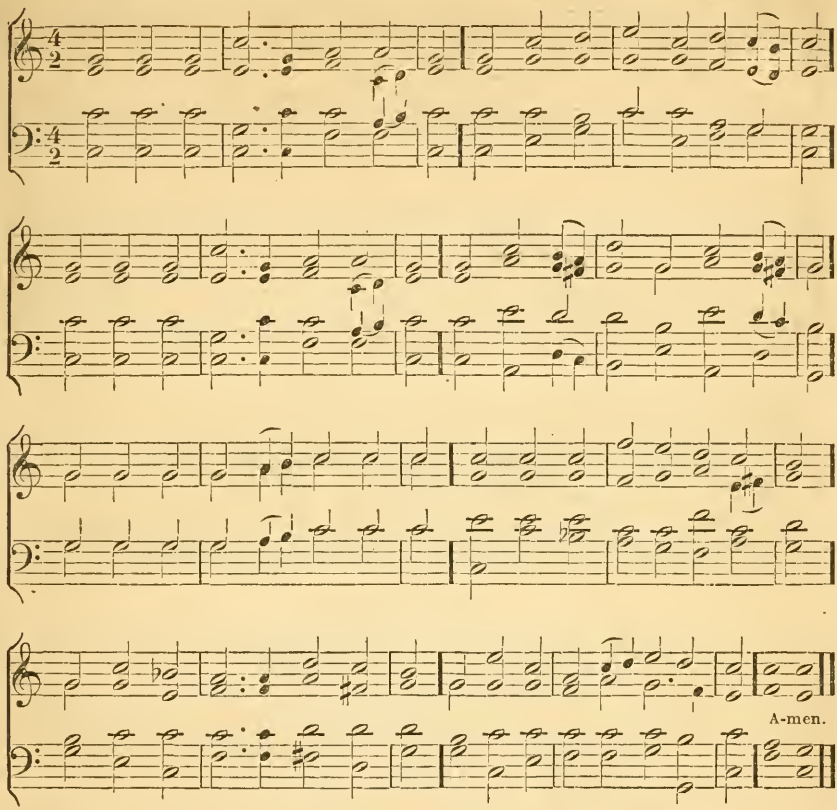
1 HE'S come, let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd with one consent,
"The COMFORTER is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could GOD on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed SPIRIT! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do Thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know,
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go. Amen.

PENTECOST. *Words by* Rev. JOHN C. MIDDLETON.



Hymn 91.

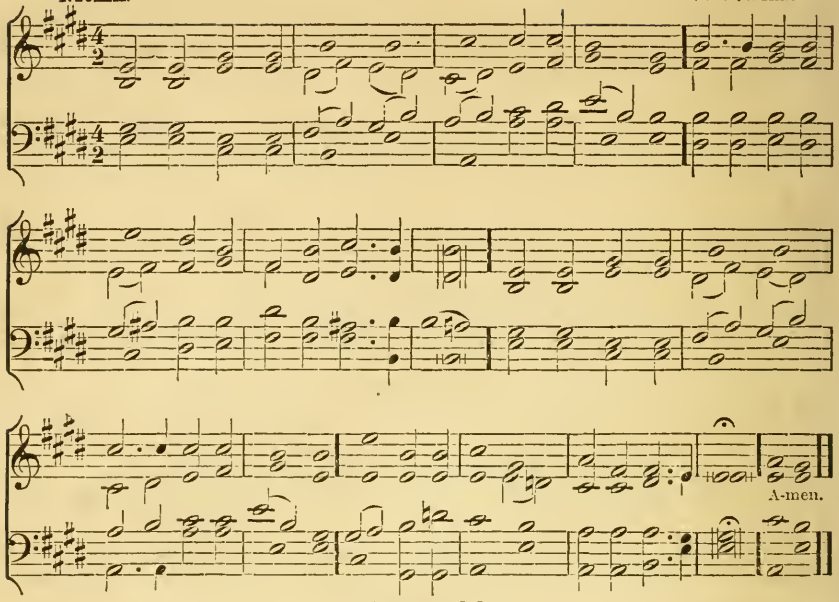
1 THE Twelve Apostles of the LORD,
Were met, obedient to His word,
With all the faithful ones who came
To keep the FEAST of WEEKS with them.
Their risen LORD to Heaven had gone,
And they were left behind alone—
To tarry at Jerusalem
And wait the blessing promised them.

2 All sudden, from the Heavens, a sound,
As of a tempest, burst around;
And lambent tongues of fiery red
Sat on each Apostolic head.
Then GOD, the HOLY COMFORTER,
In tender love descended there;
And, moving in the waiting throng,
Filled every heart—loosed every tongue.

3 One speech was given to every race—
One language found, for every place—
Heart spoke to heart, soul answered soul,
One blessed SPIRIT moved the whole,
And now, where'er the Saviour's Bride
Goes forth 'mong men at Whitsuntide,
One tongue She has, in East or West,
To sing His praise, She loves the best.

4 The burden of Her joyous song,
That year by year is rolled along,
Is "CHRIST is risen, and, on high
Ascended, reigns no more to die."
While, orphaned once, no more they weep,
Who now the Holy Feast do keep—
For every heart—in every home
The Blessed COMFORTER is come. Amen.

NICÆA. Rev. J B. Dykes.



Hymn 92.

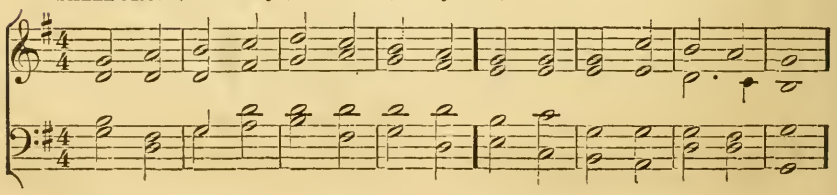
1 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! mereiful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

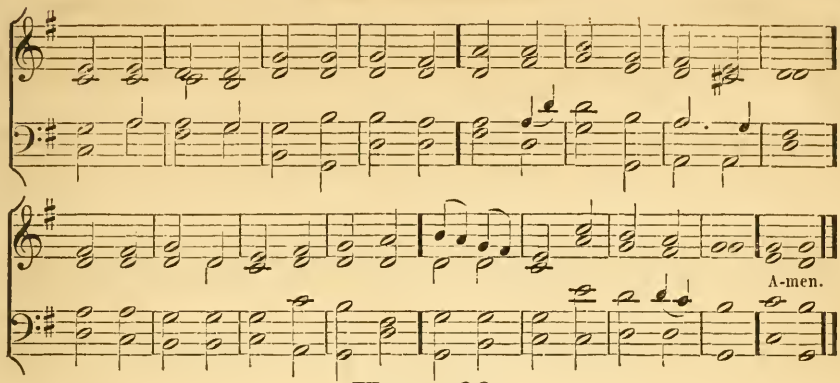
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee.
Whieh wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy: There is none beside Thee
Perfeet in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! mereiful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

SALZBURG. (*Tantum Ergo.*) (*For Hymn* 93.) Michael Haydn.





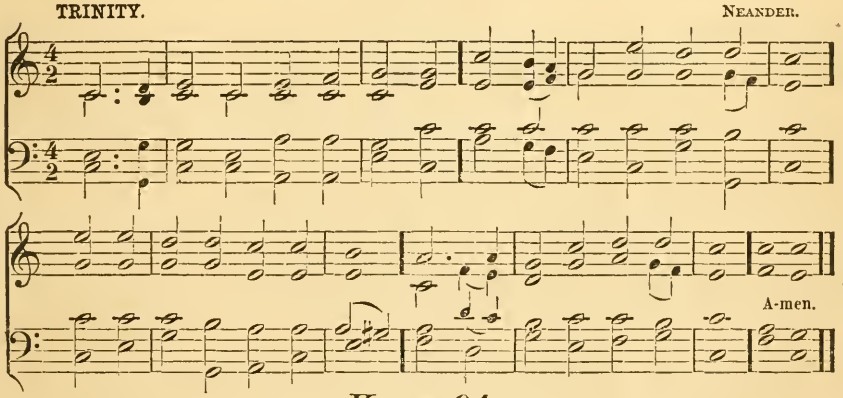
Hymn 93.

1 LEAD us! Heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our GOD our FATHER be.

2 SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 SPIRIT of our GOD, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardon'd guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

TRINITY. NEANDER.



Hymn 94.

1 ROUND the LORD in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.

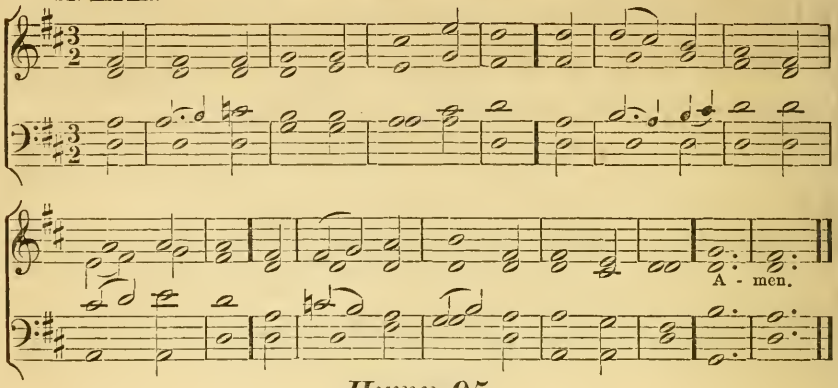
2 "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
"Earth is with its fulness stor'd;
"Unto Thee be glory given,
"Holy, holy, holy LORD!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"LORD of hosts, the LORD most High!"

4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
"Earth is with its fulness stor'd:
"Unto Thee be glory given,
"Holy, holy, holy LORD!" Amen.

ST. AIDAN. Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey.



Hymn 95.

1 O GOD of life! Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

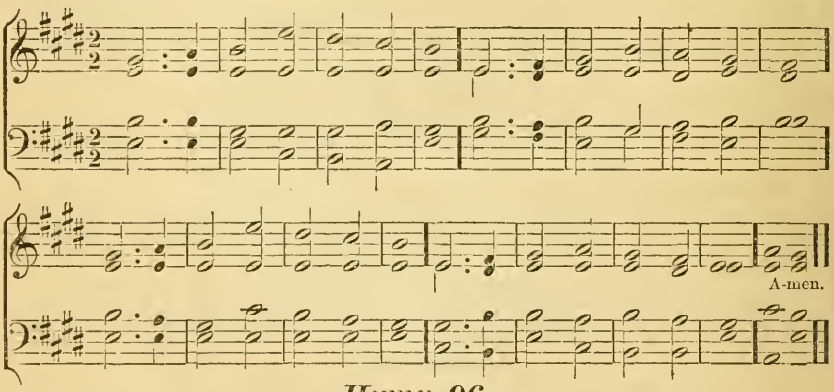
2 O Father, Uncreated Lord!
Be Thou in ev'ry land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost! Whose guardian care
Doth us for heav'nly joys prepare;
May we in Thy communion share.

5 O Holy Blessèd Trinity!
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God! exalted be.

INNOCENTS. Thibaut.



Hymn 96.

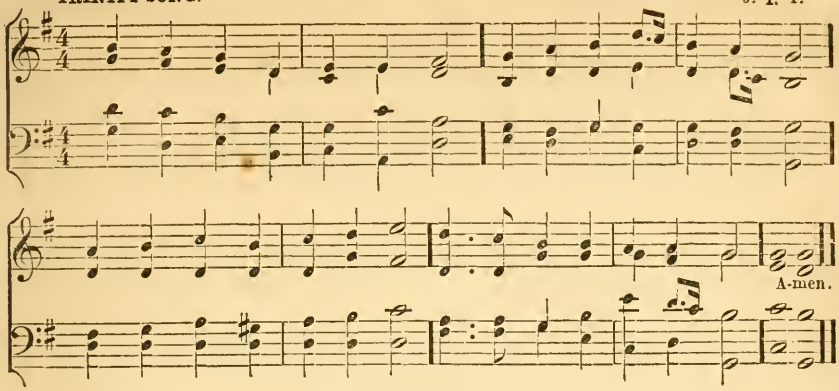
1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
All Thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless.

3 Holy Spirit, Thee we own;
Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.

4 Praise the Name of God Most High;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

TRINITY-SONG. J. I. T.



Hymn 97.

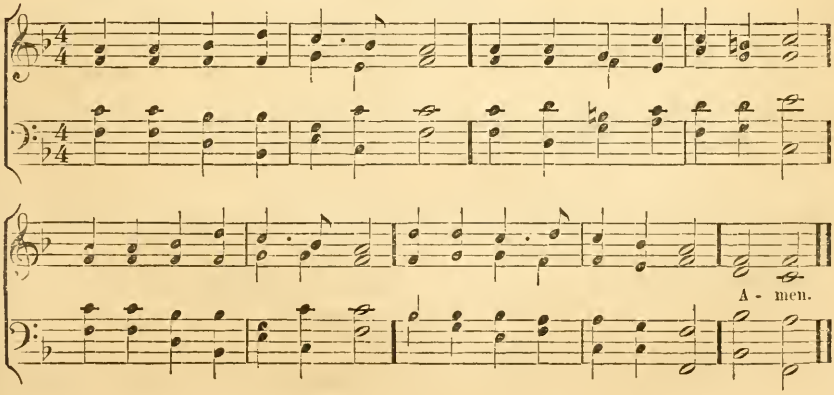
1 GLORY to the FATHER give,
GOD, in Whom we move and live :
Children's prayers He deigns to hear :
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the SON we bring,
CHRIST our Prophet, Priest, and King
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

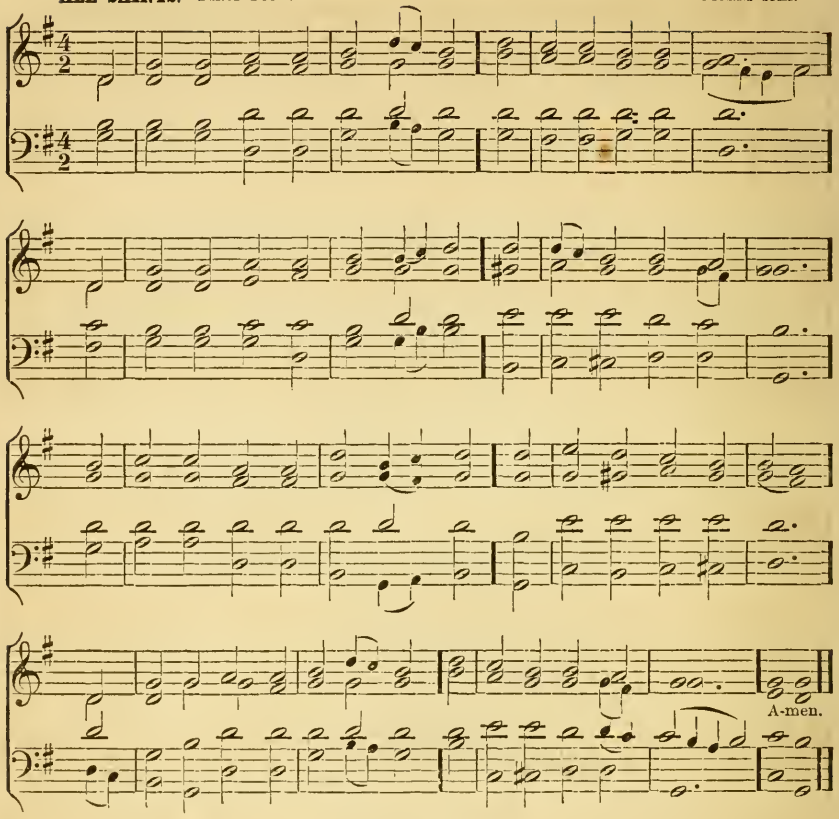
3 Glory to the HOLY GHOST ;
Be this day a Pentecost :
Children's minds may He inspire ;
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the Blessèd TRINITY ;
For the Gospel from above,
For the word, that GOD is love. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI. SECOND TUNE. (*Words above*)



ALL SAINTS. FIRST TUNE. GIORNIVICHI.



Hymn 98.

1 HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light:
And in the Blood of CHRIST have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

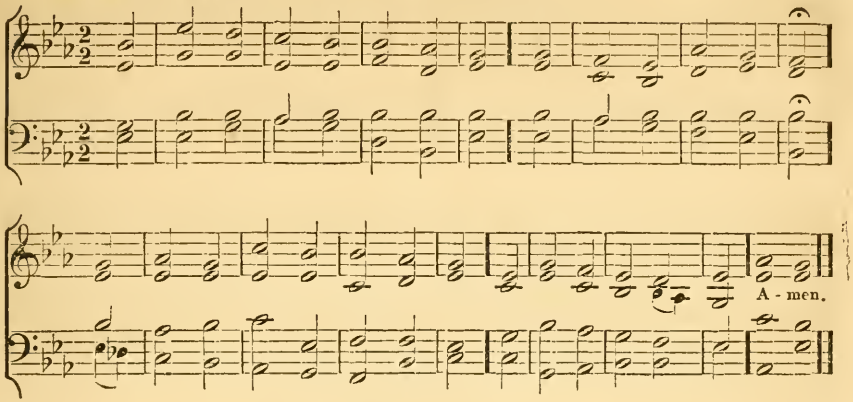
4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5 The LAMB, Who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

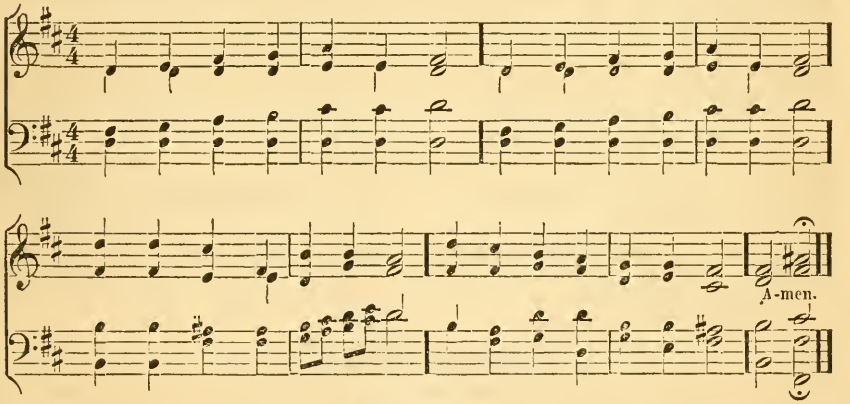
6 'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And GOD the LORD from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

7 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. SECOND TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) A. R. REINAGLE.



ST. STEPHEN'S DAY. GEO. WM. WARREN.



Hymn 99.

1 FIRST of Martyrs, Thou whose name
Doth thy golden crown proclaim,
Not of flowers that fade away
Weave we this Thy crown to-day.

2 Bright the stones, which bruise thee, gleam,
Sprinkled with Thy life-blood's stream;
Stars around thy sainted head
Never could such radiance shed.

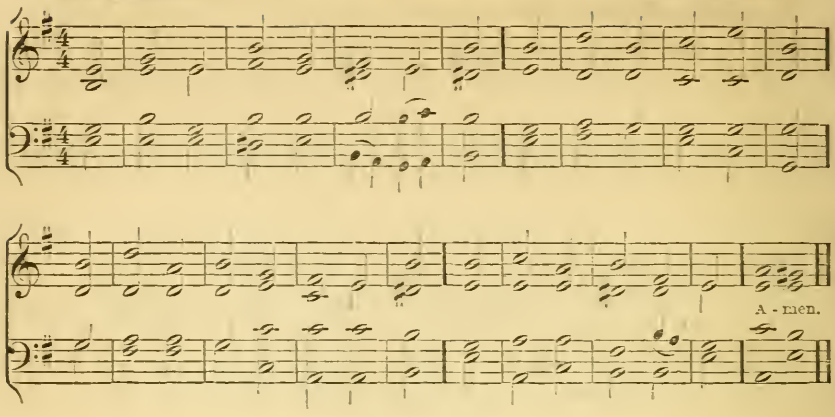
3 Every wound upon thy brow
Sparkles with unearthly glow;
Like an angel's is Thy face
Beaming with celestial grace.

4 O how blessèd first to be
Slain for Him Who bled for thee;
First like Him in dying hour
Witness to Almighty power;

5 First to follow where He trod
Through the deep Red Sea of blood;
First; but in Thy footsteps press
Saints and martyrs numberless.

6 Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to Thee,
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Praised by men and heavenly host. Amen.

OLD MARTYRS. *Scotch Psalter*. 1611.



Hymn 100.

1 THE Son of GOD goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train?

2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

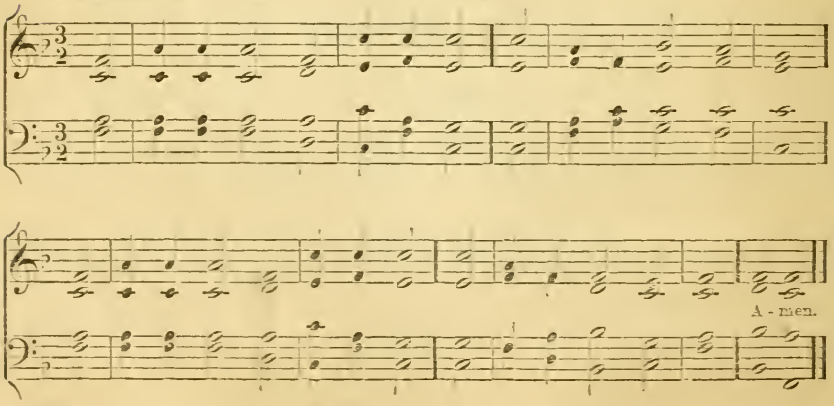
3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong :
Who followed in His train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the SPIRIT came ; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.

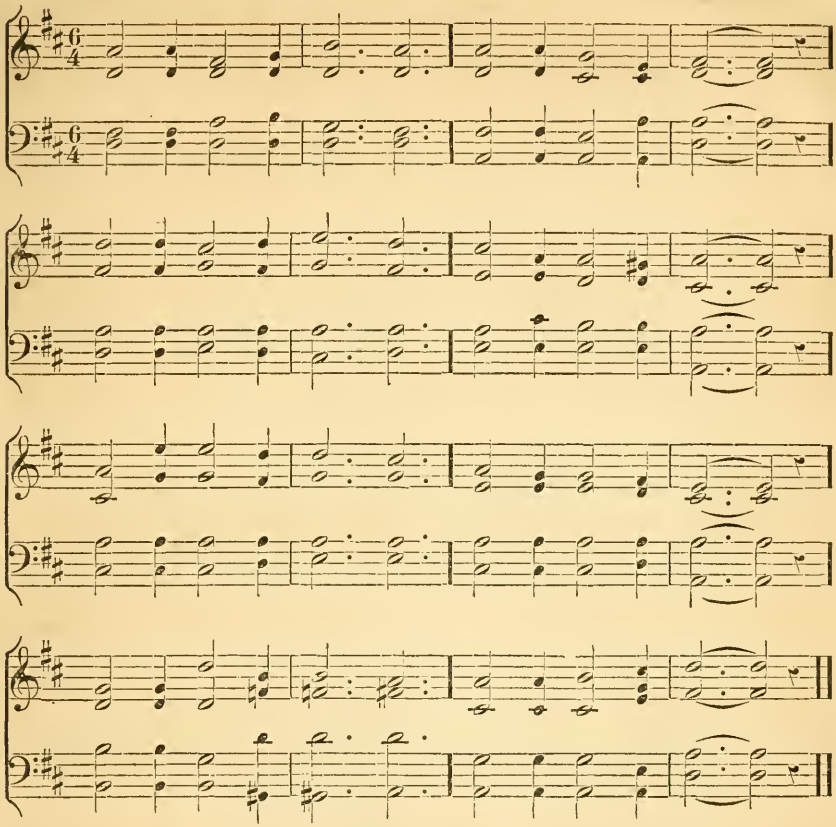
6 They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Though peril, toil, and pain :
O GOD ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

MARLOW. SECOND TUNE. (*Words above.*



ST. JOHN

'Hymns of the Eastern Church.'



Hymn 101.

1 THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers,
Round the throne of God;
Who may hope to gain them,
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

2 He, who gladly barters
All on earthly ground,
He, who like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He, whose one oblation
Is a life of love;
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the Heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabour
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you "Fight!"

4 While I do my duty
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side!
Tell who will the story
Of our *now* distress;
O the future glory!
O the loveliness!

DAUCHY. *Written by* T. Baker, *for St. Paul's Sunday School, Troy, N.Y.*

A - men.

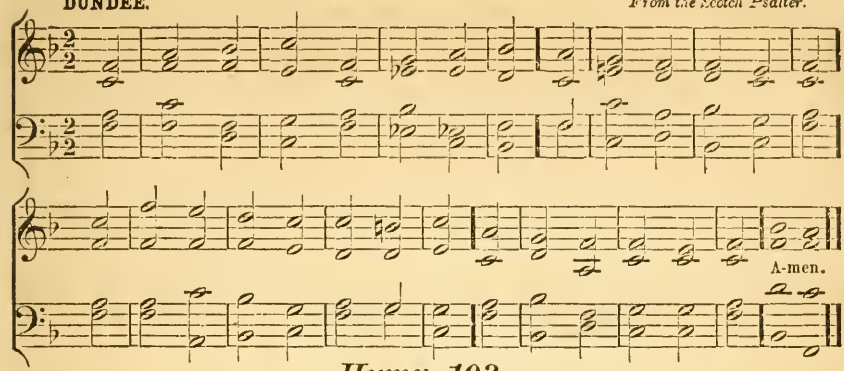
Hymn 102.

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These though fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More that conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
Amen.

DUNDEE. *From the Scotch Psalter.*



Hymn 103.

1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Join'd to their LORD in bonds of Love,
All of His grace partake.

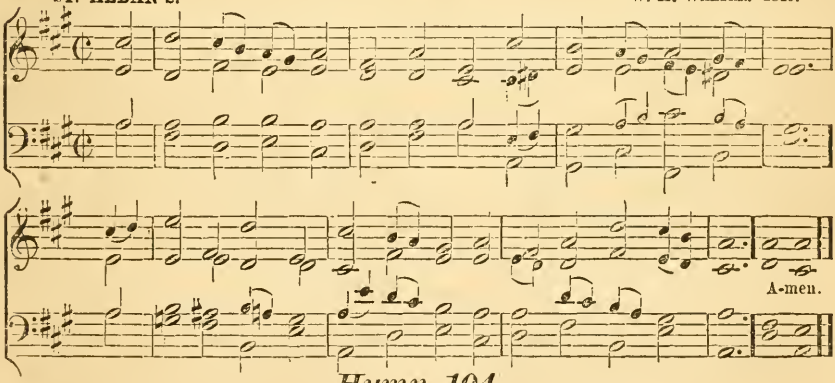
2 One family we dwell in Him;
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living GOD,
To His command we bow:
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 LORD JESUS! be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And show the path to heaven. Amen.

ST. ALBAN'S. W. H. WALTER. 1849.



Hymn 104.

1 NOT to the terrors of the LORD,
The tempest, fire, and smoke:
Not to the thunder of that word
Which GOD on Sinai spoke:

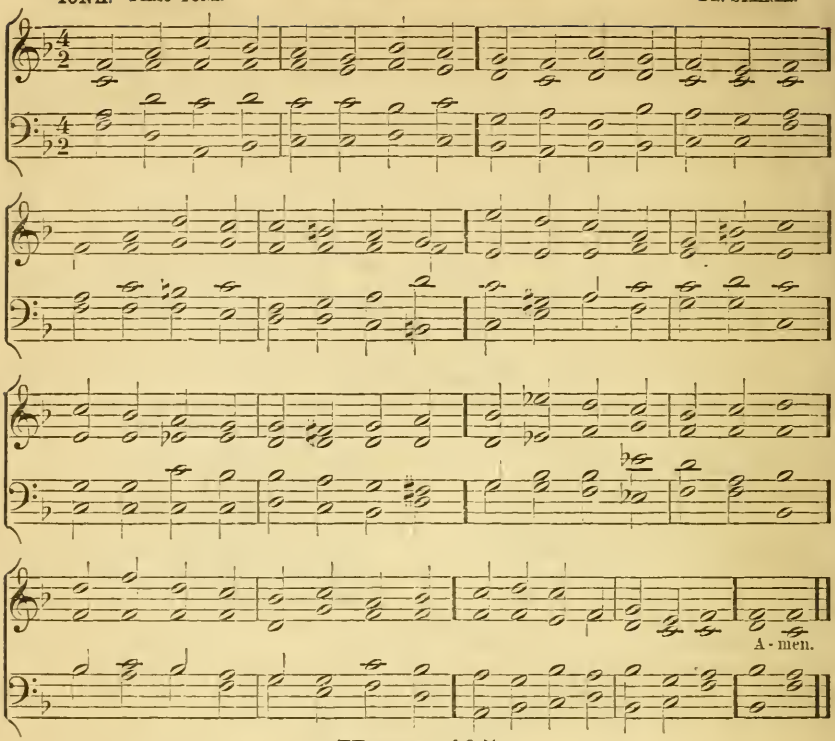
2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our GOD;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear GOD, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through CHRIST, forgiven.

5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in CHRIST, their vital Head,
And of His love partake. Amen.

IONA. First Tune. Dr. Stainer.



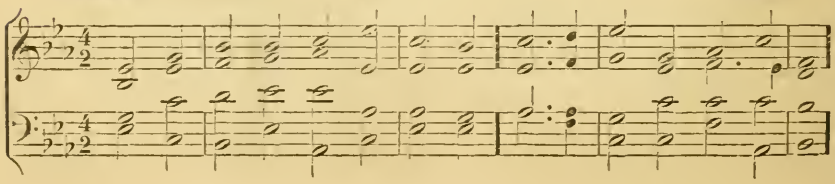
Hymn 105.

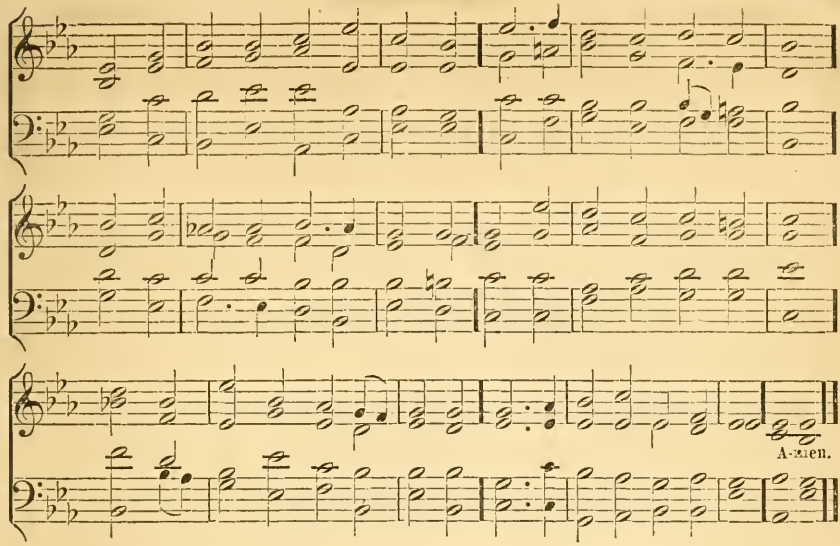
1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

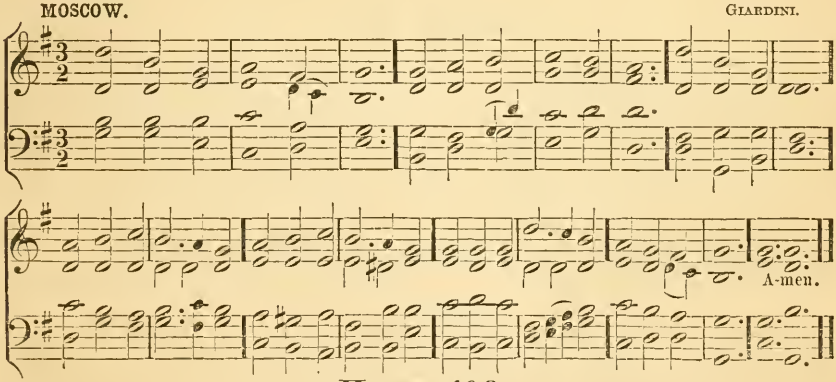
3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the [sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

HYMN 105. Second Tune. (*Words above.*) A. H. Browne.





MOSCOW. GIARDINI.



Hymn 106.

1 THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 SPIRIT of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

EISENACH. First Tune. John Sebastian Bach.

A - men.

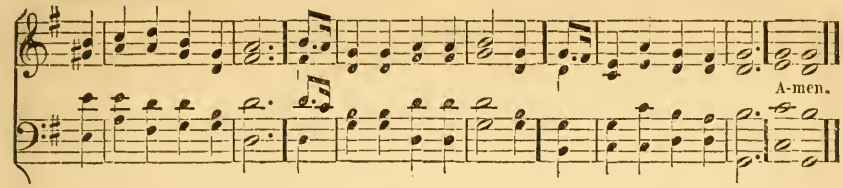
Hymn 107.

1 WITH hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King;
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeemed the human race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

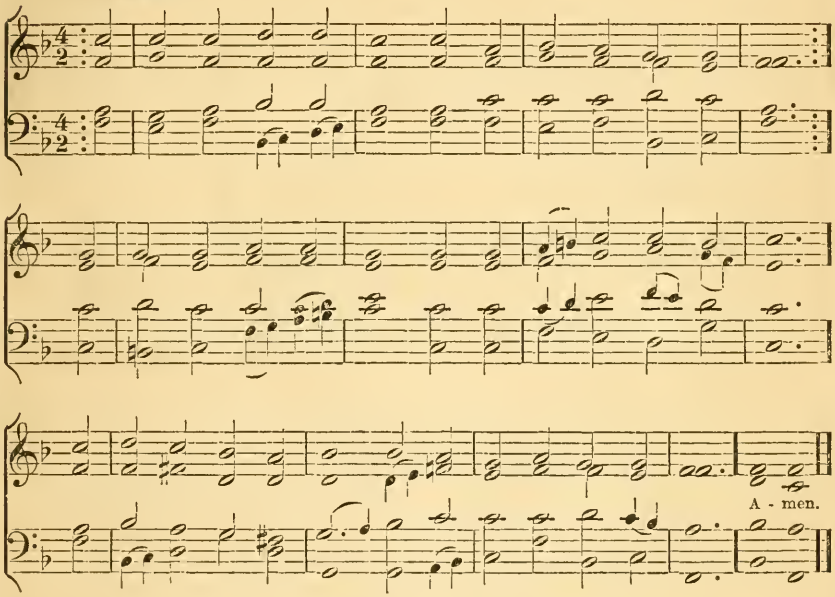
2 So reign, O God, of heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To Thy Almighty Name.
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought with gold.

3 And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain:
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransom'd world shall sing. Amen.

HYMN 107. Second Tune. (*Words above.*) *Bowey's Household Music.*



WITTEMBURG. CRUGER.



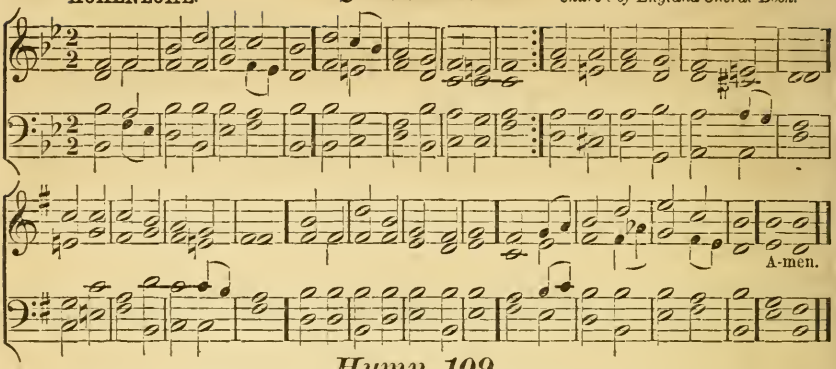
Hymn 108.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, Waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The LAMB for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.



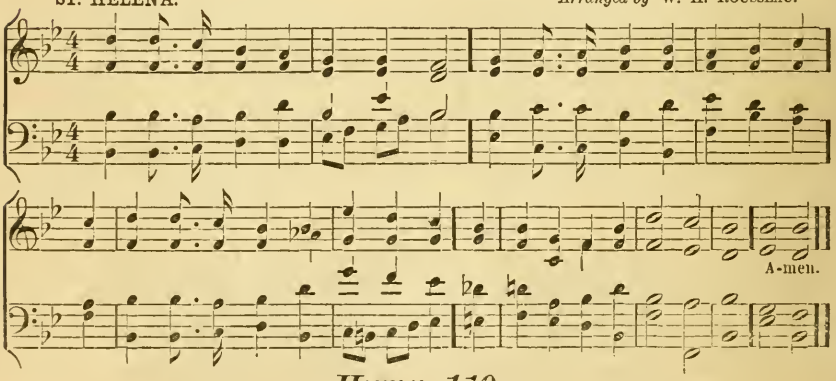
Hymn 109.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah!" for the LORD
GOD omnipotent shall reign;
"Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 "Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See JEHOVAH's banners furl'd,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His SON.

3 "He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
Then the end:—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! CHRIST in GOD,
GOD in CHRIST is all in all." Amen.

ST. HELENA. *Arranged by* W. H. ROUSSEAU.



Hymn 110.

1 FLING out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the SAVIOUR died.

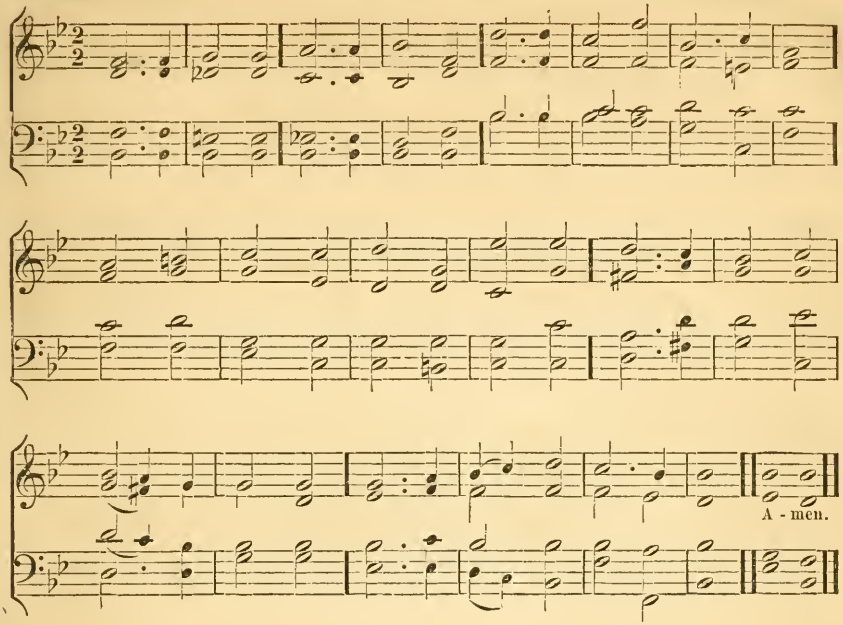
2 Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross:
Our only hope, the Crucified! Amen.

BENEDICITE. Rev. F. A. Gore Ouseley.



Hymn 111.

1 ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Clouds and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary
Tells His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating
Praise ye, praise ye God, the Lord!

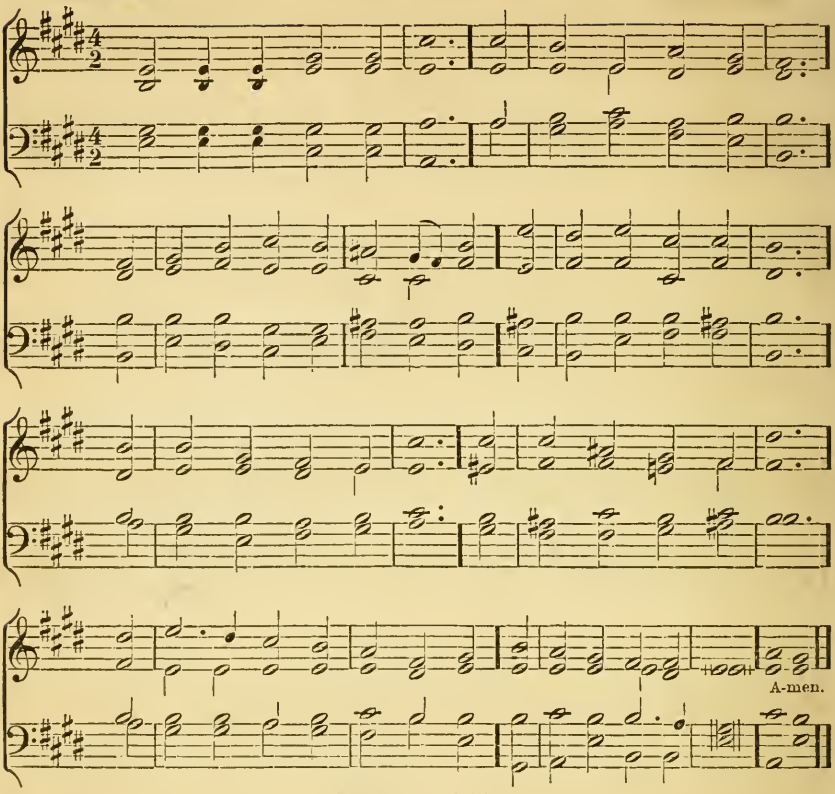
4 Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks clouds-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rolling river;
Praise Him ever,
From the mountains deep vein poured,
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples wisely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

7 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver:
Praise Him Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course singing,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord. Amen.

DIADEMATA. Dr. G. J. Elvey.



Hymn 112.

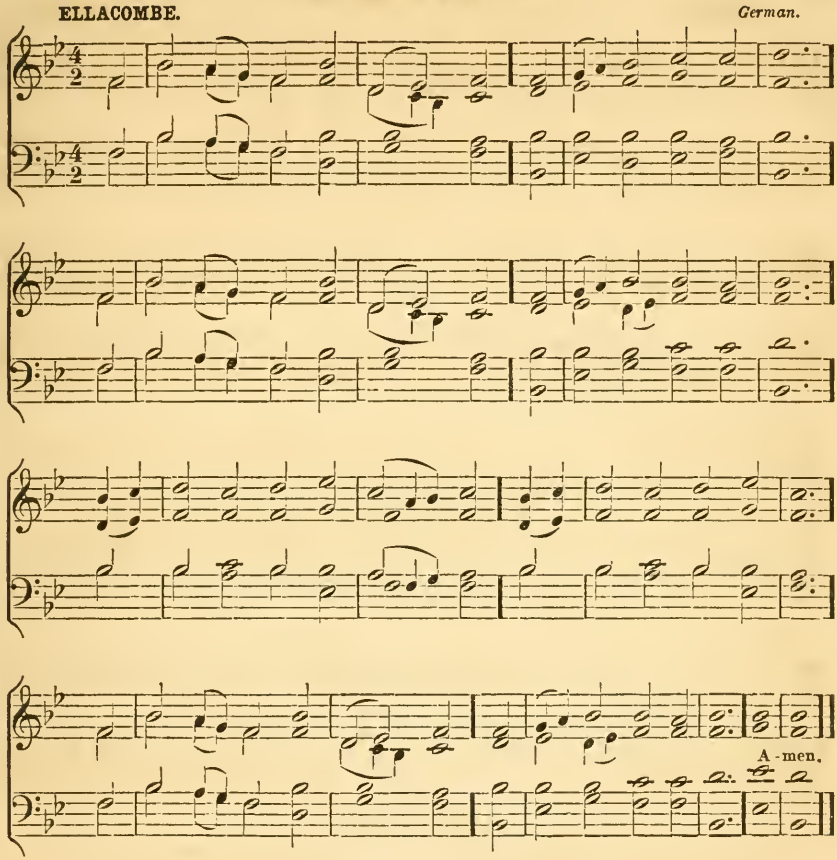
1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem:
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Love,
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of Peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.



Hymn 113.

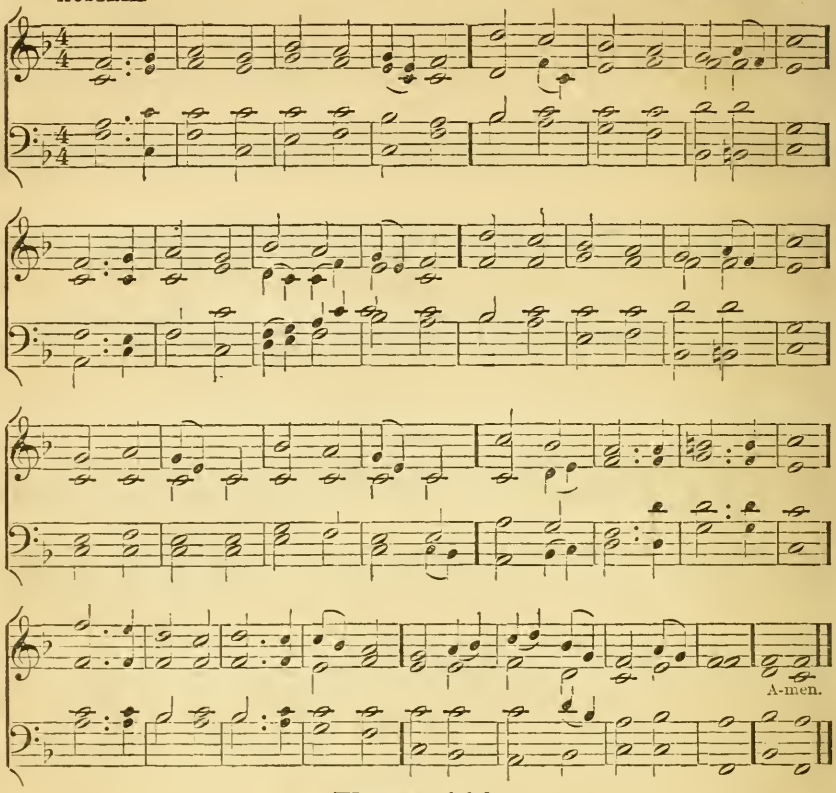
1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas
To JESUS LORD and King;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to CHRIST to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King:
For JESUS is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe and boy and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

3 O boys, be strong in JESUS,
To toil for Him is gain,
And JESUS wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden City
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day:
O CHRIST, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th'eternal song. Amen.

AUSTRIA. JOSEPH HAYDN.



Hymn 114.

1 HAIL, Thou once despisèd JESUS,
Hail, Thou Galilean King :
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou universal SAVIOUR,
Who hast borne our sins and shame,
By Whose merits we find favour ;
Life is given through Thy Name.

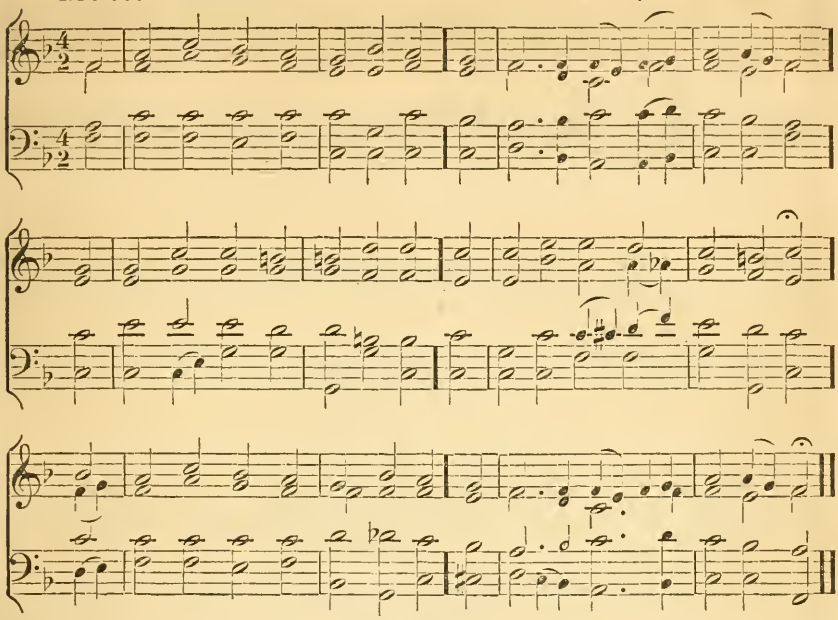
2 Paschal LAMB, by GOD appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid :
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy Blood :
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and GOD.

3 JESU, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee.
Seated at Thy FATHER's Side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year ;"
Thou for Saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive :
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright Angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our JESU's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

5 Soon we shall, with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate ;
Gladly sing the amazing story
Of His dying love so great :
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crowned with bliss and consolation
Such as none below can tell. Amen.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. J. I. T. *Words by* Rev. J. B. Tibbets.



Hymn 115.

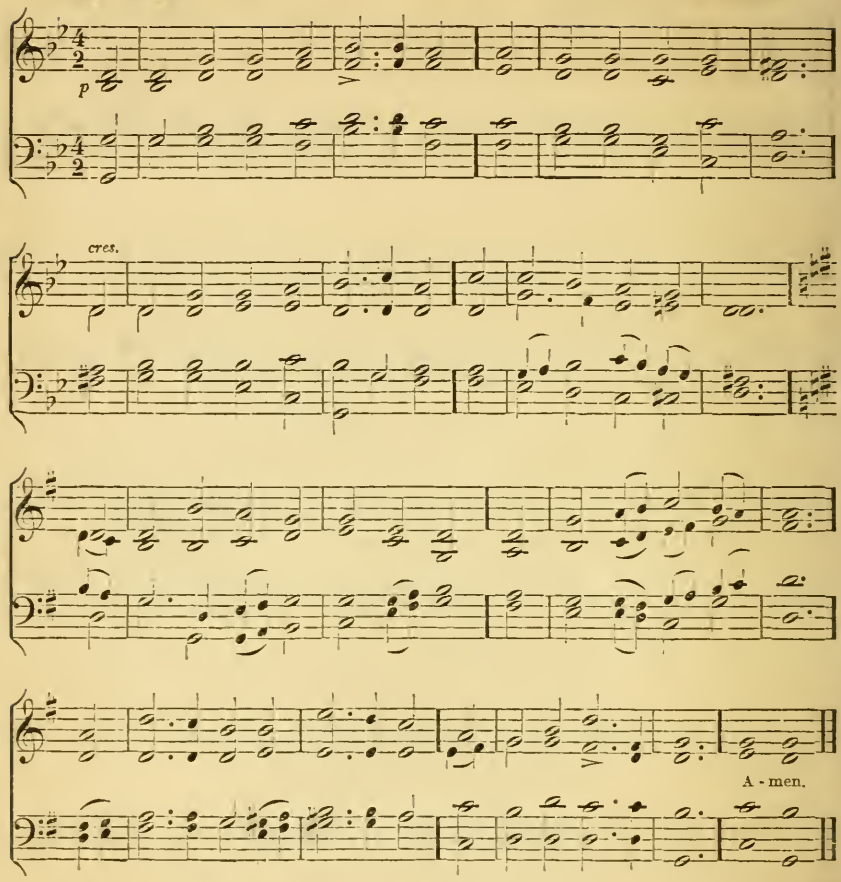
1 DEAR troubled heart! be not afraid!
Thy Saviour speaks to Thee a word;
To fainting ones like Thee—I said,
Believe in me, the same as God
Dear troubled heart! be not afraid:
Believe in me, the same as God.

2 Dear troubled heart! be not afraid!
My Father's House unfolds its door;
For many dwellers it was made.
To greet you there I've gone before.
Dear troubled heart! be not afraid:
To greet you there I've gone before.

3 Dear troubled heart! be not afraid!
Believe thy Lord—Oh! take his word
Death draws you thro' his chilling shade,
But I am there, and I am God.
Dear troubled heart! be not afraid:
For I am there, and I am God.

4 Dear troubled heart! be not afraid!
Who sleep in love, to love I wake
Whate'er was wrong, I'll not upbraid:
A loving one I ne'er forsake.
Dear troubled heart! be not afraid!
A loving one I ne'er forsake.

VOX DILECTI. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



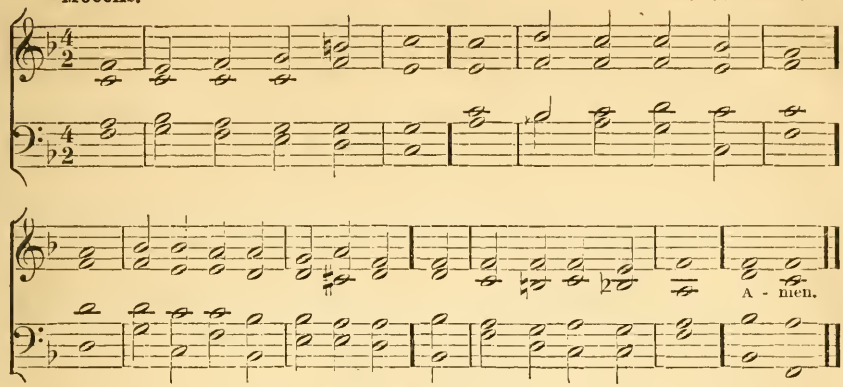
Hymn 116.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
All weary, worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

MOCCAS. A. R. REINAGLE.



Hymn 117.

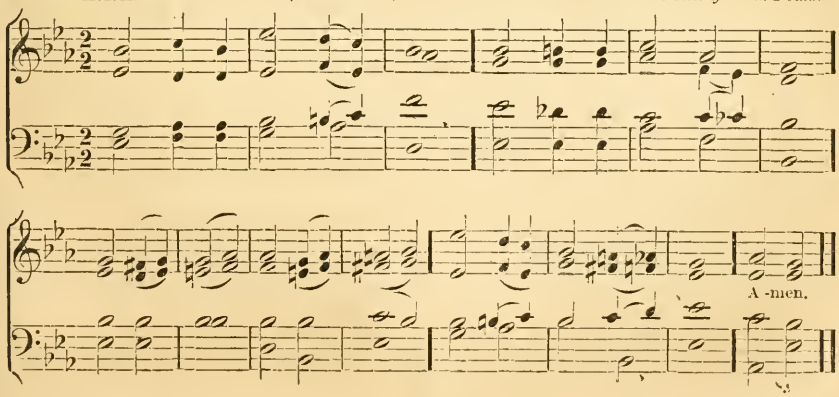
1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER's breast,
I fainting cry, blest SPIRIT, come,
And speed me to my rest!

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

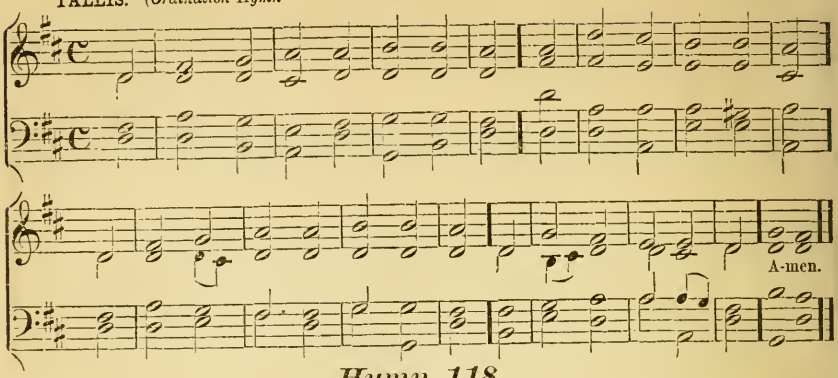
3 To thee, to thee I press
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass this wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 GOD of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.

SIENNA. SECOND TUNE. (*Words above.*) W. H. DEANE. *From* LYTE'S *Version of* 137*th Psalm.*



TALLIS. (*Ordination Hymn*) THOMAS TALLIS.



Hymn 118.

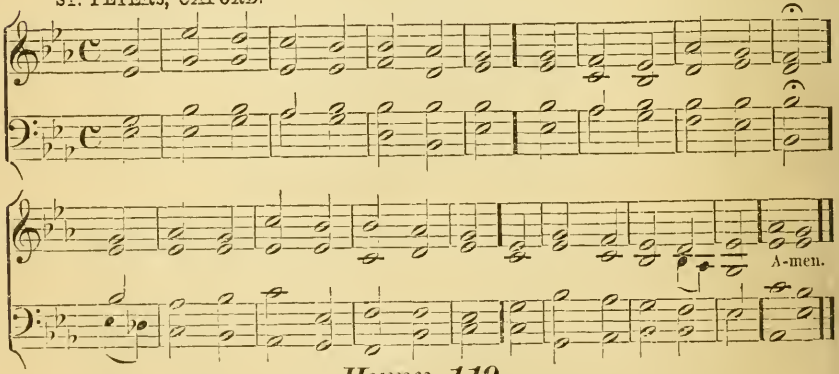
1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Prepare us, LORD, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky. Amen.

ST. PETERS, OXFORD. A. R. REINAGLE.



Hymn 119.

1 HOW sweet the Name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

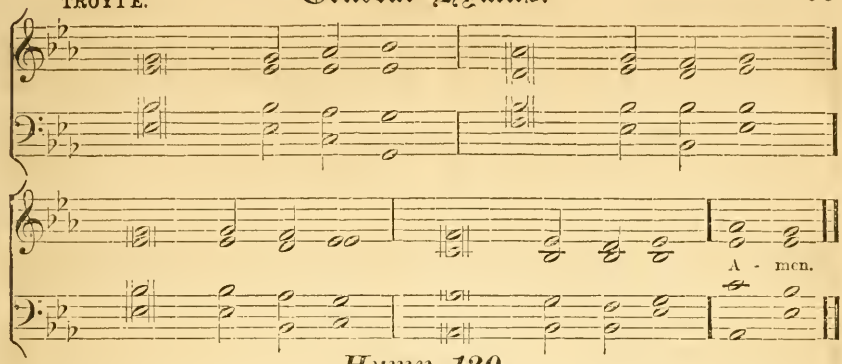
3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 JESUS, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

TROYTE.



Hymn 120.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

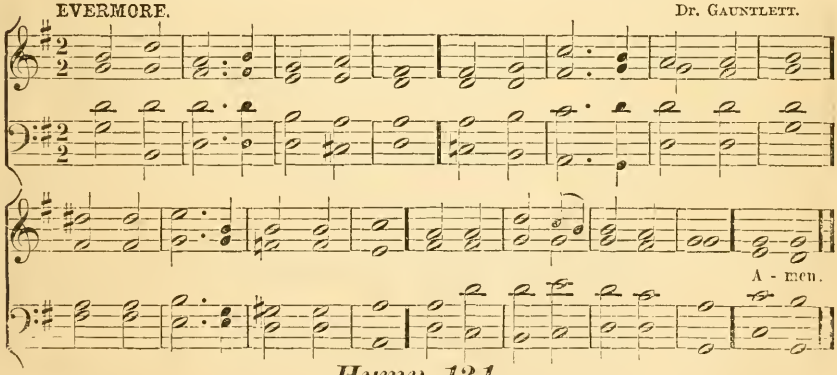
3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done." Amen.

EVERMORE. Dr. Gauntlett.



Hymn 121.

1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

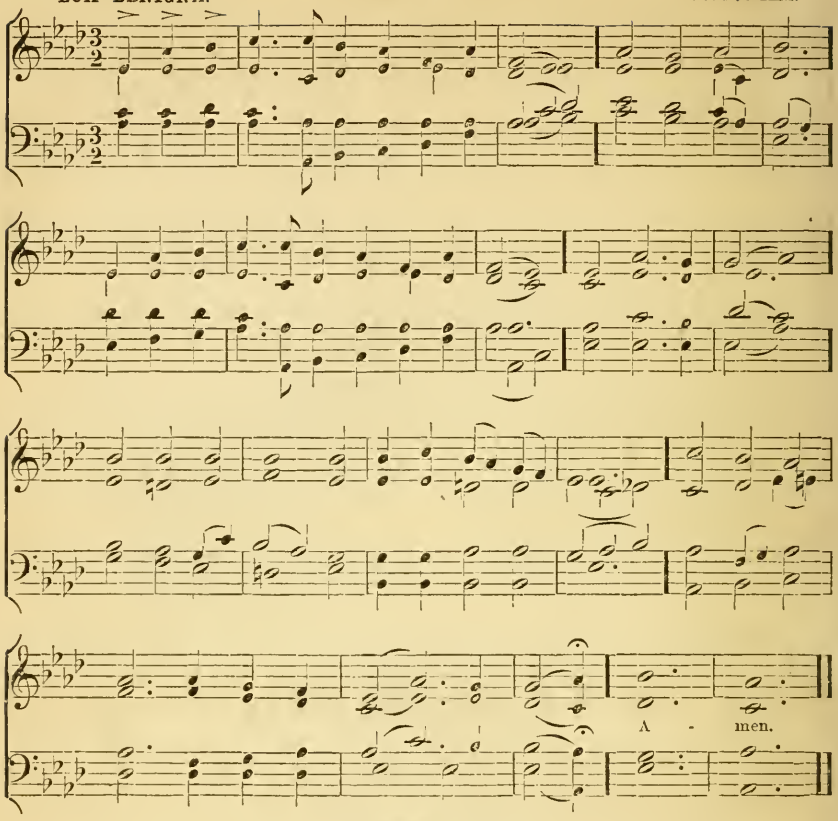
2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

LUX BENIGNA. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



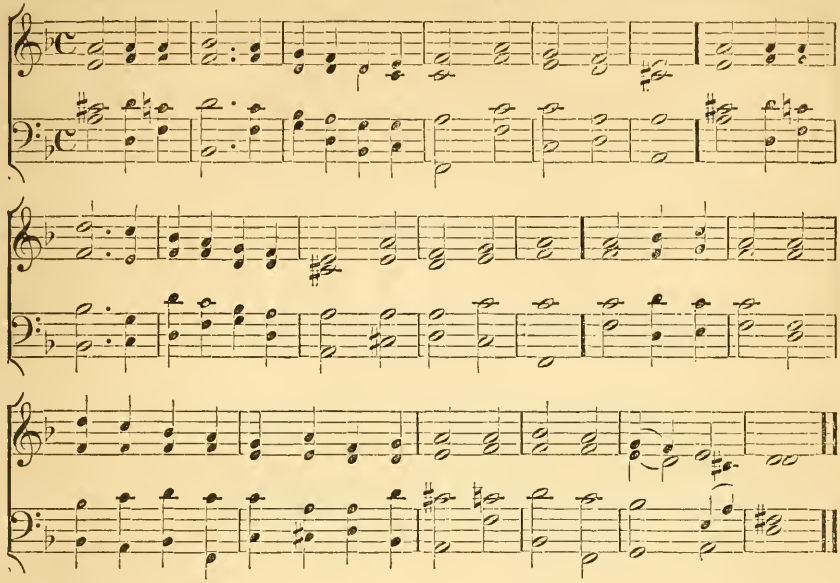
Hymn 122.

1 LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

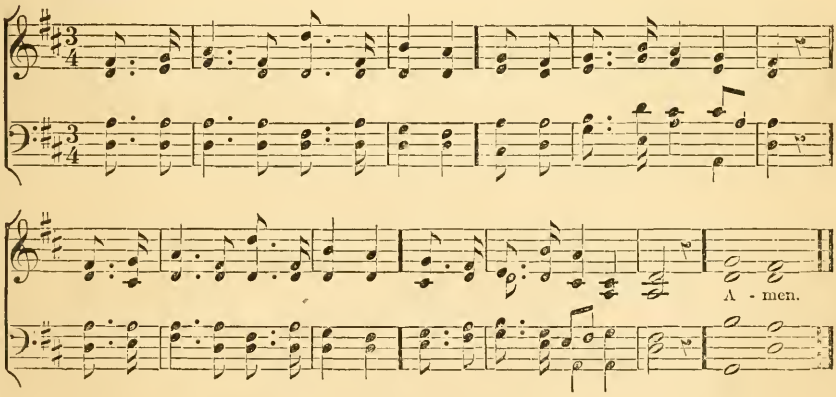
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

HYMN 122. SECOND TUNE. *Words on opposite page.)* WM. H. WALTER. 1861.



PILGRIM. R. S. T.



Hymn 123.

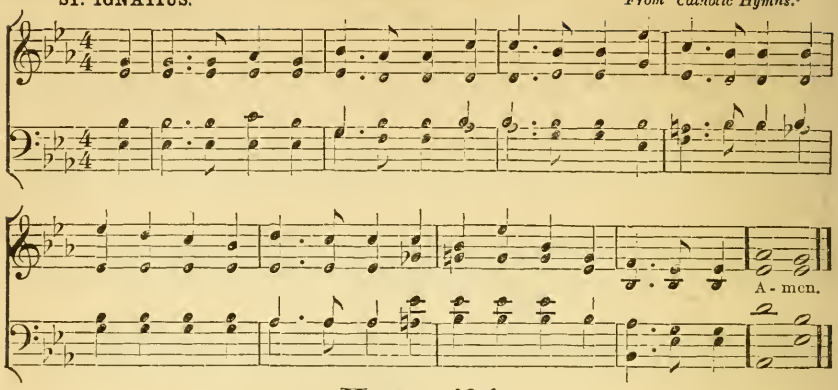
1 GUIDE me, O Thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim though this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the LORD my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.

ST. IGNATIUS. *From 'Catholic Hymns.'*



Hymn 124.

1 I LOVE, I love Thee, LORD most high!
Because Thou first hast loved me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

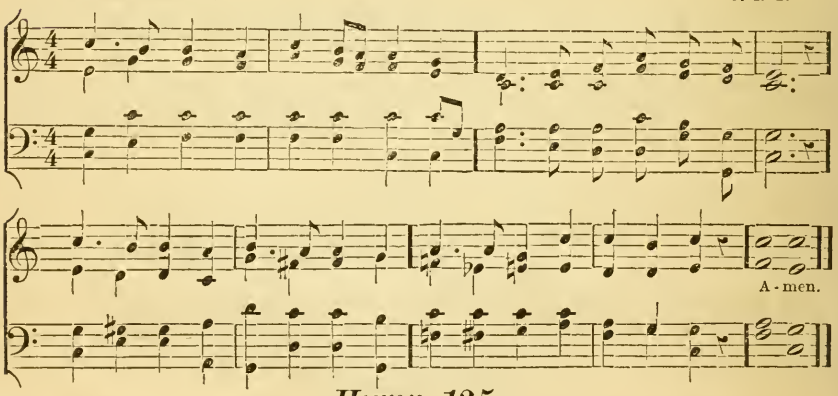
2 May memory no thought suggest,
But shall to Thy pure glory tend;
My understanding find no rest,
Except in Thee, its only end.

3 My GOD, I here protest to Thee,
No other will have I than Thine:
Whatever Thou hast given to me
I here again to Thee resign.

4 All mine is Thine,—say but the word;
Whate'er Thou willest shall be done;
I know Thy love, all gracious LORD;
I know it seeks my good alone.

5 Apart from Thee all things are naught:
Then grant, O my supremest bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought:
Thou givest all in giving this. Amen.

INFANT VOICES. J. I. T.



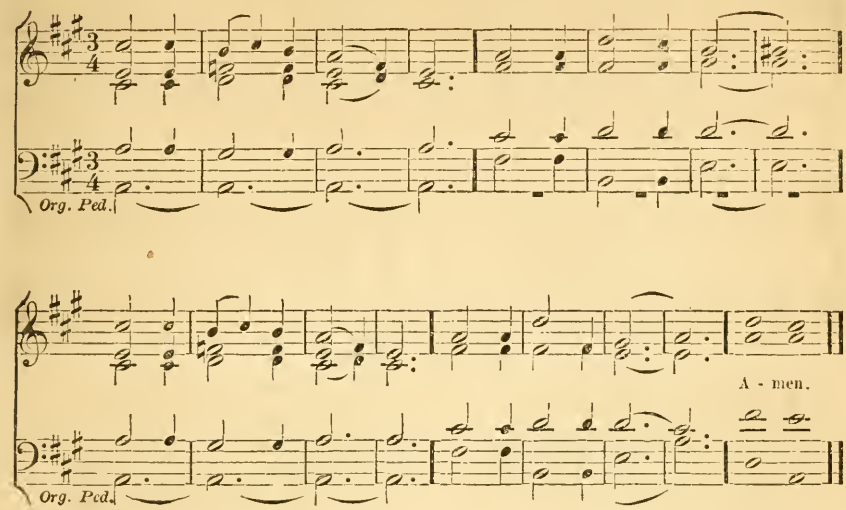
Hymn 125.

1 HUMBLE praises, holy JESUS,
Infant voices raise to Thee:
In Thy mercy O receive us!
Suffer us Thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed JESUS! Thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to Thee,
Though by Thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3 SAVIOUR, condescend to feed us;
Richly let Thy mercy flow:
Send Thy SPIRIT, blessed JESUS!
Light and life on us bestow. Amen.

GENTLE SAVIOUR. J. E. Roe.



Hymn 126.

1 JESUS, gentlest Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too straight
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Pray the prayer within us
That to heaven shall rise,
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

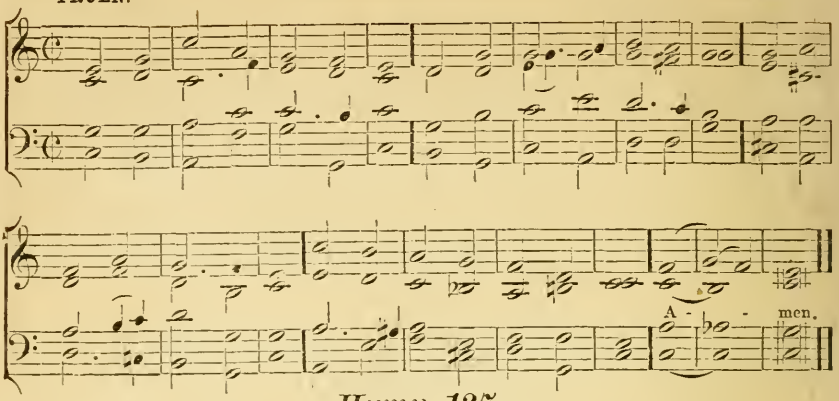
7 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

8 Oh! how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this;
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

9 Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven,—
Then the day will come.

10 Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway. Amen.

PRUEN. Rev. F. A. Gore Ouseley.



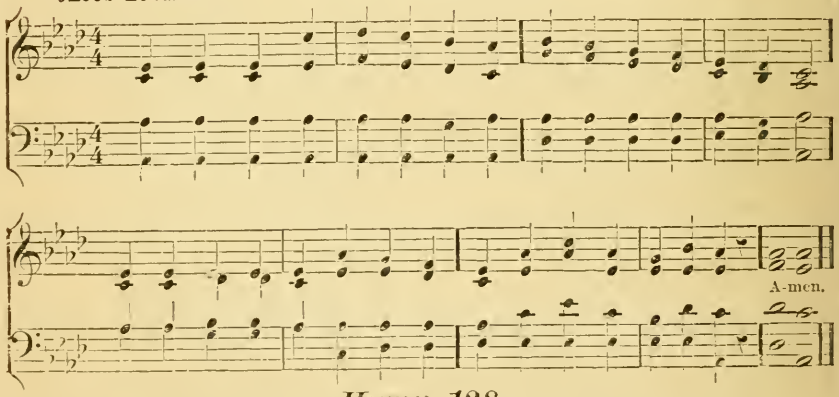
Hymn 127.

1 JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child;
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

2 I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live alone with Thee. Amen.

JESUS LOVES ME. J. I. T.



Hymn 128.

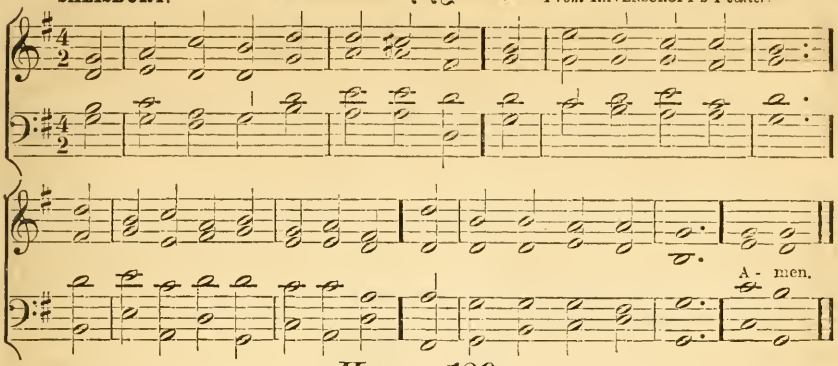
1 JESUS loves me, Jesus loves me;
He is always, always near:
If I try to please Him truly,
There is nought that I can fear.

2 Jesus loves me,—well I know it,
For to save my soul He died:
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailèd hands and piercèd side.

3 Jesus loves me, night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray:
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me,—and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His Holy Angels,
Safe to keep me, till I die.

5 Jesus loves me,—O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy,
Till I come to Thee above! Amen.



Hymn 129.

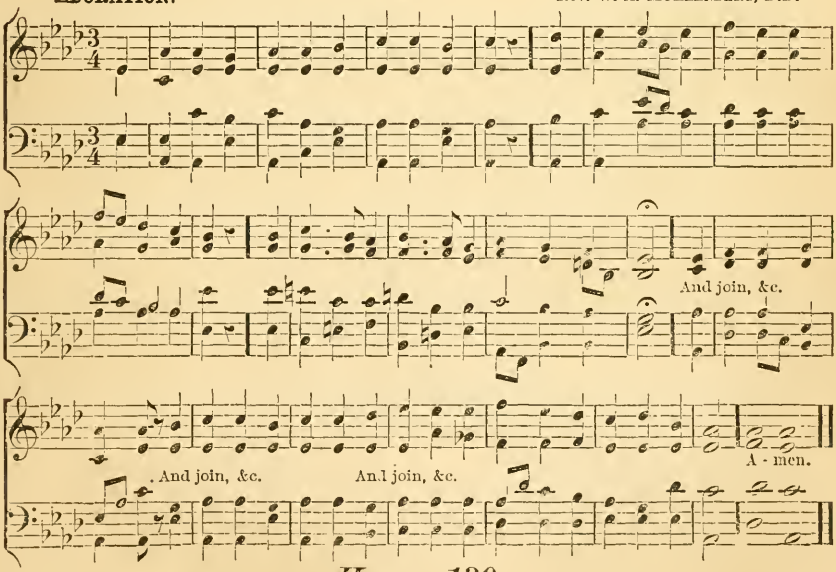
1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the LAMB that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the LAMB," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more that we can give,
Be LORD, for ever Thine.

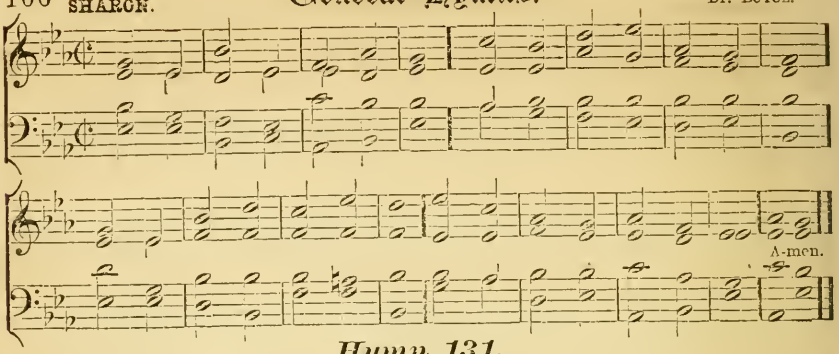
4 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the LAMB. Amen.

ADORATION. Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.



Hymn 130.

1 COME let us adore Him ; come, bow at His feet ;
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet :
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies. Amen.



Hymn 131.

1 HOLY Jesu, Saviour blest,
As, by passion strong possessed,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.

2 Holy Jesu, when as night
Error blinds our clouded sight,
Round the cheering day to throw,
Saviour, then the Truth art Thou.

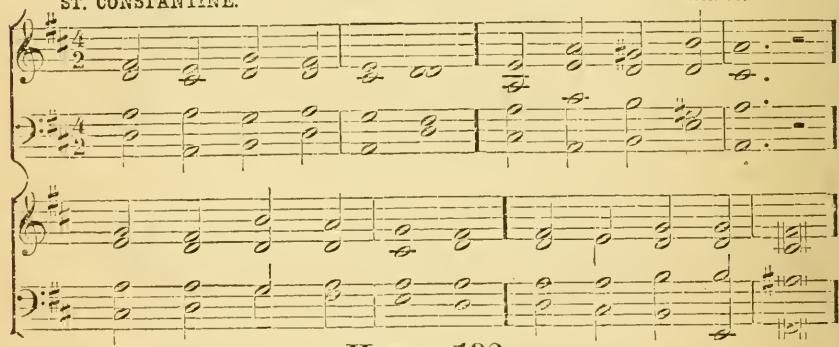
3 Holy Jesu, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
Who the Father's Presence see,
Jesu, he must come by Thee.

5 Channel of the Father's grace,
Image of the Father Face,
Saviour blest, Incarnate Son,
With the Father Thou art One.

6 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, only Son, to Thee,
And, of equal power confessed,
Glory to the Spirit blest. Amen.

ST. CONSTANTINE. Wm. H. Monk.



Hymn 132.

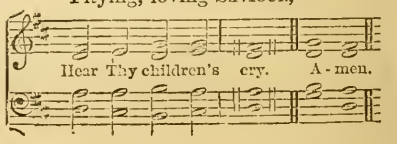
1 JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

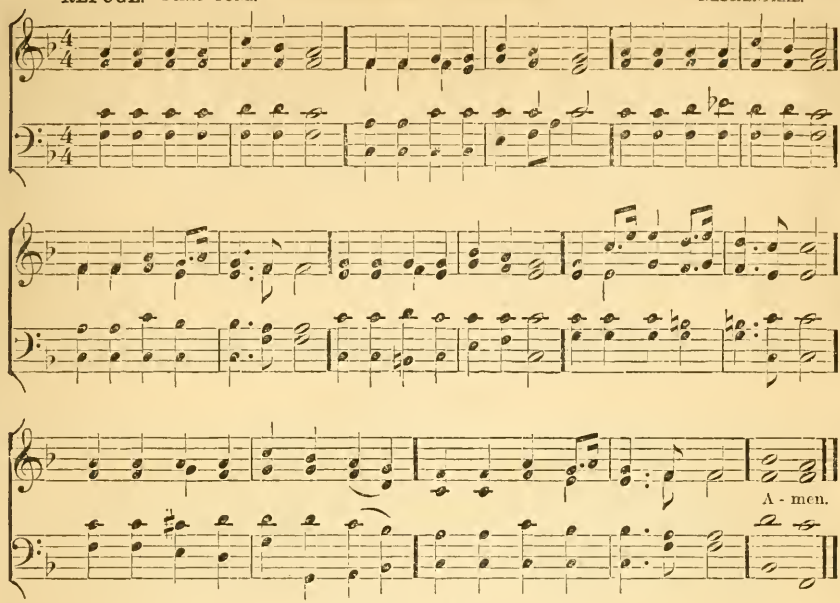
3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way,
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,



REFUGE. First Tune. Blumenthal.

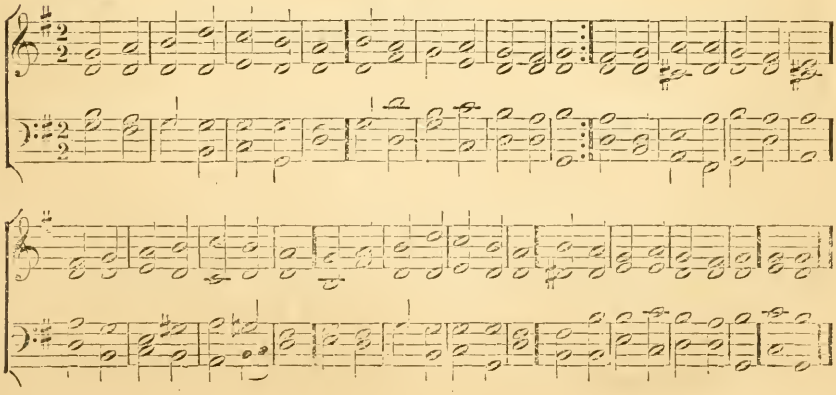


Hymn 133.

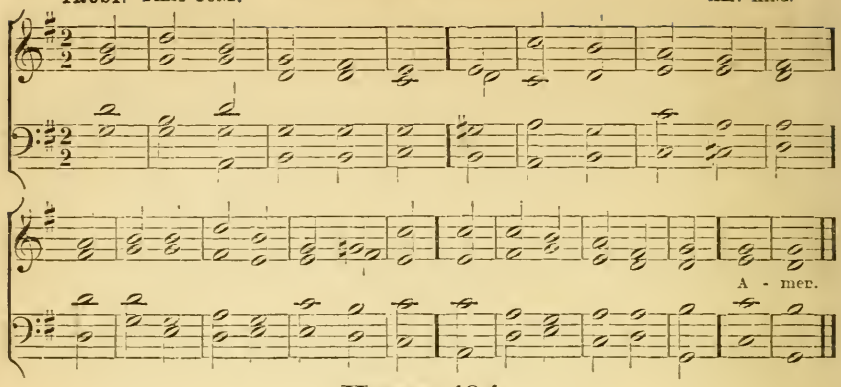
1 JESUS, Saviour, of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide.
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my hope from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing. Amen.

CASSEL. Second Tune. *(Words above.)* *German.*



TRUST. First Tune. Alf. King.



Hymn 134.

1 JESU, to Thee we look,
Jesu, on Thee we call;
Jesu, extend Thy gentle crook,
To save us, when we fall.

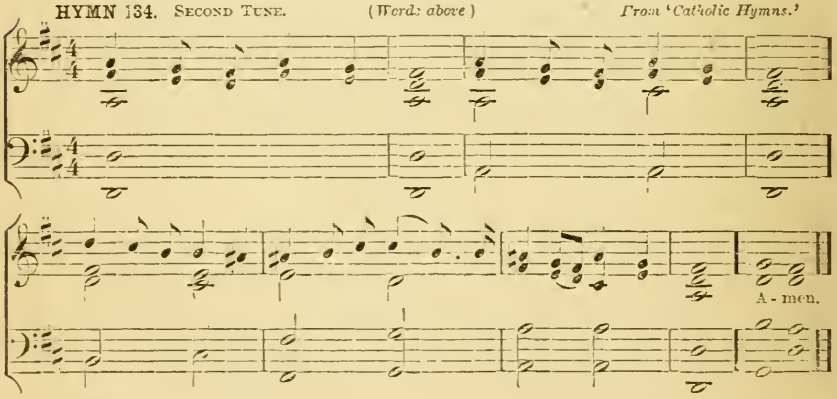
2 A sheep by nature, lost,
An outcast here am I;
But Thou hast paid the dreadful cost,
And wilt not pass me by.

3 Prayer is of faith the breath;
It leads me, Lord, to Thee;
Thy death has been the death of Death,
And Thou hast died for me.

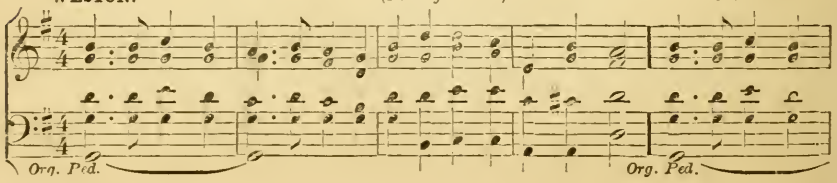
4 Sweet Saviour, on the ground
Thy Face lies low in dust;
In seas of sorrow drenched and drowned,
The just for the unjust.

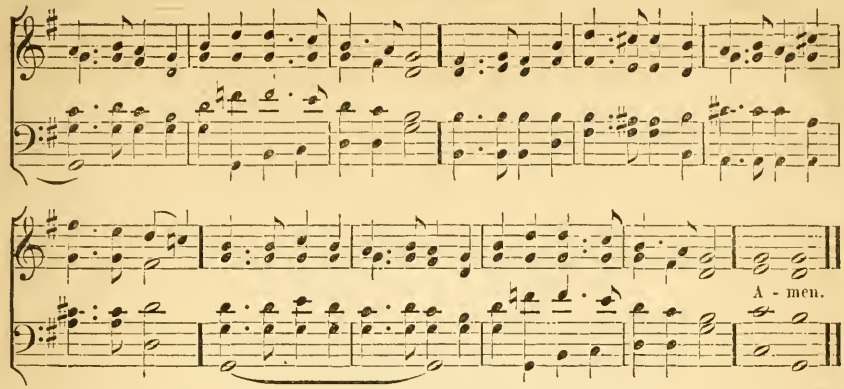
5 Seed of the Woman, Thou:
By all our prayers and sighs,
To us, Thy lowly suppliants, now
Re-open Paradise. Amen.

HYMN 134. Second Tune. (*Words above*) *From 'Catholic Hymns.'*



WESTON. (*For Hymn 135.*) J. E. Rop.





Hymn 135.

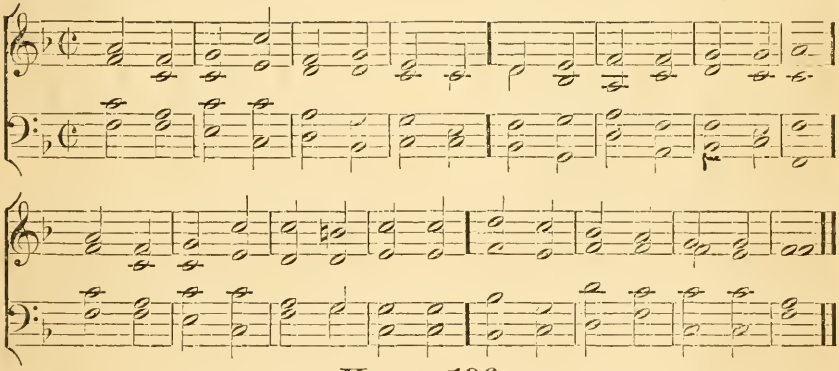
1 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm,
There we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

TROY. G. JOSEPH, *of Breslau.*



Hymn 136.

1 IN the Cross of CHRIST I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

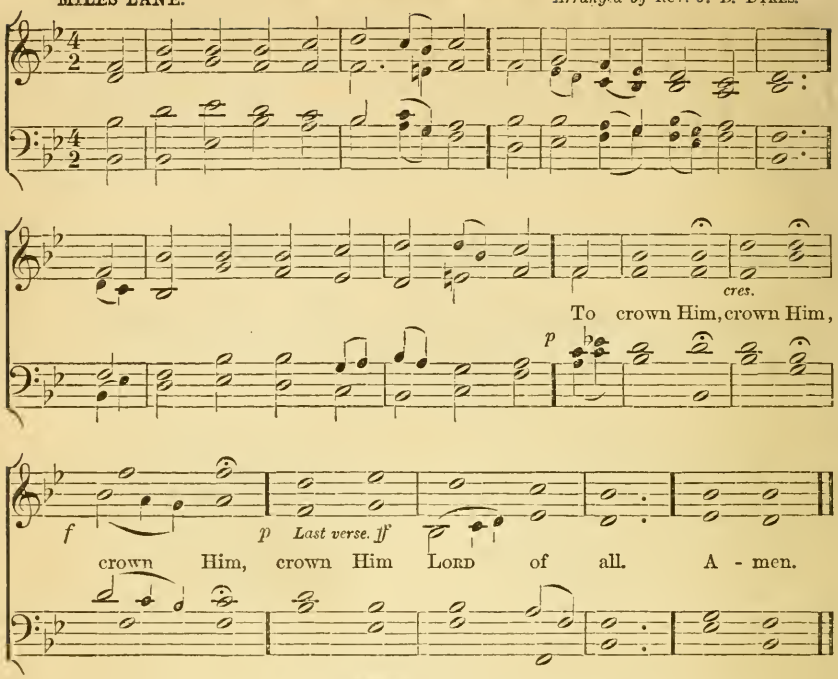
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of CHRIST I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

MILES LANE. *Arranged by* Rev. J. B. Dykes.



Hymn 137.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name;
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball:
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

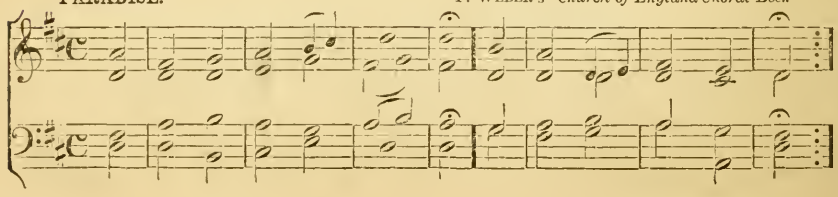
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

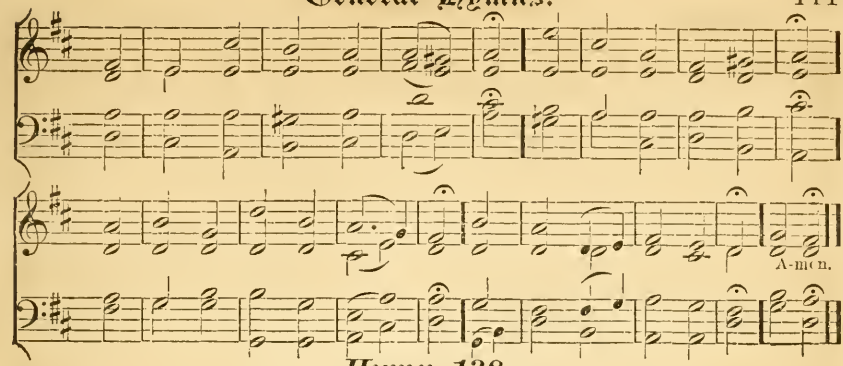
5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
Exult in universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

PARADISE. T. Weber's *'Church of England Choral-Book.'*





Hymn 138.

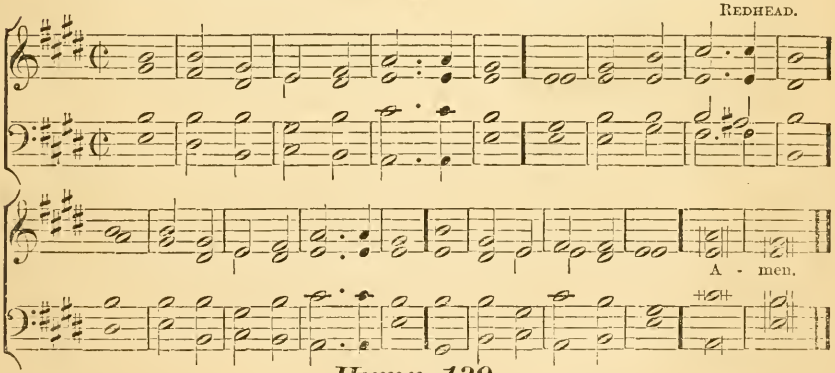
1 I LAY my sins on JESUS,
The spotless Lamb of GOD;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to JESUS,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His Blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on JESUS:
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on JESUS,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on JESUS,
This weary soul of mine;
His right Hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of JESUS,
Immanuel, CHRIST, the LORD;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like JESUS,
Meek, lovely, lowly, mild;
I long to be like JESUS,
The FATHER'S Holy Child.
I long to be with JESUS,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the Angels' song. Amen.

REDHEAD.



Hymn 139.

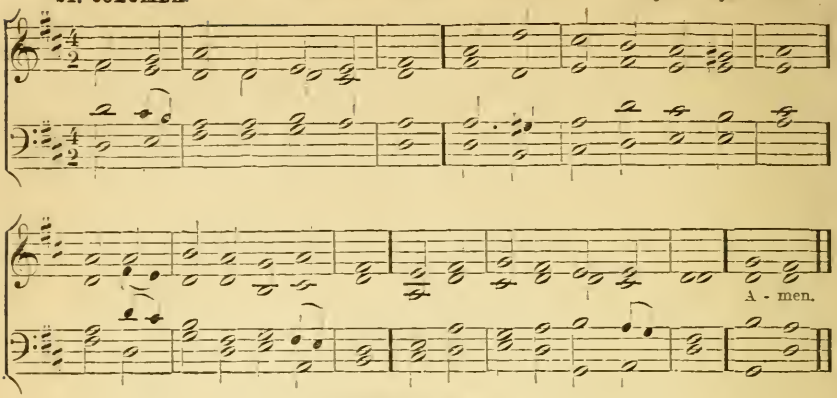
1 THOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the FATHER seek
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

ST. COLUMBA. *Anglican Hymn Book.*



Hymn 140.

1 GENTLE JESUS, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Put Thy hands upon my head;
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast;
Lull me, lull me, LORD, to rest.

3 Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, LORD, Thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

4 Lamb of GOD, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

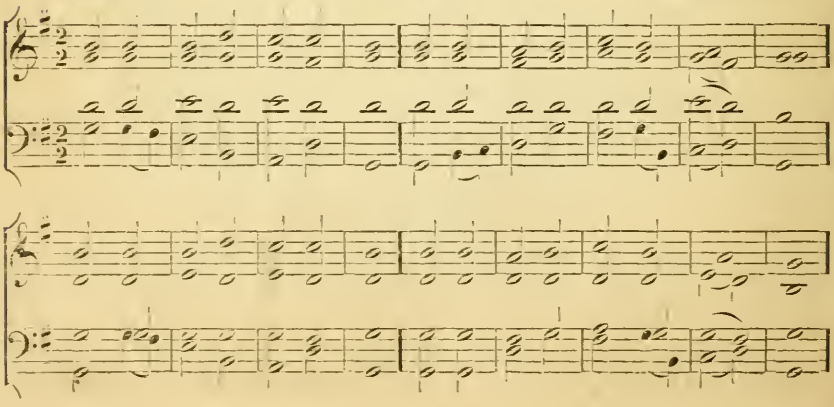
5 Let me, above all, fulfill
GOD my Heavenly FATHER's will;
Never His good SPIRIT grieve,
Only to His glory live.

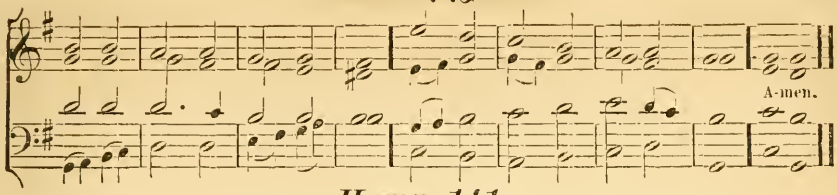
6 Loving JESU, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, SAVIOUR, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

7 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
CHRIST, the holy Child, in me.

8 HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE;
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

MEINHOLD. (*For Hymn* 141. *Founded on* BACH.





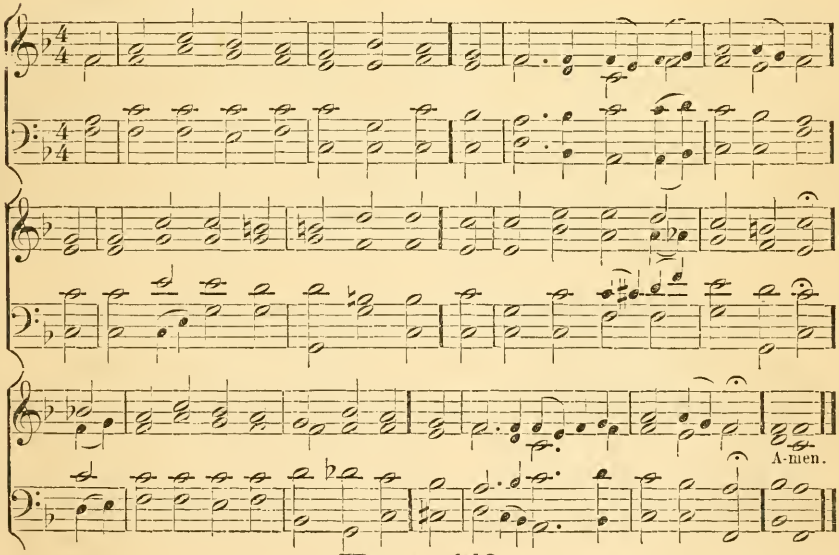
Hymn 141.

1 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping :
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it ;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving ;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. J. I. T.



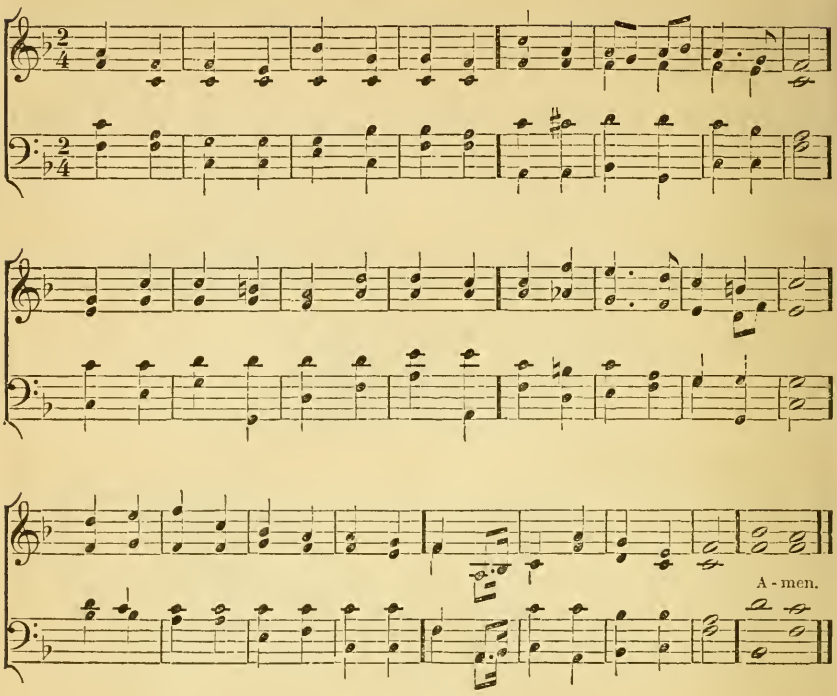
Hymn 142.

1 THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me still !
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

JESU, BONE PASTOR. J. H. WILLCOX, Mus. Doc.



Hymn 143.

1 GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee :
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be ;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

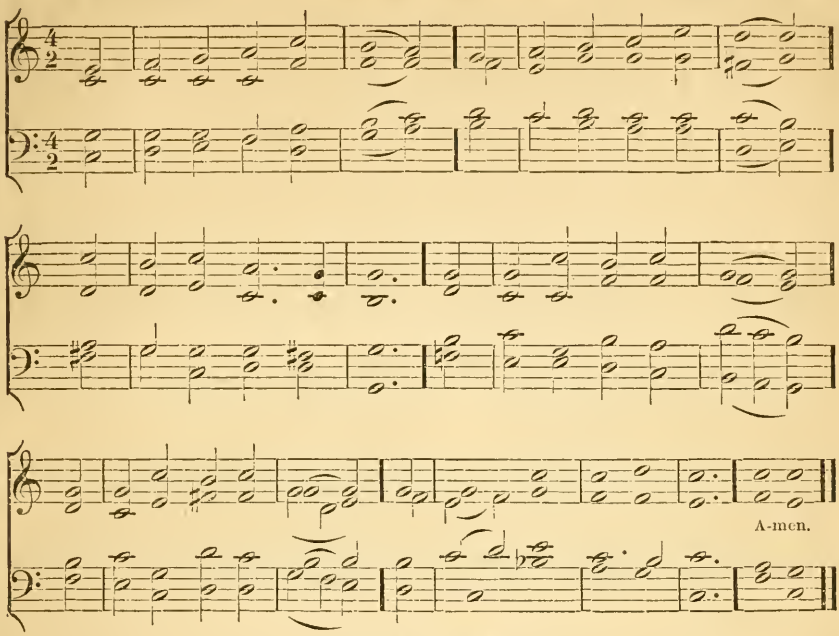
2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray ;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way ;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of Blood and Water,
Flowing from Thy wounded Side :
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where Thine own still waters glide

4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us ;
Fill our minds with heavenly light ;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and heart unfeignèd
May we our thank-offerings bring ;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our LORD and KING. Amen.

LAUDES DOMINI. JOSEPH BARNBY.



Hymn 144.

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To JESUS I repair;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

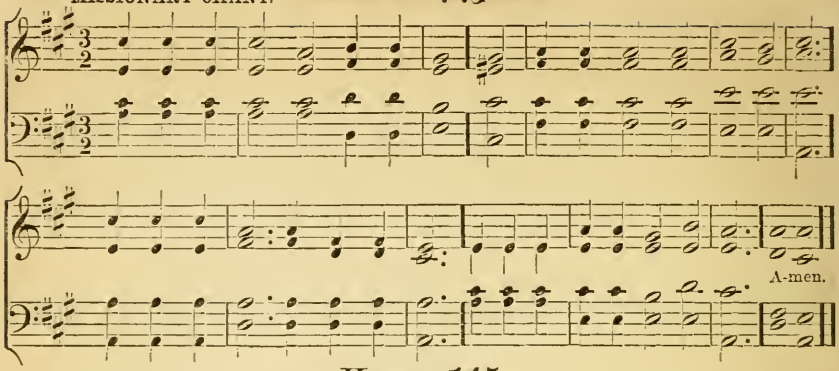
4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent Spirit sighs
May JESUS CHRIST be praised
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:
Be this th'eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised. Amen.



Hymn 145.

1 THY Cross, O LORD, the holy sign
That we, thereafter, should be Thine,
Was traced upon our infant brow;
And shall we fear to own it now?

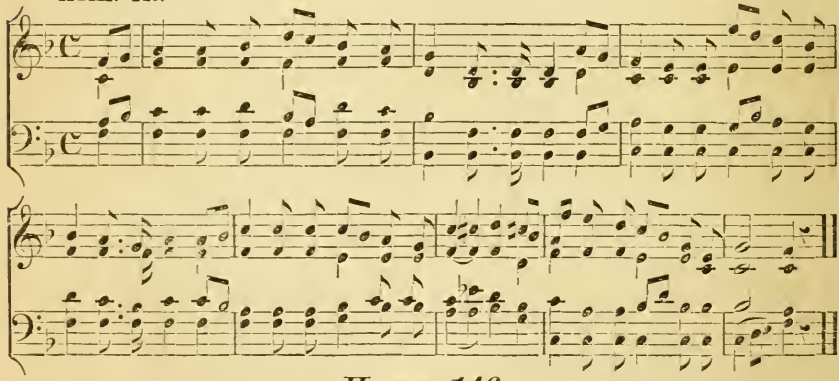
2 O GOD, forbid: before the vain,
The proud, the scoffing, the profane,
We will, through grace, our LORD confess,
His faint but faithful witnesses.

3 His strength in weakness He displays,
From youthful lips He perfects praise,
And we, His little soldiers, stand
Strong in the might of His right hand.

4 Smile on us, LORD, and we will fear
Nor scorn, nor shame, whilst Thou art [near;
Reproach is glory, suffering rest,
If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest!

5 Great Judge of all, in that dread day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
Before the universe confess
Thy faint, but faithful witnesses. Amen.

HYMN 146. Rev. W. H. COOKE.



Hymn 146.

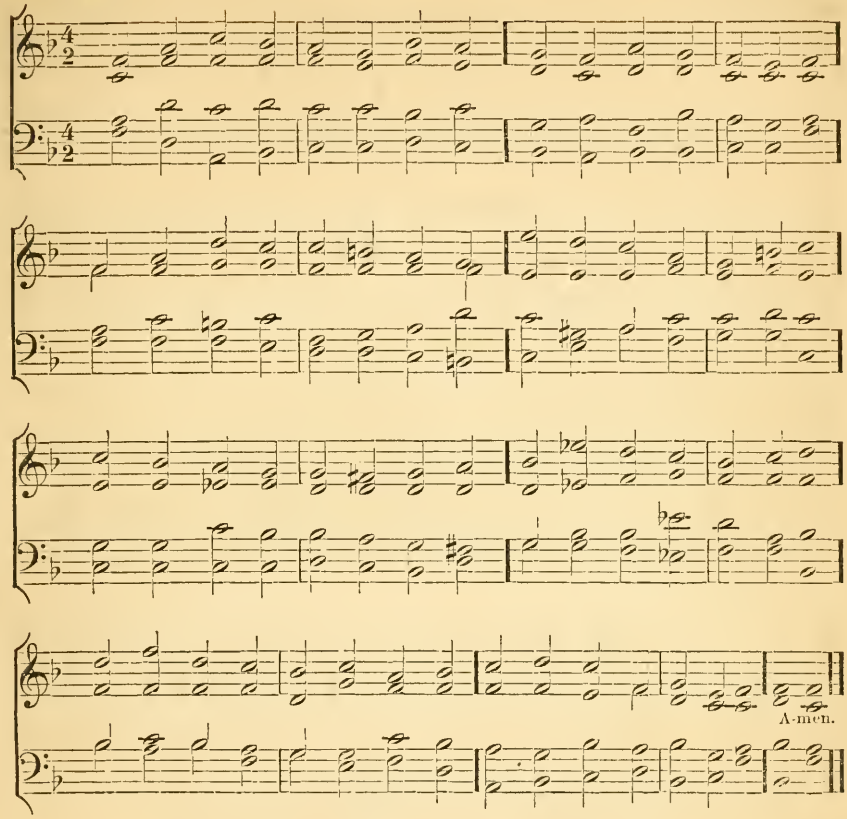
1 THE fields are all white,
And the Reapers are few—
We children are willing,
But what can we do,
To work for our LORD in His harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others—
How then shall we seek
To work for our LORD in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing
May work for our LORD in His harvest.

4 Until, by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be Reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our LORD in His harvest.

IONA. Dr. Stainer.



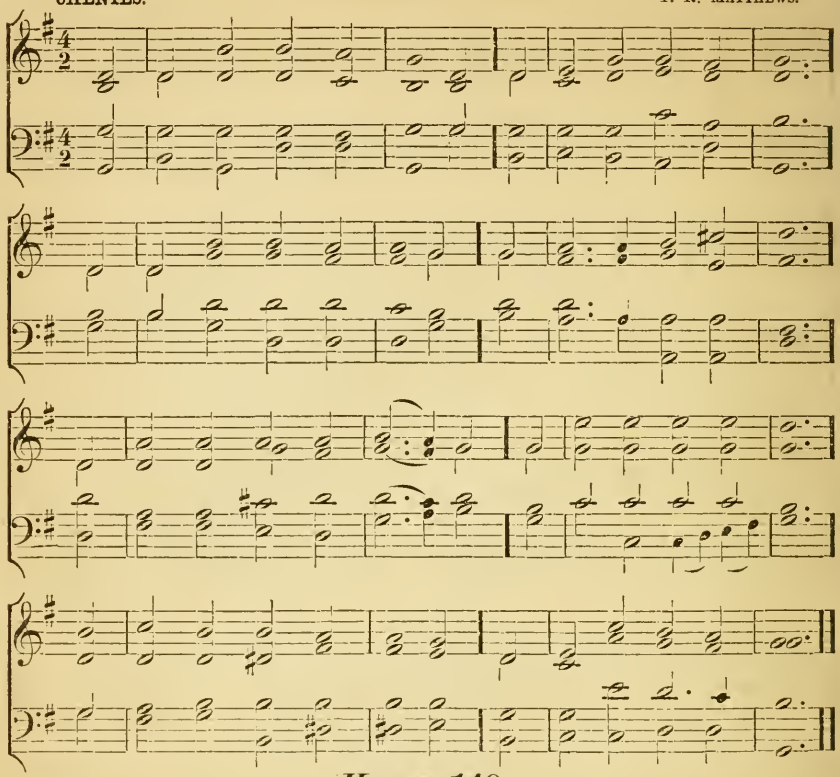
Hymn 147.

1 HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear:
May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee:
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and on Thy breast,
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

CHENIES. T. R. MATTHEWS.



Hymn 148.

1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die:
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.

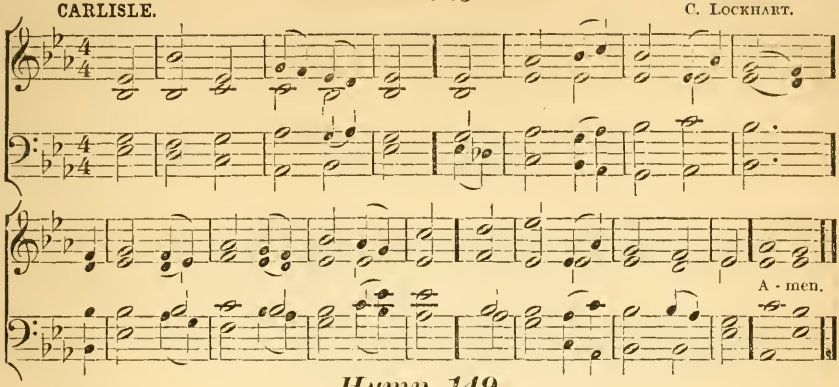
2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd SAVIOUR
And to His FATHER cry:
A rest from every trouble
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where JESUS reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to JESUS
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory
Which He shall sure bestow,
On all who love the SAVIOUR,
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in CHRIST alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

CARLISLE. C. LOCKHART.



Hymn 149.

1 BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our GOD;
The secret of the LORD is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

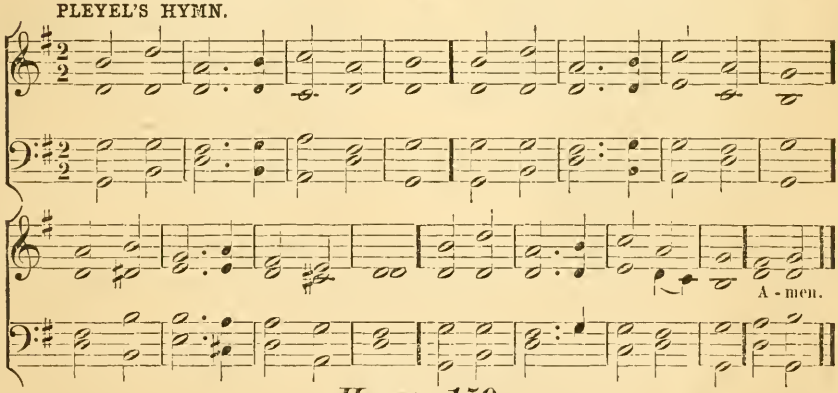
2 The LORD, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 LORD, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

5 All glory, LORD, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.



Hymn 150.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing the SAVIOUR'S worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

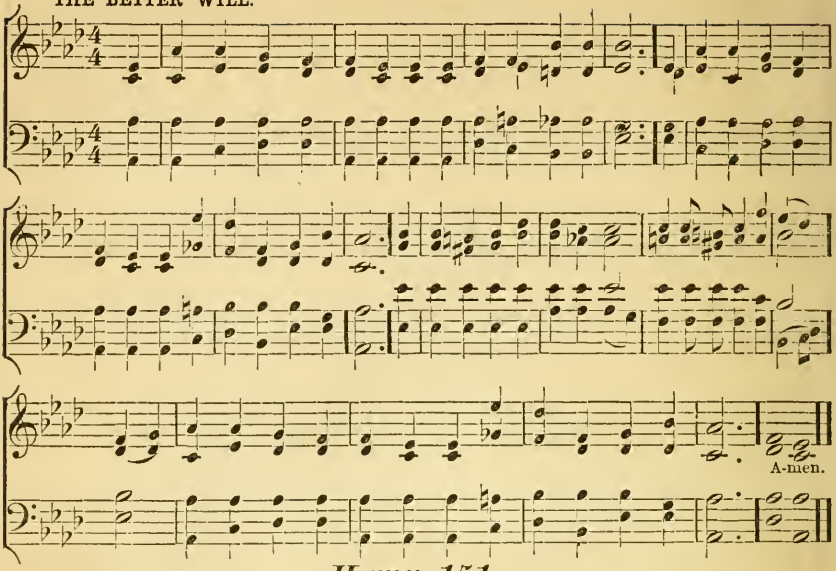
2 We are travelling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
CHRIST our Advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
CHRIST conducts us to our home.

4 LORD, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER unto Thee we raise:
Praise to Thee, O CHRIST, our King,
And the HOLY GHOST, we sing. Amen.

THE BETTER WILL.



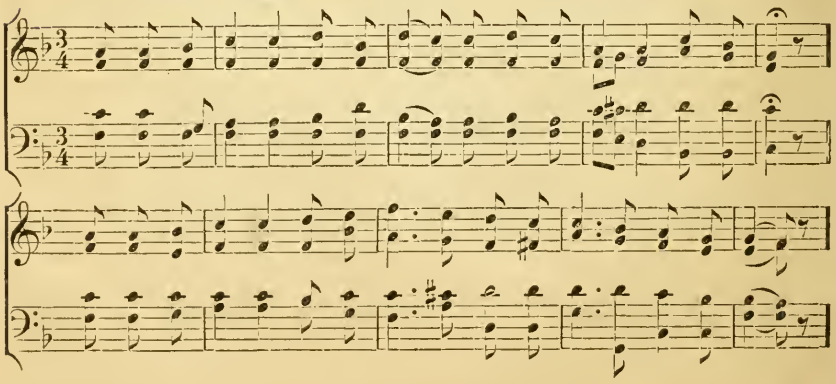
Hymn 151.

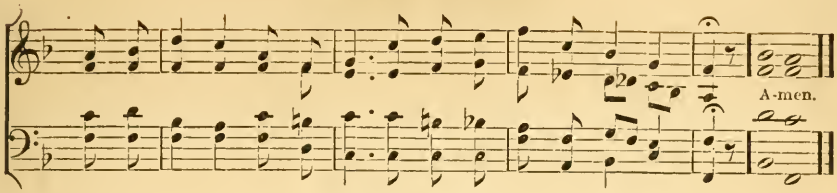
1 TO have each day the thing I wish,
LORD, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
LORD, that seems best to Thee.
'Tis hard to say without a sigh,
"LORD, let Thy will be done."
'Tis hard to say, "My will is Thine,
And Thine is mine alone."

2 In all the little things of Life
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little and in great alike,
Reveal Thy love to me.
Most truly, then, Thy will is done
When mine, O LORD, is cross'd;
'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown,
My ways in Thine are lost.

3 Whate'er Thy purpose be, O LORD,
In things or great, or small,
Let each minutest part be done,
That Thou may'st still be all.
So may my undivided life
To Thee, my GOD, be giv'n;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heav'n. Amen.

THE HEAVENLY HOME. (*For Hymn* 152.) *Words and Music by* H. C. LOCKWOOD.





Hymn 152.

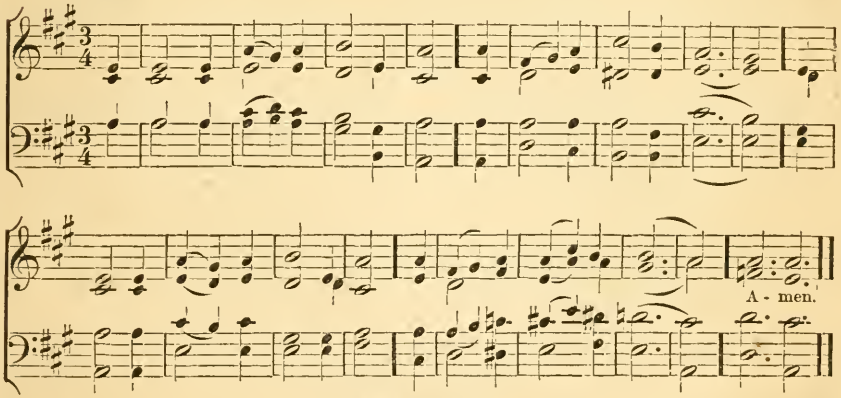
1 O HEAVENLY FATHER bow Thine ear,
And hearken to Thy servants here,
While we our youthful voices raise
In fervent prayers and songs of praise:
Gladly to Thy courts we come,
O guide us to our Heavenly home.

2 From out the busy ways of life,
From all its pleasures and its strife,
We seek, O LORD, thy loving face
And beg the treasures of Thy grace:
Gladly to Thy courts we come,
O guide us to our Heavenly home.

3 Teach us, dear LORD, Thy way to know,
And help us in that way to go,
That so our walk with Thee begun
May in Thy footsteps always run:
Gladly to Thy courts we come,
O guide us to our Heavenly home.

4 Let the sweet sunshine of Thy love,
Still hovering o'er us like the dove,
Fill all our hearts and homes with joy
And all our grateful hours employ:
Gladly to Thy courts we come,
O lead us to our Heavenly home. Amen.

SILOAM. *From the Tune Book of St. Alban's Church, Holborn.*



Hymn 153.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to GOD.

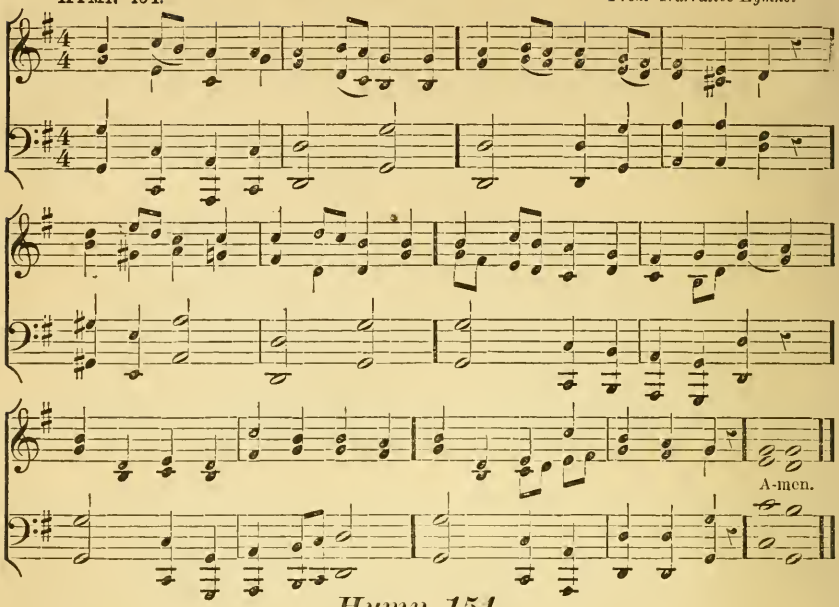
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay!
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy FATHER's shrine;
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

HYMN 154. *From 'Narrative Hymns.'*



Hymn 154.

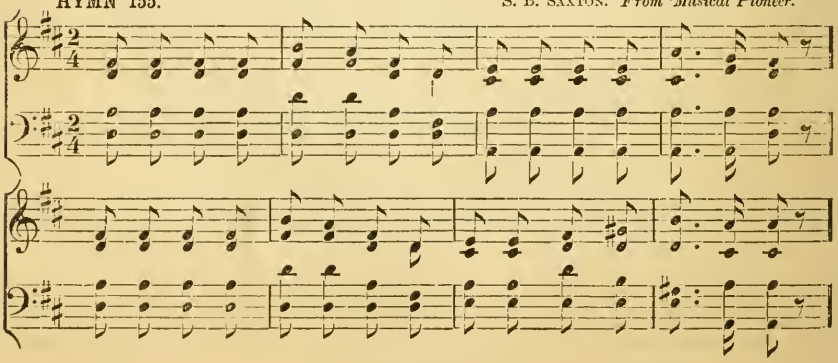
1 WHEN of old the Jewish mothers
Brought their little babes to Thee,
To Thy stern Apostles chiding,
Thou didst answer tenderly,
||: Gentle JESUS, :||
"Suffer them to come to me."

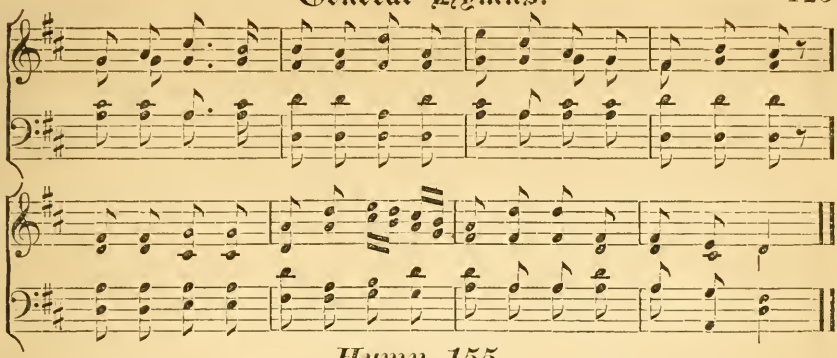
2 Born again and made Thy members,
Little Christian children, we
Press around to share Thy blessing,
Plead Thy mercy, full and free;
||: Gentle JESUS, :||
"Suffer us to come to Thee."

3 By Thy sign upon our forehead
When Thy people bowed the knee;
By the Name above us spoken,
Of the wondrous TRINITY;
||: Gentle JESUS, :||
"Suffer us to come to Thee."

4 By each prayer, and by each promise,
When our hearts are full of glee;
When our little sorrows vex us,
Thine in all things we would be.
||: Gentle JESUS, :||
Suffer us to come to Thee. Amen.

HYMN 155. S. B. SAXTON. *From 'Musical Pioneer.'*



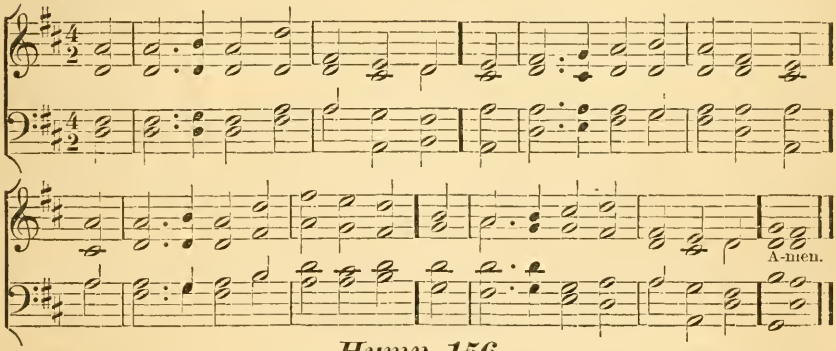


Hymn 155.

1 LITTLE children, come to JESUS;
Hear Him saying, come to me:
Blessed JESUS, Who, to save us,
Shed His blood on Calvary.
Little souls were made to serve Him;
All His holy law fulfill:
Little hearts were made to love Him;
Little hands to do His will.

2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heavens above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing His praises;
Little feet to walk His ways;
Little bodies to be temples
Where the HOLY SPIRIT stays.

ALSTONE. C. E. WILLING.



Hymn 156.

1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for JESU'S sake
Who is so high and good and great?

2 We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

3 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight,
What may we do for JESU'S sake?

4 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for JESU'S sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

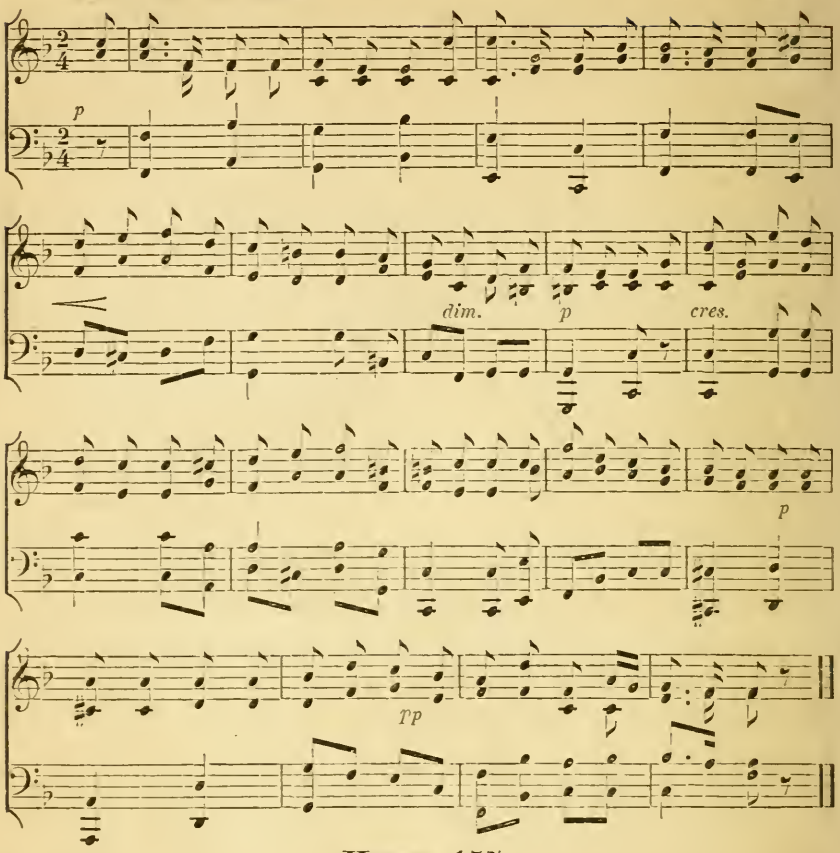
5 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise;
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

6 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word;
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our LORD.

7 With smiles of peace, and looks of love.
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And do all still for JESU'S sake.

8 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for JESU'S sake. Amen.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER. HAYDN.



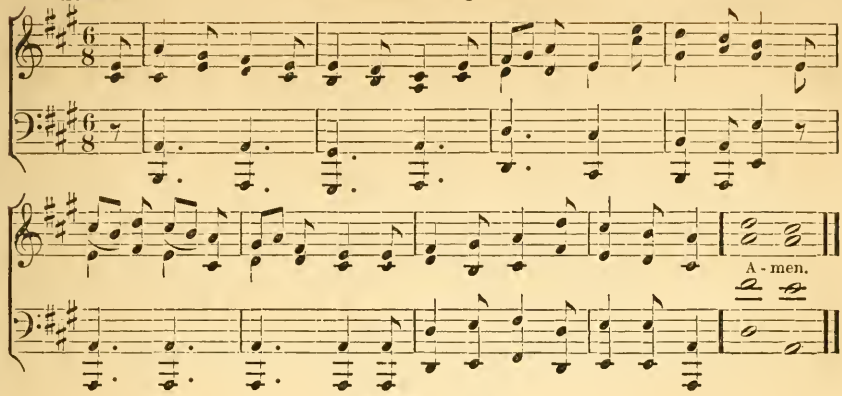
Hymn 157.

1 LIKE a young flower of early May,
That children pluck and leave to die,
The ruler's little daughter lay,
With cold pale cheeks and sunken eye.
Out-stretched upon the little bed,
Where oft she slumbered calm and light,
They left the maiden stiff and dead;
||: No faded blossom half so white. :||

2 The childless mother weepeth sore,
The mourners make a louder moan;
But CHRIST has past the chamber door,
And chid the mourners' scoffing tone.
The hand that clothes the hawthorn tree,
When spring returns to deck the plain,
Gives warm and bright that human flower
||: Back to her mother's breast again. :||

3 O, work of joy! O, work of love!
He holds her hand, He bids her rise,
Her lip grows red, the eyelids move,
The child looks up with wondering eyes.
Then who should fear a dying bed,
Or who in hopeless sorrow weep,
Since JESUS stands beside his dead,
||: And whispers soft, "They do but sleep.":||

EMMAUS.



Hymn 158.

1 A GENTLE and a holy child,
Was sure that little one of old,
Whom JESUS took into His arms,
And to His own Apostles told :

2 Ye cannot enter into Heaven,
If still your hearts are proud and wild,
Except your hearts converted be,
Like little children pure and mild.

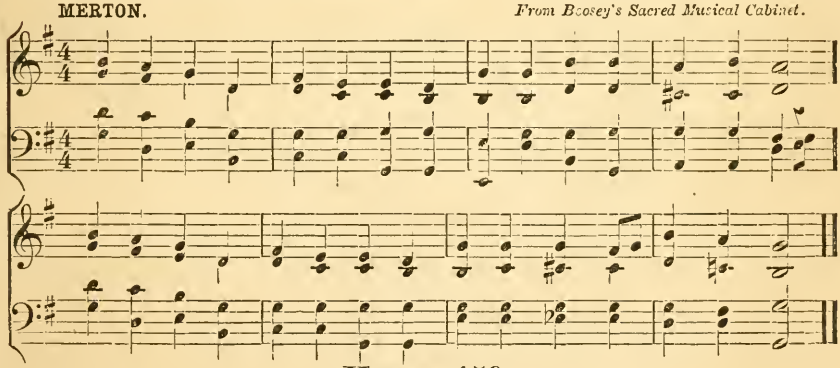
3 Had we been waiting at His side,
When JESUS taught His people thus,
Uplooking in His holy face,
Could he have chosen one of us?

4 O! not unless our childish hearts,
In simple truthfulness obey ;
Unless our souls be guileless found,
And meek and gentle, day by day !

5 O SAVIOUR, make us good and mild,
And fill our hearts with simple joy,
And bless us with Thy gentle hand,
As Thou didst bless that Jewish boy.

MERTON.

From Boosey's Sacred Musical Cabinet.



Hymn 159.

1 YES! for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care ;
Yes! with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every care.

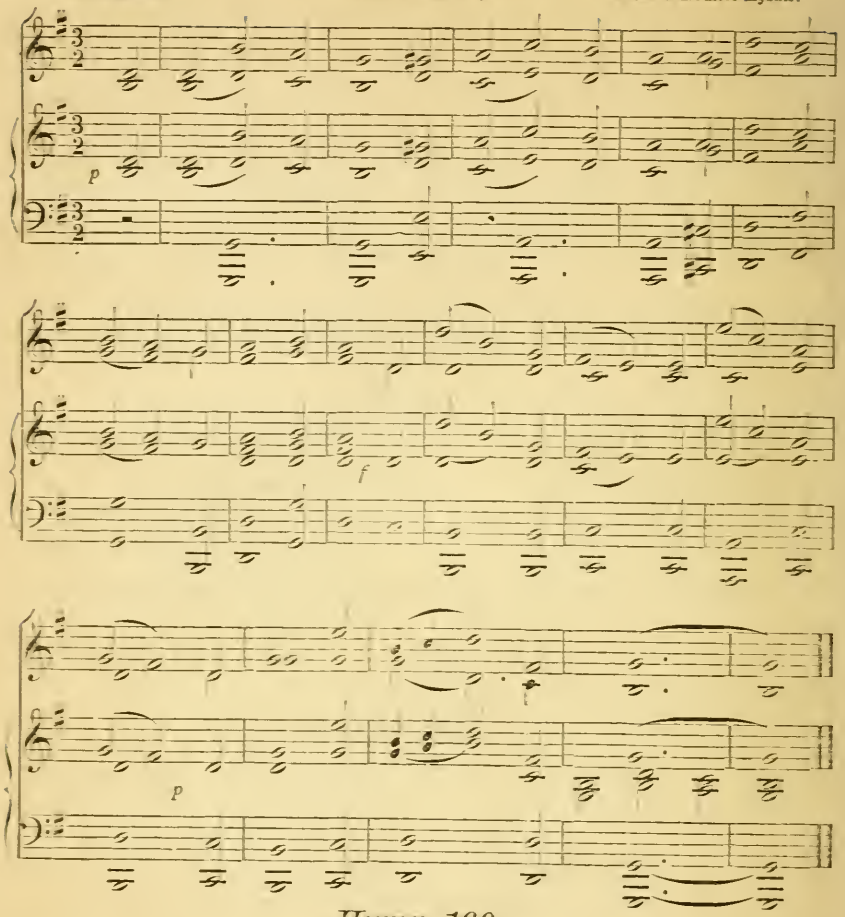
2 Yes! o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth night and day ;
Yes! e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes! for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above ;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes! in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me ;
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here, and through Eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven ;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the joyful song of even.

ATTWOOD. *(For two voices.)* *From 'Narrative Hymns.'*



Hymn 160.

1 WITHIN the Temple's hallowed walls,
How meekly sat the Holy Child.
And listened when the Doctors taught,
And questioned soft and mild.

2 He did His FATHER's work betimes,
He loved within His courts to stay.
While three long days the Mother trod,
Alone her homeward way.

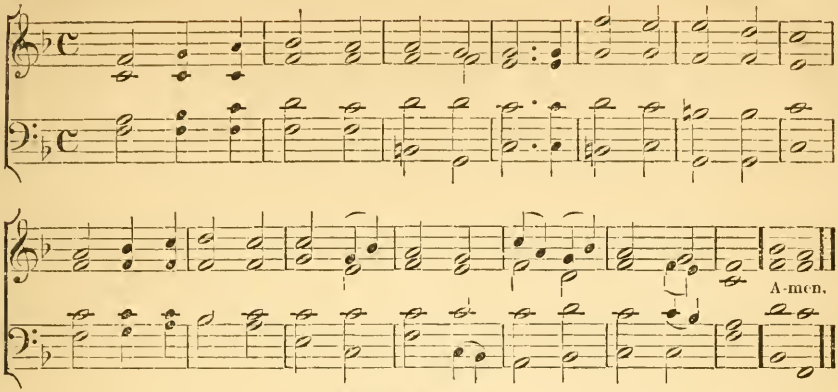
3 Oh! shame on any Christian child.
Who does not love the house of prayer;
Who goes with cold, unwilling heart,
To serve his FATHER there;

4 Who takes no heed when holy words
Are spoken to his listless ears,
Nor ever questions in his heart,
What mean the things he hears.

5 Come let him learn what JESUS did.
And love to trace, with wondering eyes,
His perfect works. His holy ways,
Who was so early wise.

6 And let him ask of GOD in heaven,
A spirit teachable and mild.
A simple heart to learn and love,
Like that sweet Holy Child.

DUPONT. L. H. WEISS.



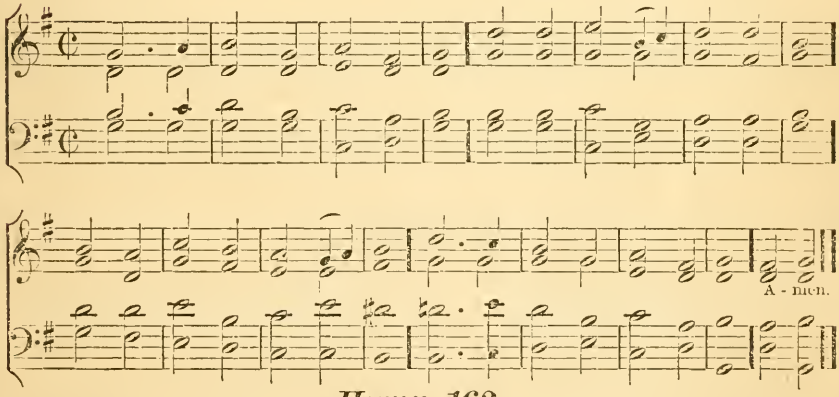
Hymn 161.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near
To guide them, lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

3 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast. Amen.

HOLBORN. *From the Tune Book of St. Alban's Church, Holborn.*



Hymn 162.

1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our humble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

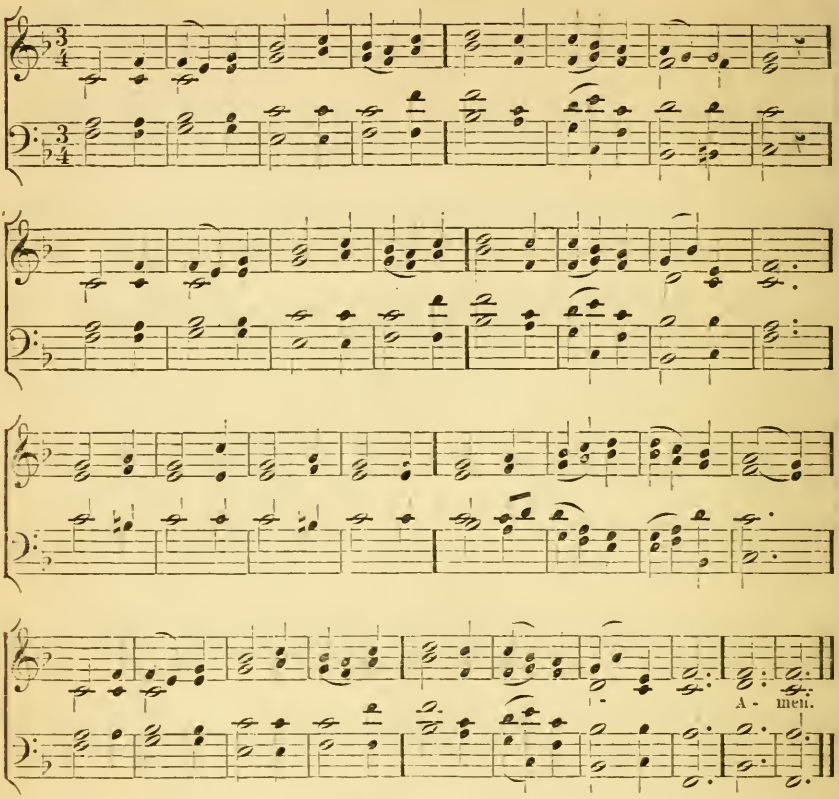
2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 JESU, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy love divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

4 Let us ever hear Thy voice;
Ask Thy counsel day by day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in Wisdom's way.

5 SAVIOUR, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul:
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

BELLINI.



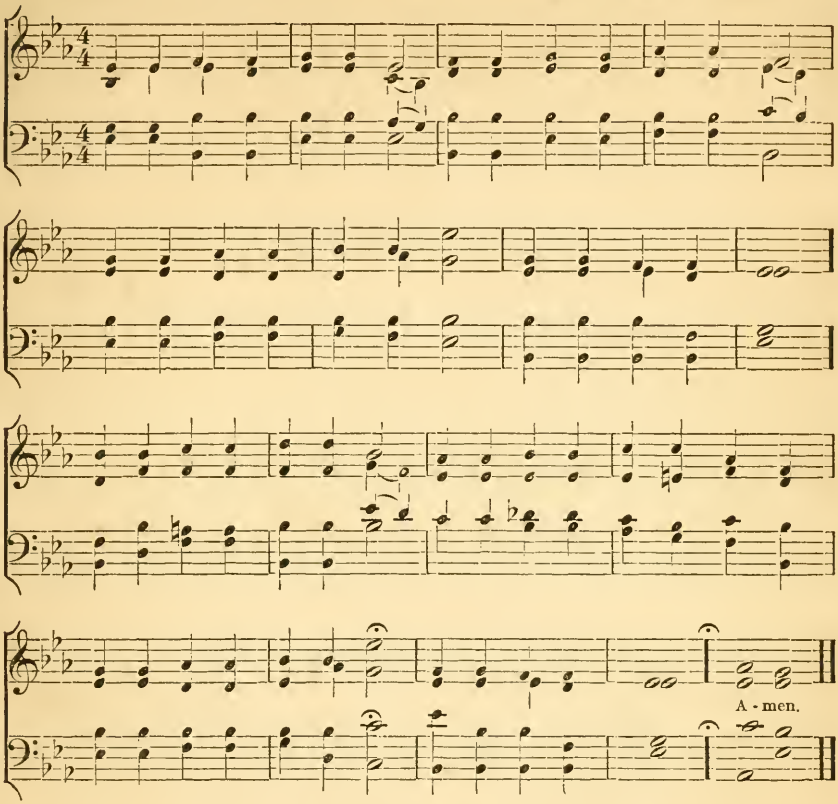
Hymn 163.

1 WHEN the sunny morn is bringing
Light and beauty to the earth,
When the birds are gaily singing,
Grateful for the day's glad birth,
Then's the hour of meditation
On our FATHER's works and ways,
Then's the time for all creation
To express His wond'rous praise.

2 When the lovely spring is giving
Life and youth to ev'ry scene,
When the world, again reviving,
Wears its garb of peaceful green,
Then should man, with glad emotion,
Gaze upon the flow'ry sod,
And our hearts with warm devotion
Then should worship nature's GOD.

3 And, when life's sweet morn is glowing,
When life's spring is gay and bright,—
Youth and health on us bestowing
Active limbs and spirits light,—
Then, O LORD, with fervour kneeling,
We would make Thy will our own!
Ev'ry thought, and wish, and feeling,
Laying at our FATHER's throne. Amen.

"THE TWO LIGHTS." *Words and Music by* J. H. H., Jr.



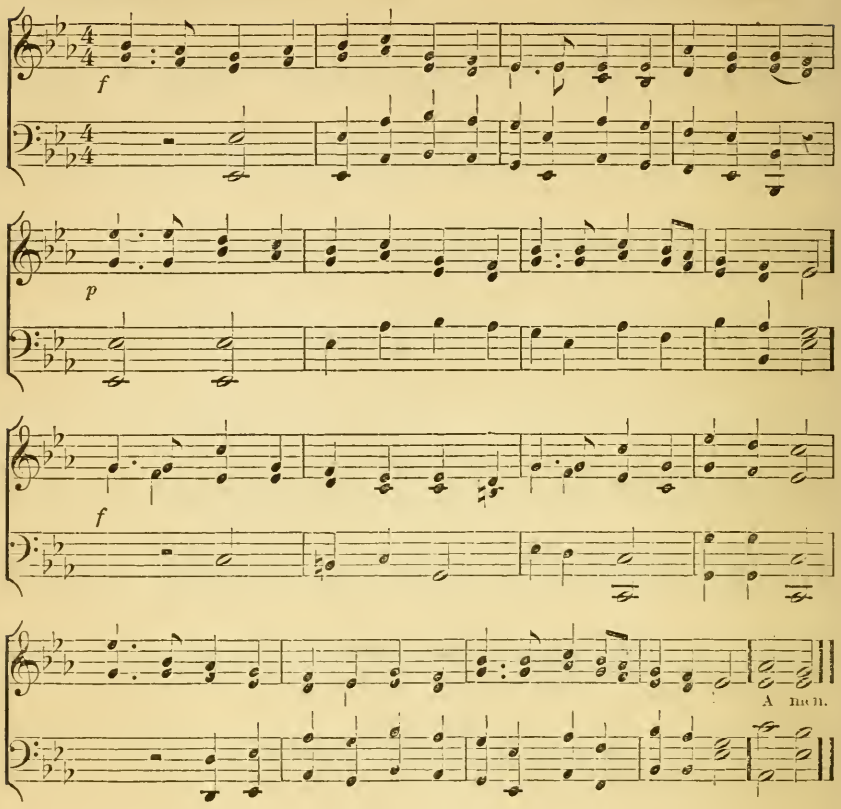
Hymn 164.

1 GOD hath made the moon, whose beam
Shimmers soft o'er hill and stream,
Lighting with her silvery gleam
All our lonely way.
Glides she, with companions bright,
Through the silent hours of night;
Then fades in overwhelming light,
Lost in perfect day.

2 God hath made the glorious sun,
Through his daily course to run;
From the dawn till day is done
Brightly shineth he.
When his circling round is o'er,
And we see him here no more,
He rises on a brighter shore,
Far beyond the sea.

3 God hath sent me here below,
In my daily life to show,
Constant love to friend and foe,
As He showed for me.
When we here have closed our eyes,
Sunk where death's dark ocean lies,
To worlds of glory may we rise,
Lighted, Lord, by Thee!

"PEACE, BE STILL." (*From Narrative Hymns.*)



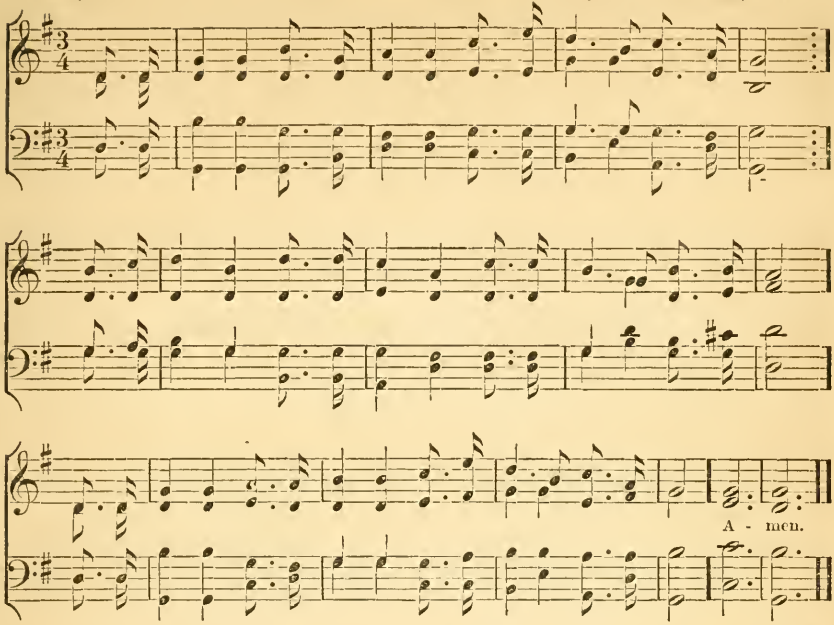
Hymn 165.

1 FIERCELY came the tempest sweeping,
Down the lake of Galilee;
But the ship where CHRIST lay sleeping,
Might not sink in that wild sea.
When He rose the tempest chiding,
When He bade the waters rest;
Calm the little ship went gliding
On the blue lake's quiet breast.

2 And the white waves rushing past her,
Round her keel lay smooth and still;
For the wilds waves knew their Master;
And the waves obeyed His will.
Thou who heard'st those seamen pleading,
Waking at their anguish cry—
Sleeping not now, when comfort needing
SAVIOUR, unto Thee, we fly.

3 When at night our homes are shaken,
And the howling winds we hear—
As in terror we awaken,
Keep us safe from harm and fear.
When the waves of pride, or anger;
Rise to vex our hearts within;
Keep us from a greater danger,
From the passion storms of sin. Amen.

ZION. *From the Tune Book of St. Alban's Church, Holborn.*



Hymn 166.

1 GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God:
He Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

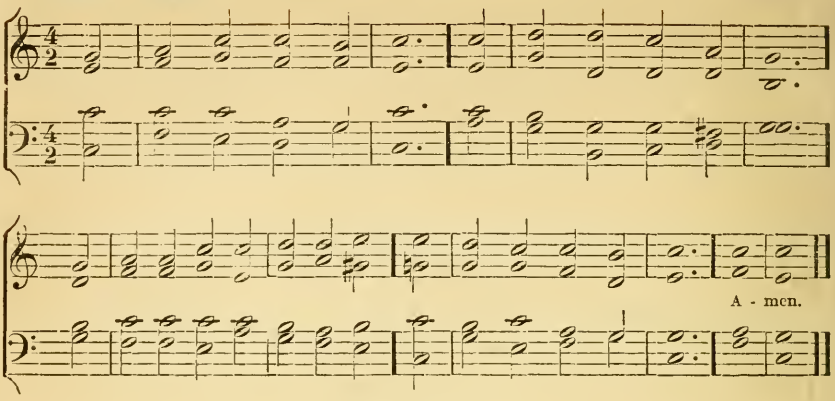
2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He give them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's Blood,
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises,
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thankofferng brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's City
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show:
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know. Amen.

FESTAL HYMN. Wm. H Monk.



Hymn 167.

1 REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and column'd aisle,
The hallow'd pathways throng.

4 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

5 Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

6 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

7 Yes, on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as they go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

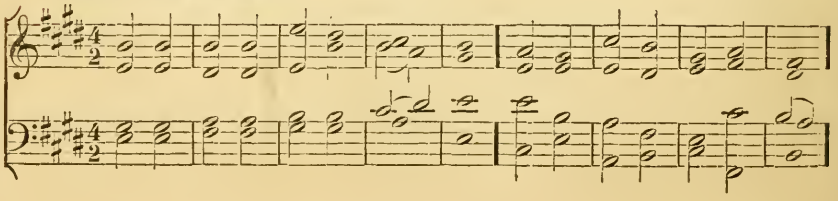
8 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day.

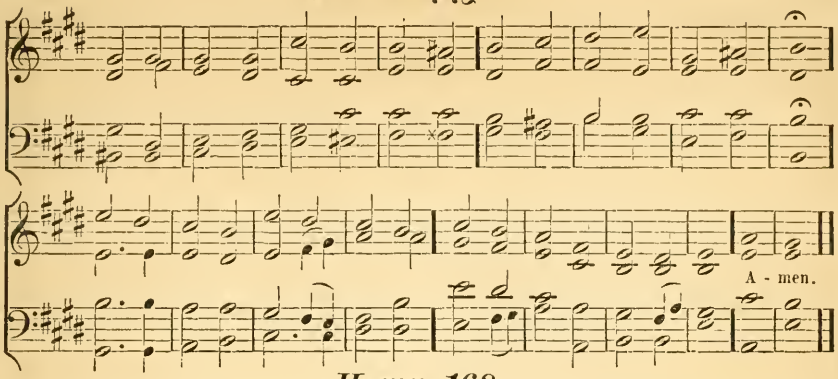
9 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find the Father's House,
Jerusalem the blest.

10 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

11 Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The Lord Whom we adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA. (*For Hymn* 168.) John Goss.





Hymn 168.

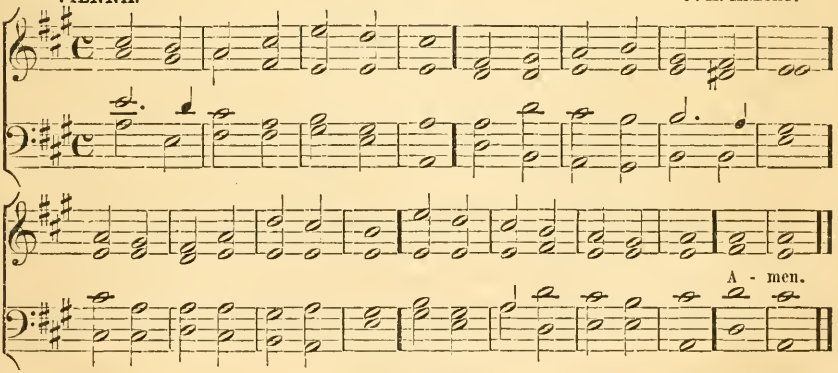
1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the GOD of grace. Amen.

VIENNA. J. H. KNECHT.



Hymn 169.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the LORD, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

RAPTURE. J. I. T.

A - men.

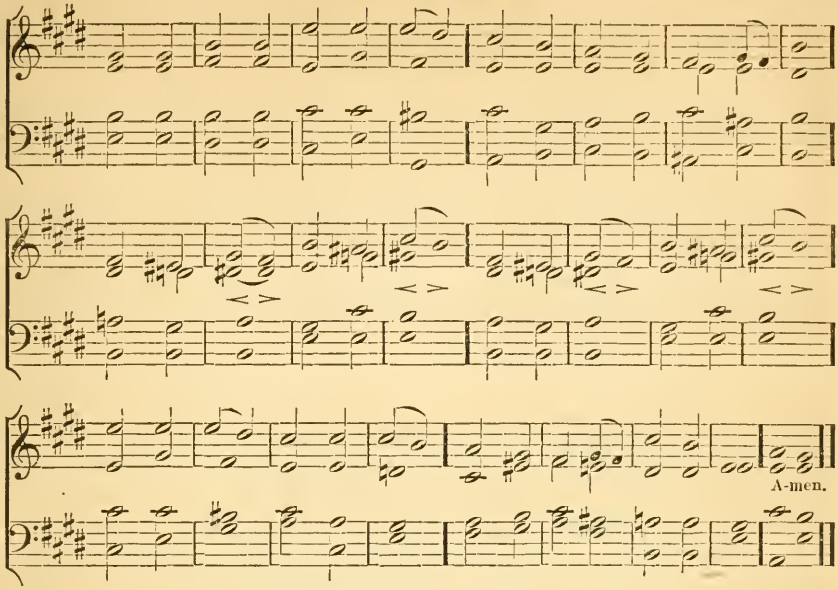
Hymn 170.

1 LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
JESU, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.

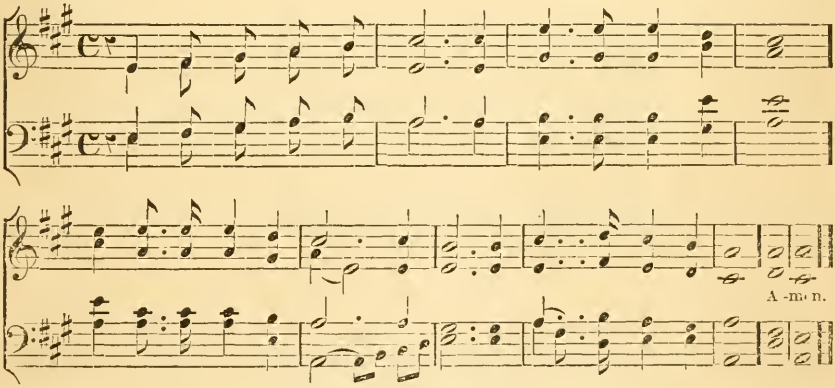
2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above:
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy precious love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation:
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in glory, love, and praise. Amen.

SORRENTO. SECOND TUNE. (*Words above.*) J. H. DEANE.



GRACE. J. I. T.



Hymn 171.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I mee
While pressing on to GOD.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. Amen.

ENDLESS ALLELUIA. J. Barnby.

Hymn 172.

f *cres.*

Full. 1. Sing Alleluia fòrth in..... | du-teous praise. | O citizens of hèaven; in.....
2. Ye next, who stand befòre th'E- | ter - nal Light. | In hymning choirs re-echò.....
Dec. 3. The Holy City shàll take..... | up your strain. | And with glad songs resòunding,
Can. 4. In blissful antiphòns ye..... | thus re - joice, | To render to the Lòrd with....

mf *cres*

Dec. 5. Ye who have gained at lèngth your | palms in bliss. | Victorious ones, your chànt shall
Can. 6. From those exalted lips for..... | ev - er ring | The strains which tell the honòur

p *cres.*

Dec. 7. This is the rest for wèary | ones brought back; | This is the food and drink which

ff

ORG.

Full. 8. While Thee, Creator òf the | world, we praise | For ever, and tell òut in....
9. To Thee, Eternal Sòn, our.. | voi - ces sing | With them, to Thèe, O Holy

The performance of this Tune is capable of various modifications: *e. g.*, the whole may be sung in unison; or, only the 8th and 9th verses (the rest being sung in harmony); or again, the 5th and 6th verses may be sung by Trebles only.

ff

sweet notes raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
to the Height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!

f

still be this— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
of your KING, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!

mf

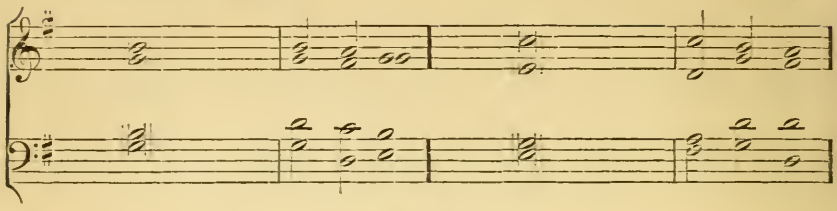
none shall lack,— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!

rall.

sweet - est lays, An end - less Al - le - lu - - ia.
Ghost we bring, An end - less Al - le - lu - - ia. A - men.

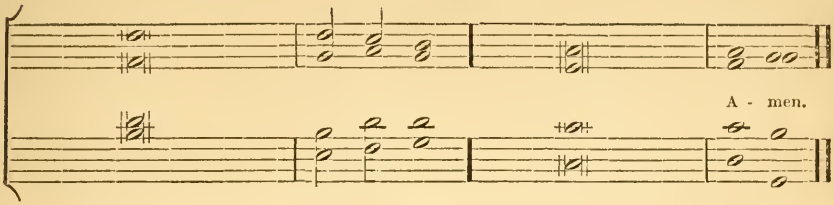
The above is a translation, by the Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, of a noble hymn, supposed to be older than the eighth century, and the use of which, in England, the translator believes was confined to the Worcester Cathedral during Septuagesima week.

"THE STRAIN UPRAISE." A. H. D. TROYTE.



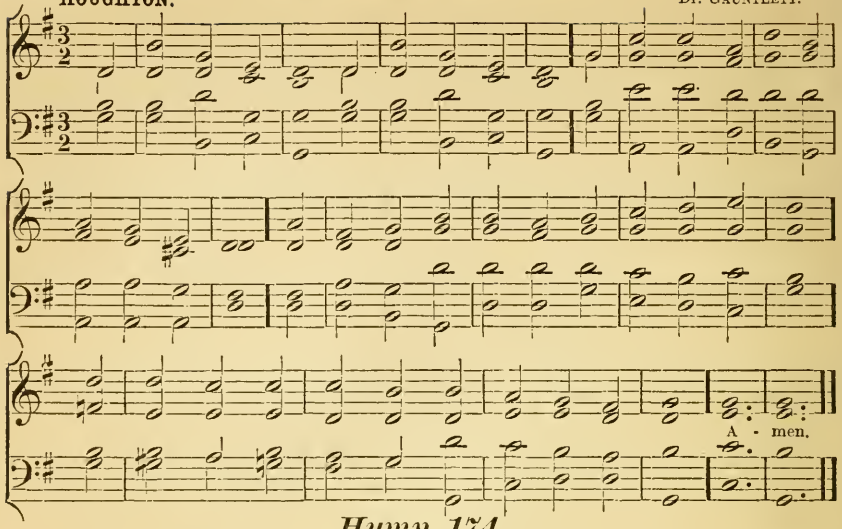
Hymn 173.

1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle - -	lu - - ia.	To the glory of their KING Shall the ransomed.....	peo - ple sing,
2. And the choirs that.....	dwell on high	Shall re-echo.....	through the sky,
3. They in the rest of.....	Paradise who dwell,	The blessed ones, with joy the	cho - rus swell,
4. The planets beaming on their.....	heavenly way,	The shining constellations	join, and say,
5. Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on...	pin - ions light,	Ye thunders. echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings.,.....	wild - ly bright,
6. Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and..	win - ter snow,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and	sum - mer glow,
7. First let the birds with painted.....	plum-age gay,	Exalt their great CREATOR'S	praise, and say,
8. Then let the beasts of earth, with.....	vary-ing strain,	Join in creation's hymn, and.....	cry a - gain,
9. Here let the mountains thunder forth so - -	nor - ous	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.
10. Thou jubilant abyss of..	o - cean cry,	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.
11. To GOD, Who all cre -	a - tion made,	The frequent hymn be.	du - ly paid:
12. This is the strain. the eternal strain, the LORD Al-	might - y loves:	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.
13. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a - -	wak - ing,	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.
14. Now from all men	be out-poured	Alleluia.....	to the LORD;
15. Praise be done to the ...	THREE in ONE,	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.



Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - . ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
In sweet con - - - - -	sent u - nite	your Alle - - - -	lu - ia.
{ Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious....	for - ests sing	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
{ There let the valleys sing in gentler.....	cho - - rus	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
Ye tracts of earth and conti-	nents re - ply	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
{ This is the song, the heaven-ly song that Christ the..	King ap - proves:	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
{ And children's voices echo, answer.....	mak - ing,	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia.
With Alleluia.....	ev - er - more	The Son and Spirit..	we a-dore.
Alle - - - - - - - - -	lu - - ia.	Alle - - - - - - -	lu - ia. A - men.

HOUGHTON. Dr. GAUNTLETT.



Hymn 174.

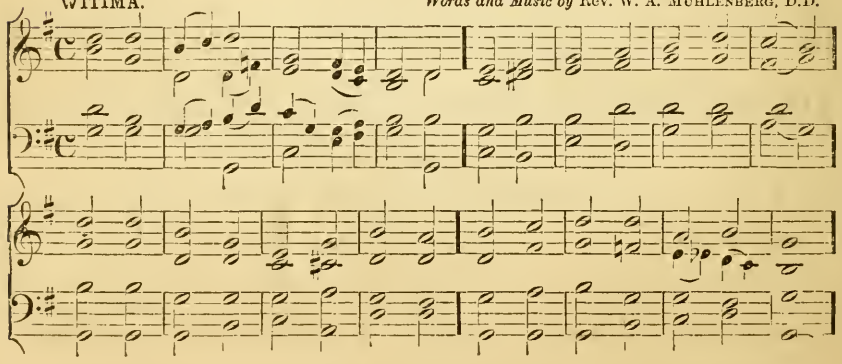
1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name:
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol:
His kingdom is glorious
And rules over all.

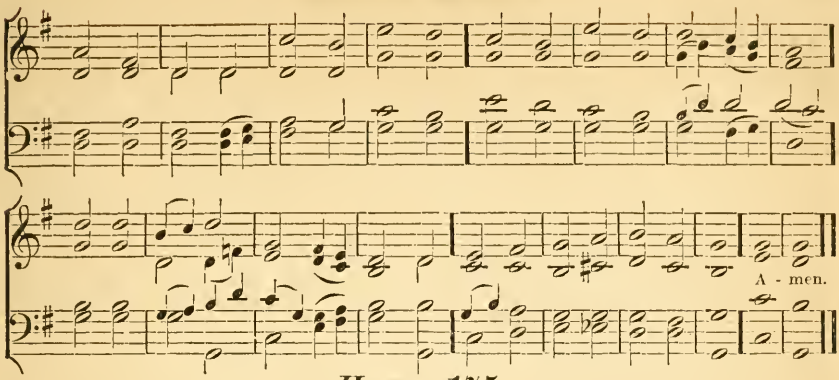
2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His Presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,—
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore
And give Him His right,—
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With Angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing
For infinite love. Amen.

WITIMA. *Words and Music by* Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D.





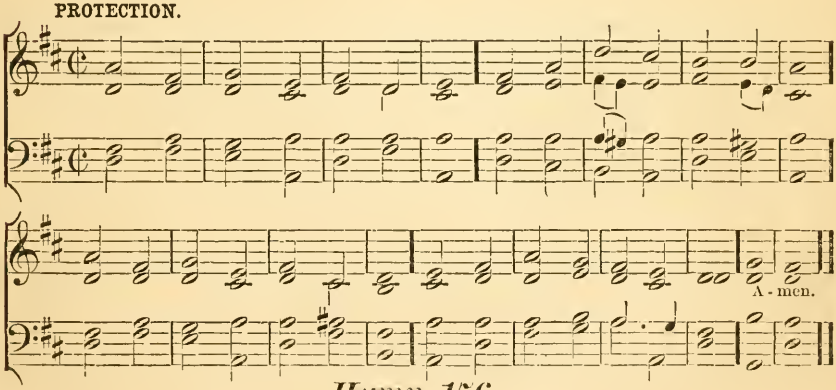
Hymn 175.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O GOD, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise my soul, the GOD that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 LORD, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise. Amen.

PROTECTION.



Hymn 176.

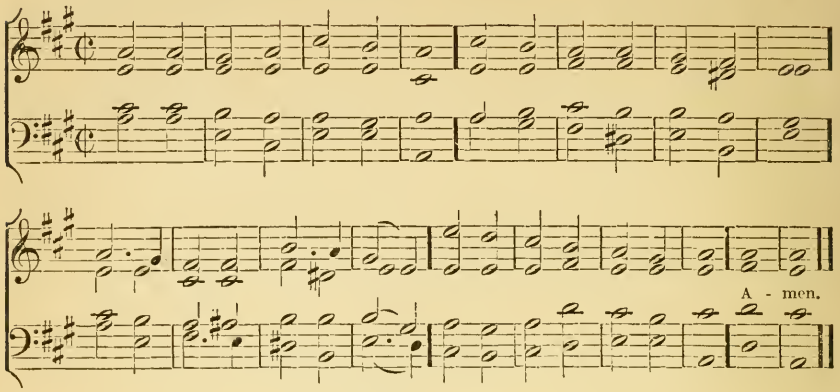
1 SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made,
All is by His sceptre sway'd;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below!

3 GOD, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the SAVIOUR's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His SPIRIT pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name,
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise him till He calls thee home,
Trust His love for all to come. Amen.

"SONGS OF PRAISE." First Tune. Rev. S. Russell Davies.



Hymn 177.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heaven and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

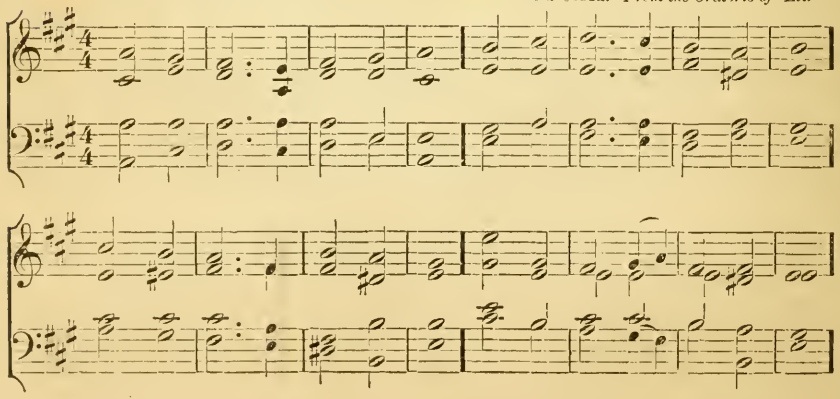
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

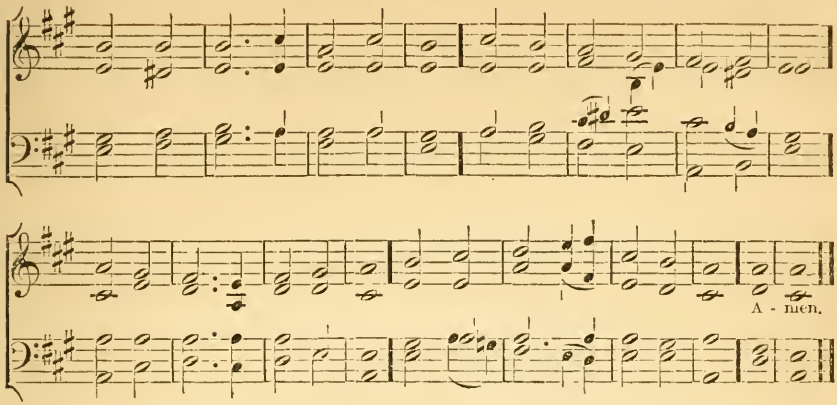
6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

7 Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Jesu, glory unto Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

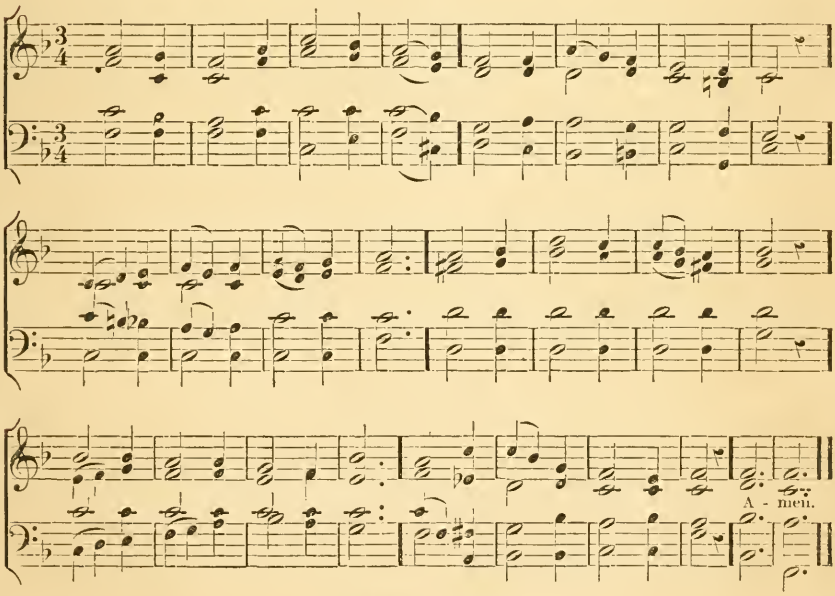
"SONGS OF PRAISE." Second Tune. (*Words above.*)

M. Costa. *From the Oratorio of 'Eli.'*





PRAISE. J. I. T.

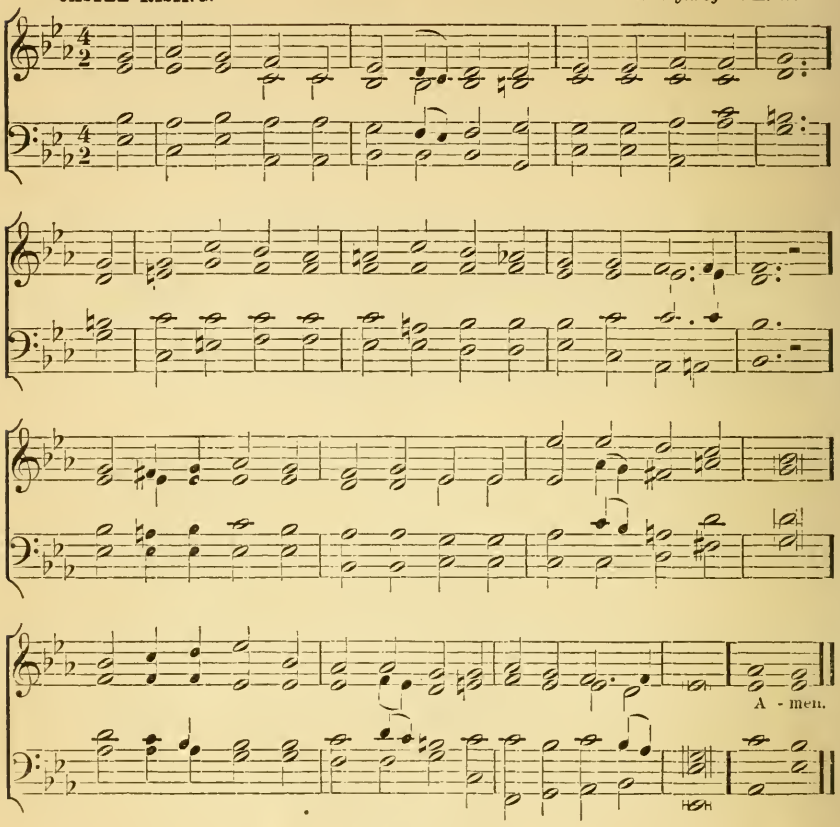


Hymn 178.

1 HARK! that glorious burst of praise
Which the ransomed legions raise,
While the ceaseless waves of song
Sweep their golden harps along,
In a full triumphant strain—
"To the LAMB for sinners slain!"

2 Grant us, LORD, to hear that sound
Swell Thy golden city round;
And, while absent far away
In this prison-house of clay,
Let our souls take up the psalm—
"Worthy, worthy is the LAMB!" Amen.

CASTLE RISING. F. A. J. HERVEY. *Arranged by* W. H. W.



Hymn 179.

1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white;
Oh, for a voice to praise our KING,
Nor weary day nor night.

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, LORD,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

PRAISE. ALBERT LOWE.

Voices in Unison.

ORGAN.

Chorus.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.

Hymn 180.

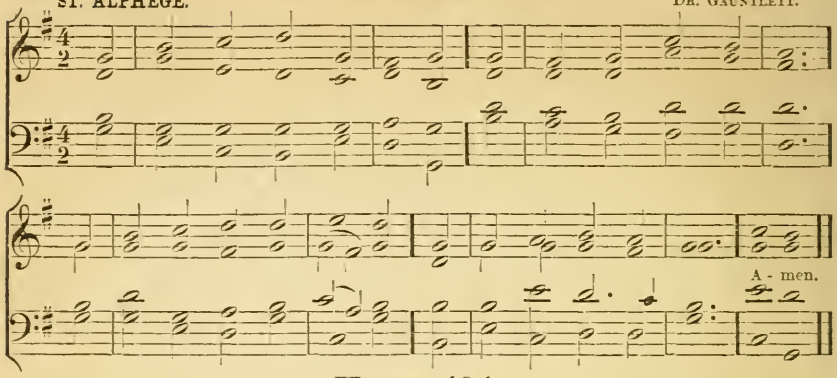
1 LORD of ev'ry land and nation,
"Ancient of eternal days."
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Alleluia, Amen.

2 "Brightness of the FATHER's Glory,"
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, the guilty silence;
Sing the LORD who came to die.
Alleluia, Amen.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow my praise, for ever flow,
Alleluia, Amen.

4 Come, return, immortal SAVIOUR;
Come, LORD JESUS, take Thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign for ever;
Be Thy kingdom all Thine own.
Alleluia, Amen.

ST. ALPHEGE. DR. GAUNTLETT.



Hymn 181.

1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

2 Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

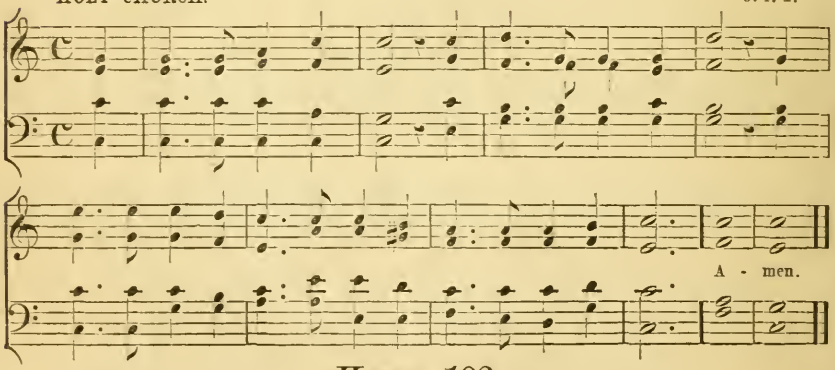
3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

5 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of GOD's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessed country!
That eager hearts expect!

6 JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

HOLY CHURCH. J. I. T.



Hymn 182.

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, LORD,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest REDEEMER saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O GOD:
Her walls before before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless Thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow. Amen.

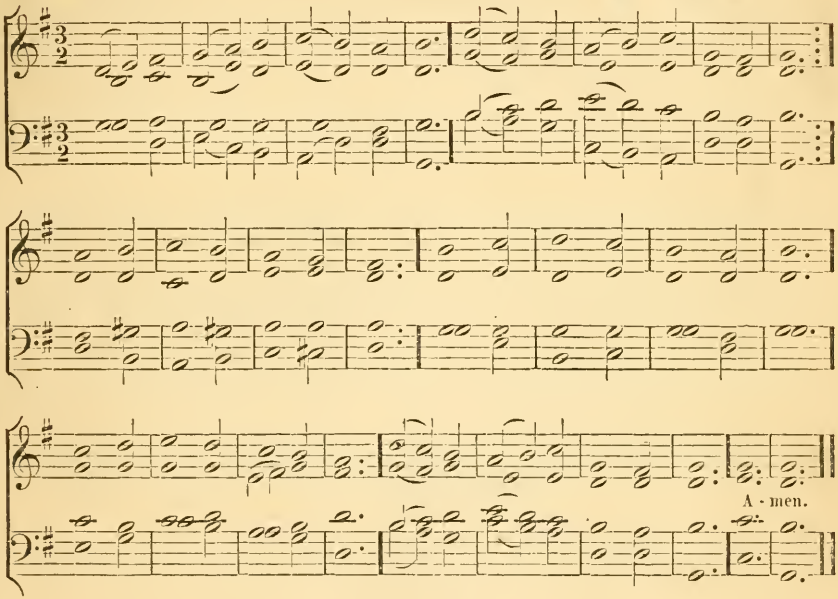
5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

MAIDSTONE. Wm. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.



Hymn 183.

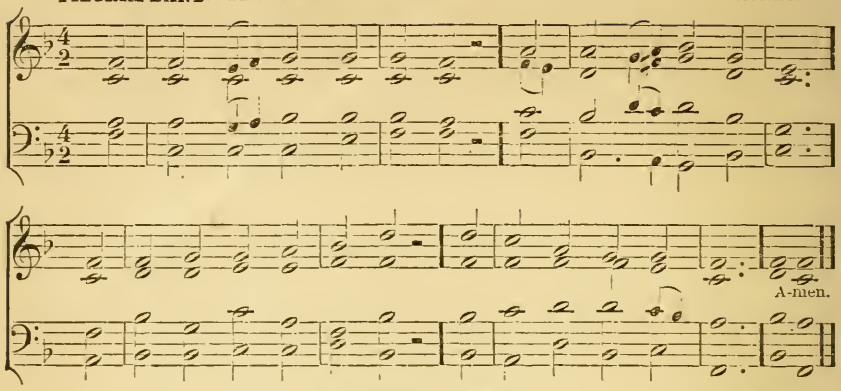
1 Pleasant are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy Face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy Altars, O most High;
Happy souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

PILGRIM BAND. First Tune. Kocker.



Hymn 184.

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head.

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

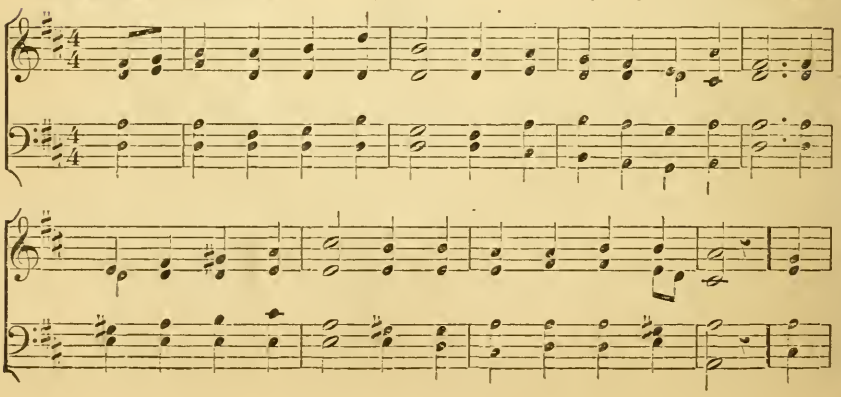
4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

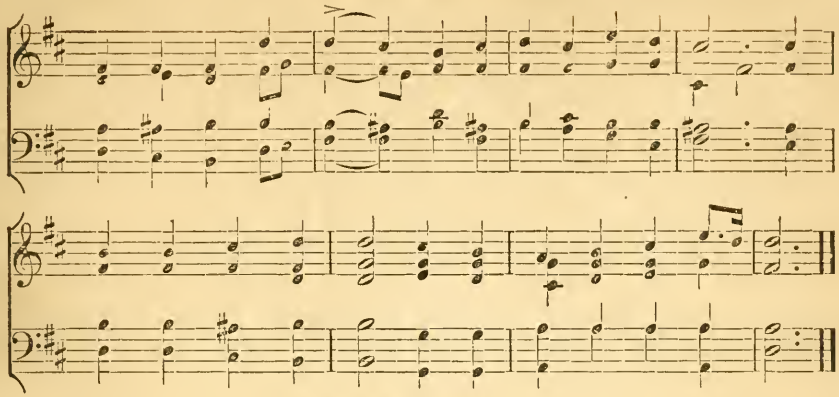
5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

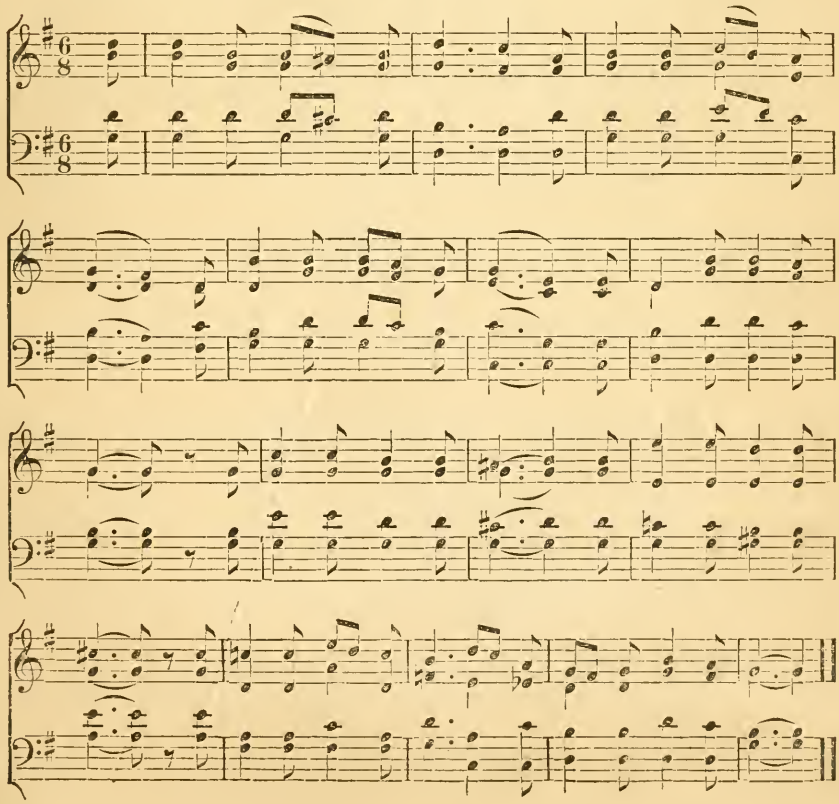
7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

HYMN 184. Second Tune. (*Words above.*) *Hymns of the Eastern Church.*

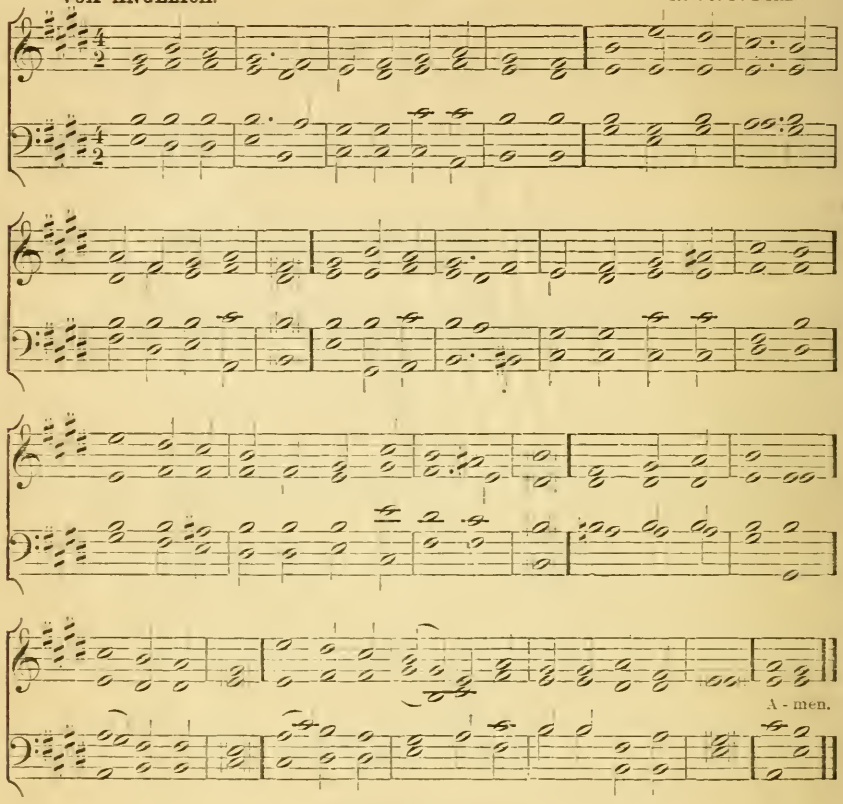




HYMN 184. THIRD TUNE. *Words on opposite page.)* REV. A. RICHARDSON.



VOX ANGELICA. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



Hymn 185.

1 HARK! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

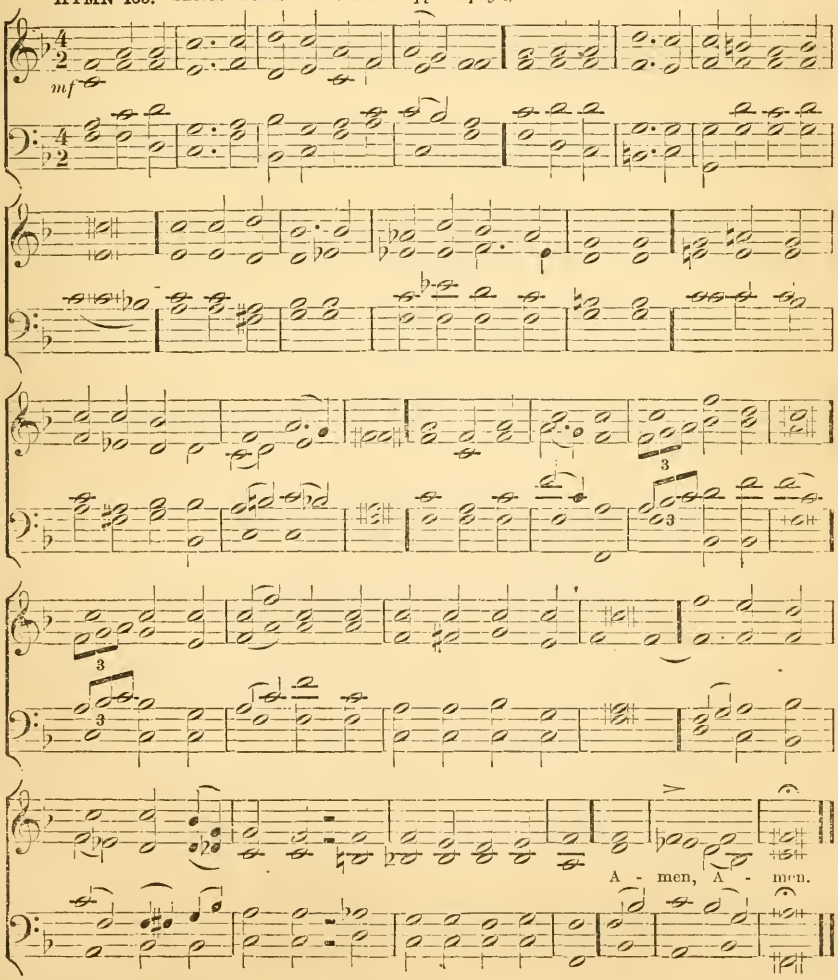
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

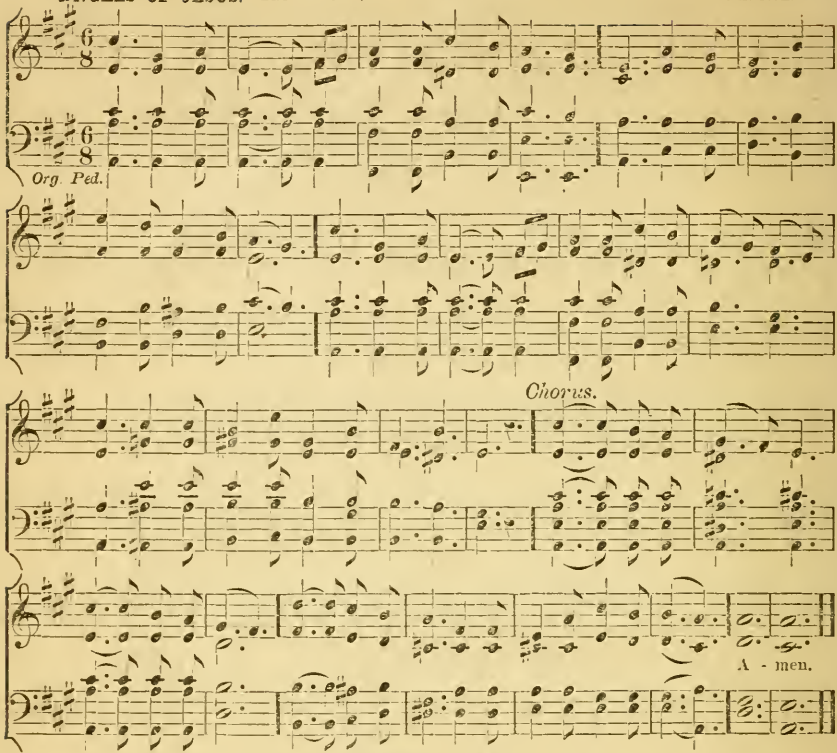
4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to the welcome the pilgrims of the night.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. Amen.

HYMN 185. Second Tune. *Words on opposite page.)* Henry Smart.



ANGELS OF JESUS. THIRD TUNE. J. E. ROE.



Hymn 185.

1 HARK! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Cho.—Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

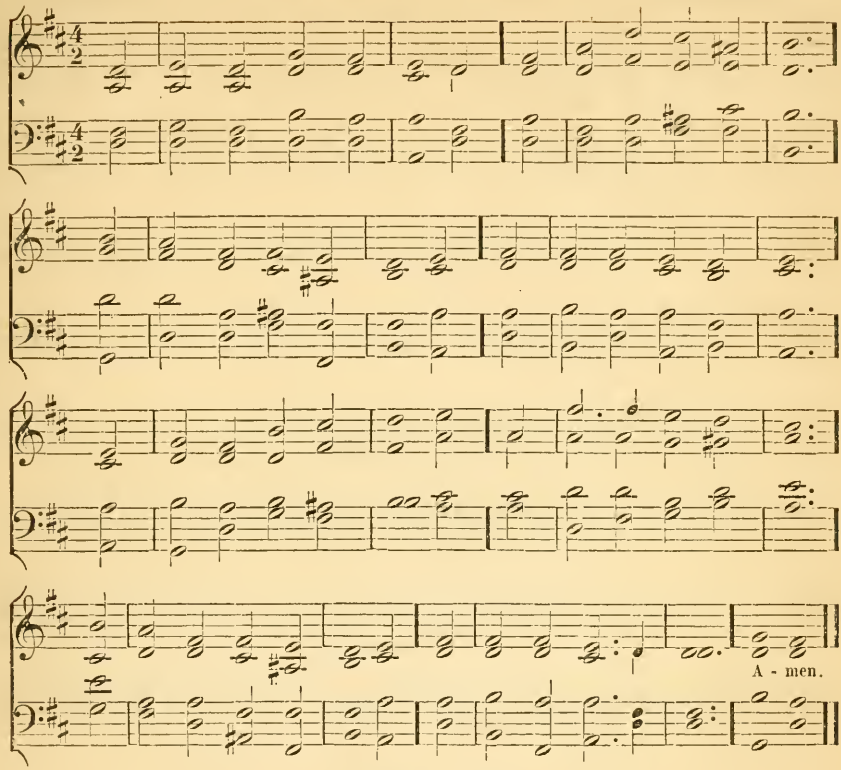
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come:"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.—*Cho.*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Cho.*

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Cho.*

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

EWING. ALEXANDER EWING.



Hymn 186.

1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest:
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.

2 I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

3 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:

4 The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

5 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;

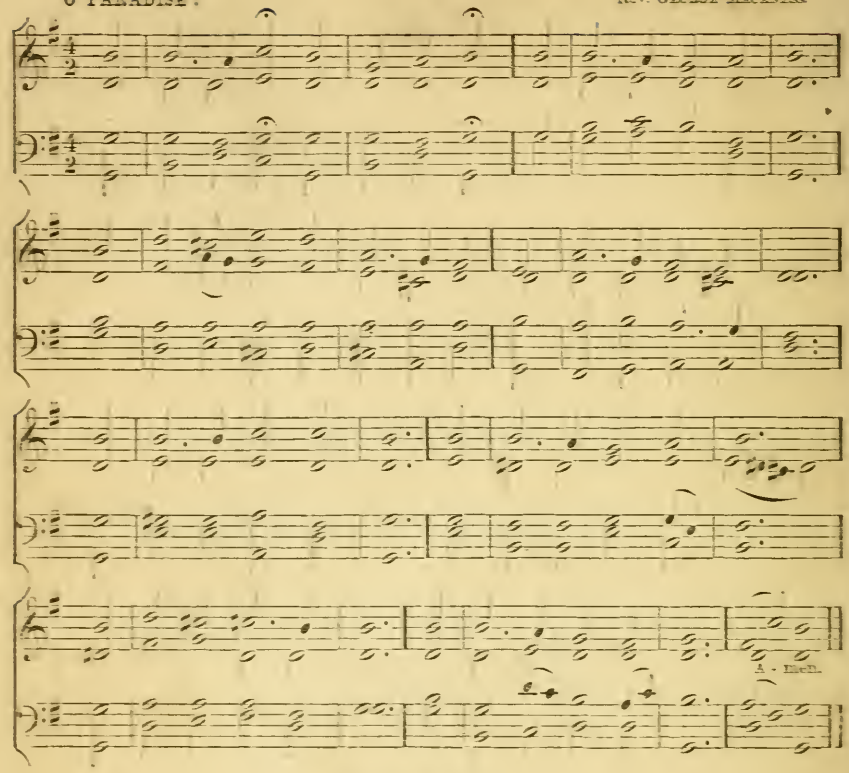
6 And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

The following may be sung at the end of this Part of the Hymn.

7 O sweet and blessèd country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

8 JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

O PARADISE! Rev. George Macintosh.



Hymn 187.

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that lov'd are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old:
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay;
Bright death that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here:
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,
Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more:
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore:
Where loyal hearts, &c.

6 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special house my dearest Lord
Is furnishing for me:
Where loyal hearts, &c.

7 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long:
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of Thy song:
Where loyal hearts, &c. Amen.

HYMN 187. SECOND TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) JOSEPH BARNBY.

Where loy - al hearts and true,

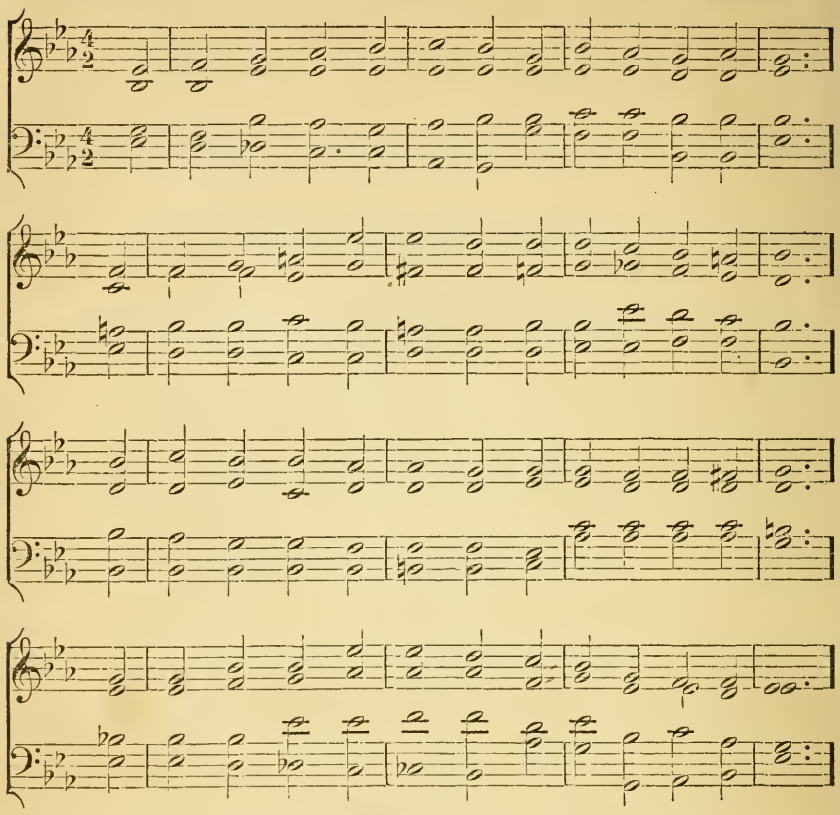
Where loy - - al hearts and true,

A - men.

HYMN 187. THIRD TUNE. (*Words on opposite page*) H. SMART.

A-men.

O BONA PATRIA. W. K. WHEATLEY.



Hymn 188.

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country.
Mine eyes their vigils keep
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:

2 The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

3 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:

4 Beside Thy living waters
All plants are, great and small;
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.

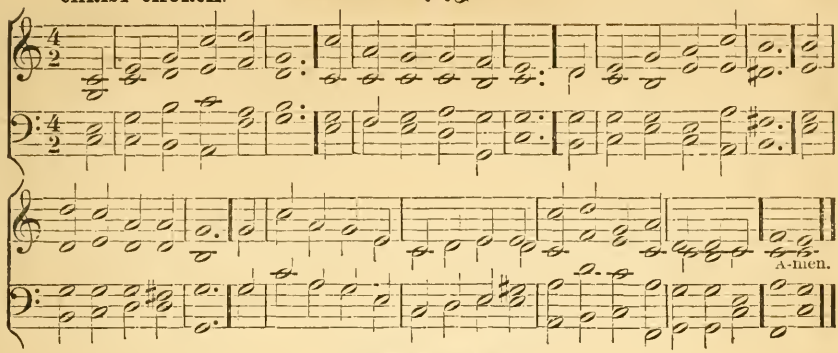
5 With jasper glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:

6 Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-stone is CHRIST.

7 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

8 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

9 Upon the rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.



Hymn 189.

1 JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My GOD, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

2 There dwells my LORD, my King,
Judged here unfit to live!
There Angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give :
O happy place, &c.

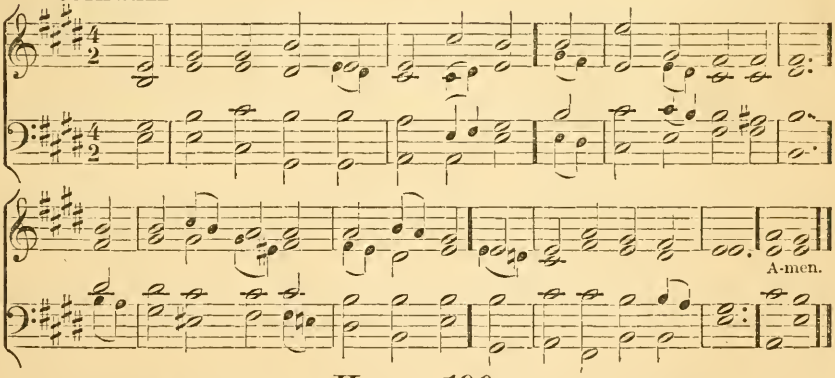
3 The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease ;
The Prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace :
O happy place, &c.

4 The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold ;
O happy place, &c.

5 The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned :
O happy place, &c.

6 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay :
No place like that on high ;
LORD, thither guide my way :
O happy place,
When shall I be,
My GOD, with Thee,
To see Thy Face? Amen.

SOUTHWELL. H. S. IRONS.



Hymn 190.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand ;
And all I love in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

5 O CHRIST, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love ;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above. Amen.

O HEAVENLY JERUSALEM. GEO. WM. WARREN.

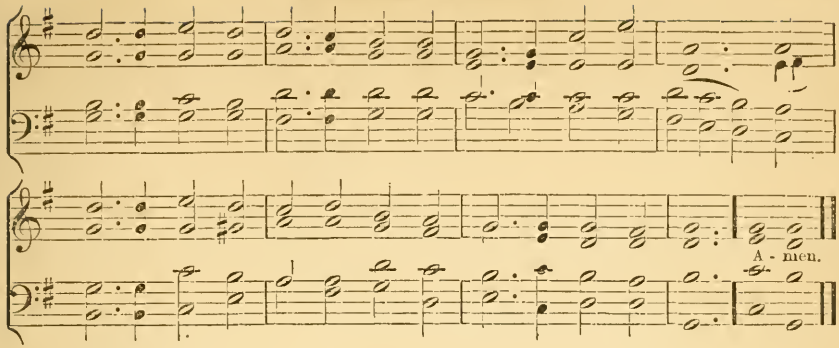
A- men.

Hymn 191.

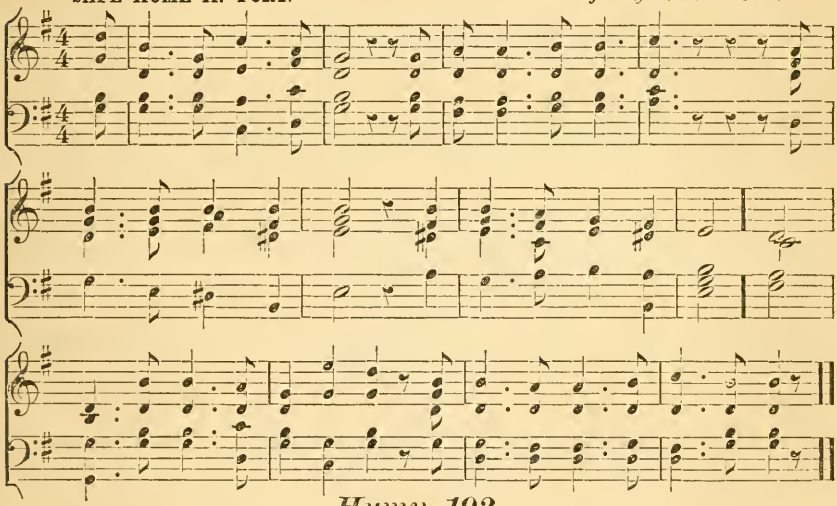
1 O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Eternal are they walls,
And blessed are the chosen ones,
That dwell within thy walls.
Thou art the golden home of peace,
Where Saints forever sing,
The Seat of GOD's own heritage,
The palace of our King.

2 There GOD the LORD forever reigns,
Himself of all the crown,
The LAMB, the Light, that shineth clear,
And never goeth down;
Nought to this seat can e'er approach
To break the saints' sweet rest;
They praise their GOD for evermore,
Nor day nor night they rest. Amen.

HYMN 191. SECOND TUNE. (*Words above.*) FREDERICK WESTLAKE.



"SAFE HOME IN PORT." 'Hymns of the Eastern Church.'



Hymn 192.

1 SAFE Home, safe Home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But O the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he *could* endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

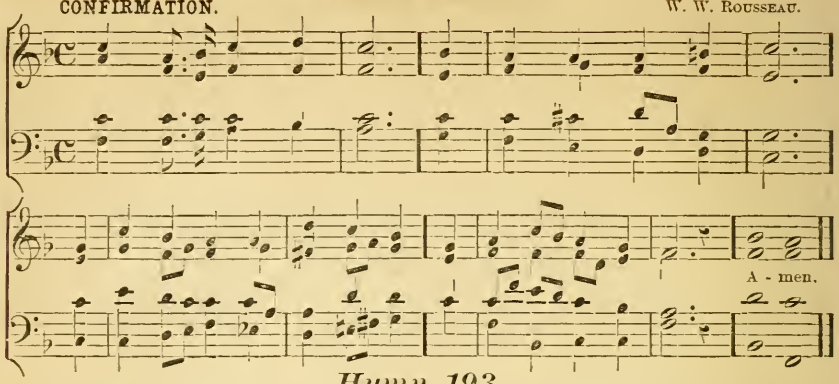
3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

4 The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!—
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fears,—
What matter now, when (so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

6 O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widow'd hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His Own at last!
The sorrow of thy former cup
In full fruition swallow'd up!

CONFIRMATION. W. W. ROUSSEAU.



Hymn 193.

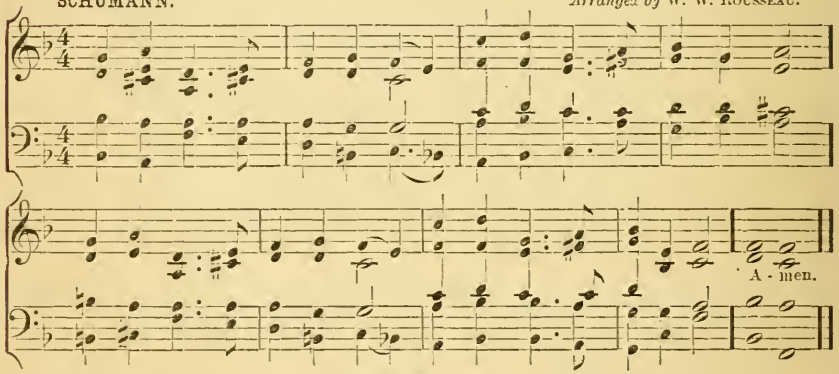
1 SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armour on.
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies
Through His eternal SON :

2 Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last. Amen.

SCHUMANN. *Arranged by* W. W. ROUSSEAU.



Hymn 194.

1 SOLDIERS, who are CHRIST's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe :
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the LORD.

2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives ;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

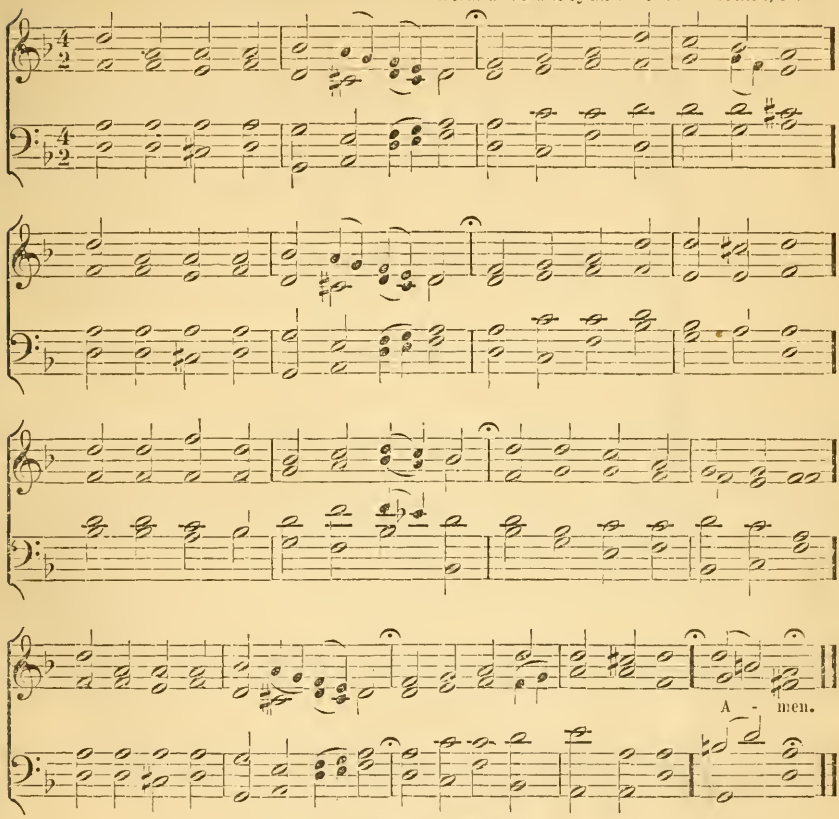
3 For the souls that overcome,
Waits the beauteous heavenly Home,
Where the Blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.

4 Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth ;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard ;
GOD Himself is thy reward.

5 FATHER, Who the crown dost give;
SAVIOUR, by Whose death we live,
SPIRIT, Who our hearts dost raise,
THREE in ONE, Thy Name we praise. Amen.

WAR-SONG OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Words and Music by the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.



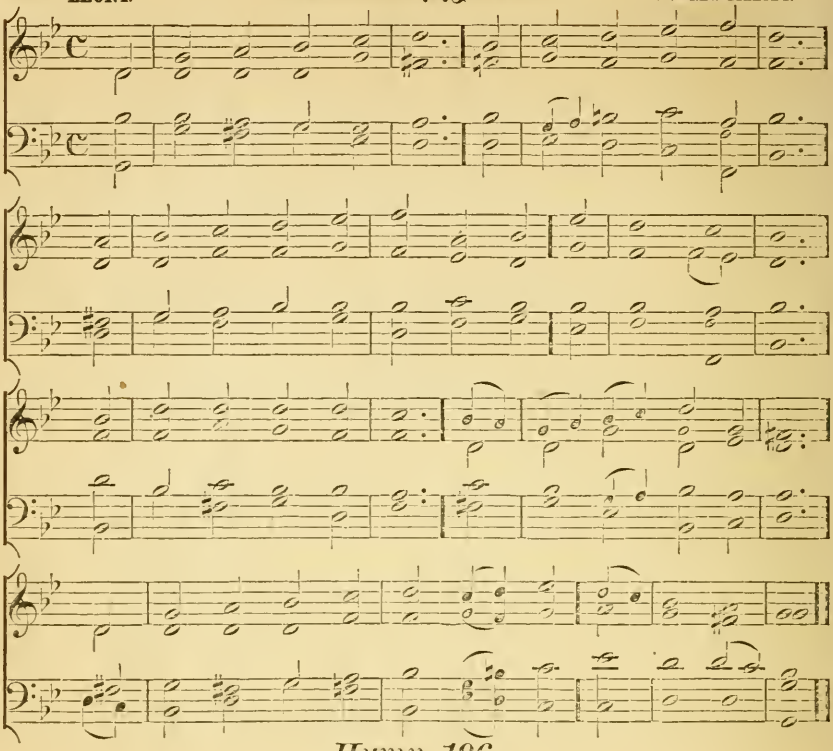
Hymn 195.

1 SOLDIERS! gird on all your armour,
Daily watch and strive and pray;
Fight the fight till life is ended;
Draw the sword, and smite, and slay.
Leading your triumphant army,
See the Cross move on before!
When His Church is all united,
Christ shall reign for evermore.

2 Hosts of darkness prowl around us,—
Thoughts and words and deeds unclean,
Sundering, murmuring, undermining,
Working in the gloom unseen.
Light shines out with power victorious,
Sunbeams dance on sea and shore;
Hosts of darkness all are routed:
Light is King for evermore!

3 Hosts of hatred hurl against us
Malice, envy, pride and scorn;
By their sects, and schisms, and errors,
Lo! the seamless Robe is torn.
Love beams forth with mighty sweetness,
Jesu's Blood is running o'er;
Hatred quails, and shrinks, and changes:
Love is King for evermore!

4 Hosts of Satan, tempting, fainting,
Foul the very air we breathe;—
Striking, stinging, slandering, lying,
Swarming up from hell beneath.
Fiery chariots, flaming legions,
Fill our heavens with flash and roar:
Hosts of Satan flee confounded;
Christ is King for evermore! Amen.



Hymn 196.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

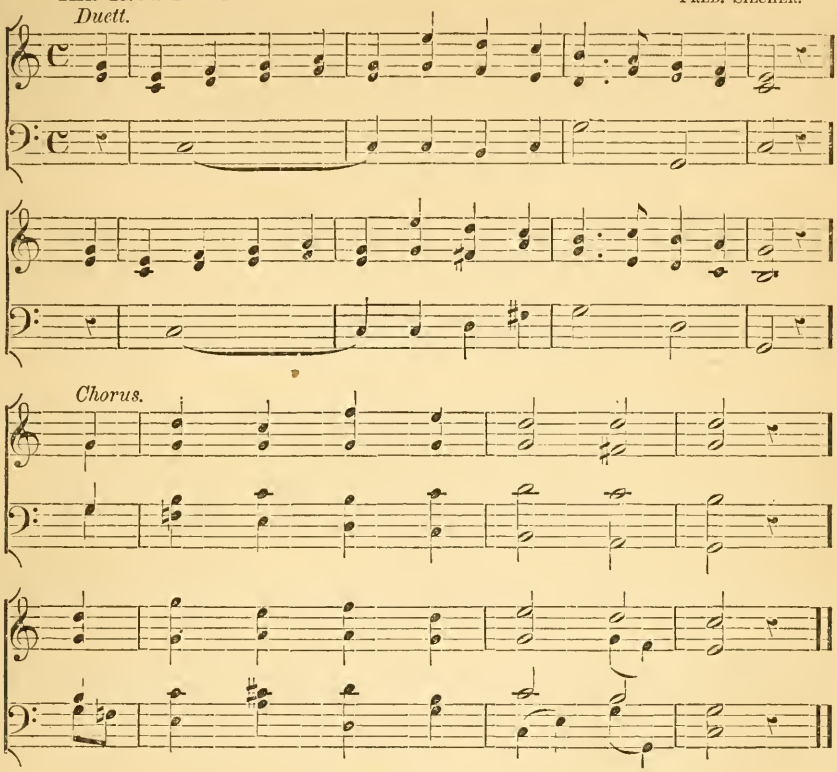
3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

THE TRUE FRIEND. FRED. SILCHER.



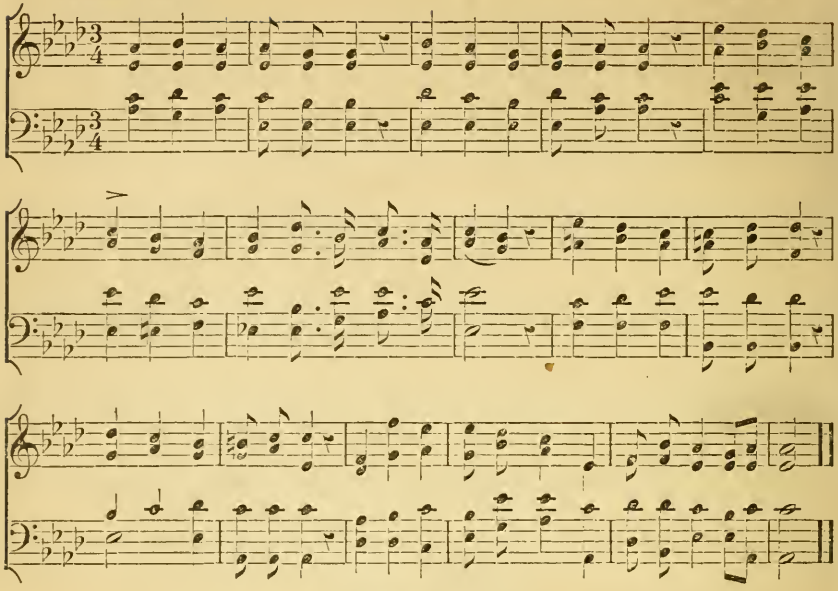
Hymn 197.

1 THERE is a Friend more tender true,
Than brother e'er can be,
Who when all others bid adieu,
Remains the last to flee ;
Cho.—Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
Deserts not those who turn to Him.

2 He is the Friend who changes not,
In sickness or in health,
Whether on earth our transient lot,
Be poverty or wealth,
Cho.—In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
To all who seek Him still the same.

3 Of earthly friends who finds them true,
May boast a happy lot ;
But happier still life's journey through,
Is he who needs them not.
Cho.—A heav'nly Friend to know we need,
To feel we have, is bliss indeed.

SAINTS' REST. BENEKER.



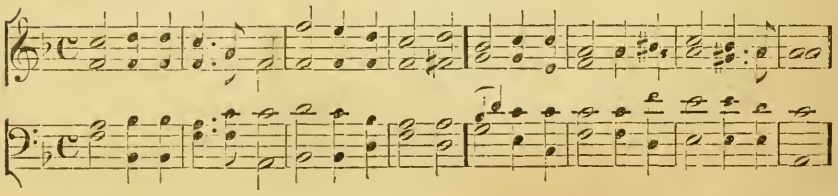
Hymn 198.

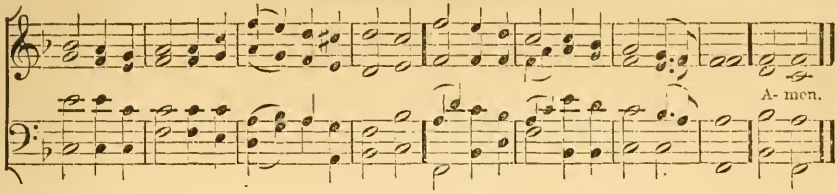
1 OH, how they softly rest,
For aye each blessed one,
Who now on JESU'S breast
Sleeping, from us are gone.
Softly their ashes lie,
Under the grassy sod:
They did not really die,
They but went home to GOD.

2 Yet 'tis no idle rest,
No mere release from care;
What they lov'd here the best
They are fulfilling there.
There they in active love
Their truest leisure find,
And worship GOD above,
And know His holy mind.

3 Yet are they often here,
Yet do we meet again;
Our hearts they come to cheer,
In work, in joy, in pain:
And we to them are bound
In closer union still,
Whene'er with them we're found
Doing the FATHER'S will.

LOVOFF. (*Words on opposite page.*) RUSSIAN HYMN.





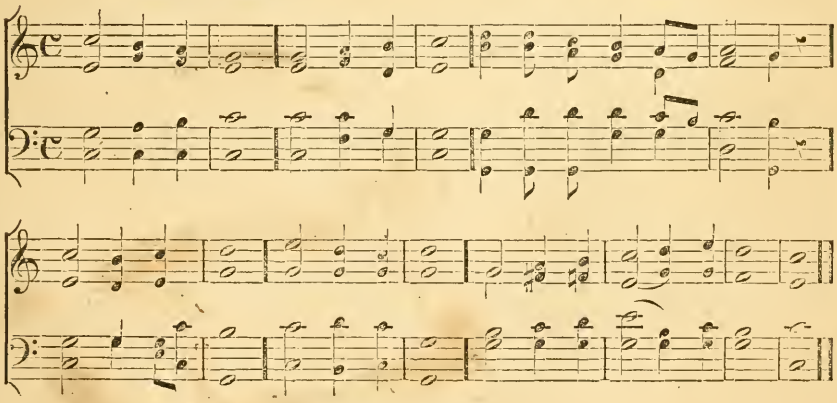
Hmyn 199.

1 GOD, LORD of Sabaoth ; King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightning Thy sword ;
Show forth Thy pity on high where thou reignest,
Give to us peace, in our time, O LORD.

2 GOD the Omnipotent, sin's sure avenger,
Watching invisible, moving unheard,
Leave us not now in the hour of our danger,
Give to us peace, in our time, O LORD.

GOD, the all merciful, earth has forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word ;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken,
Give to us peace, in our time, O LORD. Amen.

"O DAY MOST BLEST." *From 'Chants Chrétiens," Ancient German Air.*



Hymn 200.

1 O DAY most blest !
Day of our rest,
Once more the week beginning,
Fresh strength and life,
Arms for the strife,
Help to the weary bringing.

2 Day of the LORD !
Now shall His word
Sound like a voice from heaven :
Treasures untold,
Not bought with gold,
In it to us are given.

3 O day of light !
How calm, how bright,
Falls on our path thy blessing—
Bidding us move,
In peace and love,
On to the goal still pressing.

LITTLE SAMUEL. J. TILLEARD.

Andantino. *cres.*

Hymn 201.

1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At ev'ry word He spoke
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child, to find
The GOD of Heaven so near and kind!

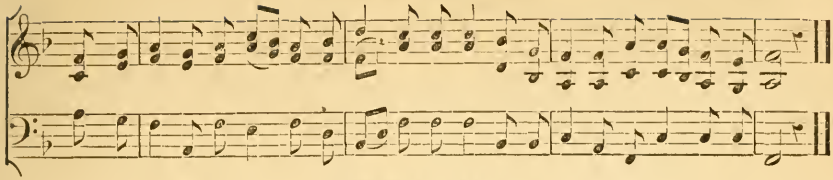
2 If GOD would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be!
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If GOD Almighty were so near.

3 And does He never speak!
O yes; for, in His word,
He bids me come and seek
The GOD that Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see
The GOD of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head;
I know that GOD is there
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since GOD Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read His word,
"Speak, LORD; I would obey
"The voice that I have heard.
"And when I in Thy house appear,
"Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear."

THE CHILD'S DESIRE. (*Words on opposite page.*) A GREEK AIR.



Hymn 202.

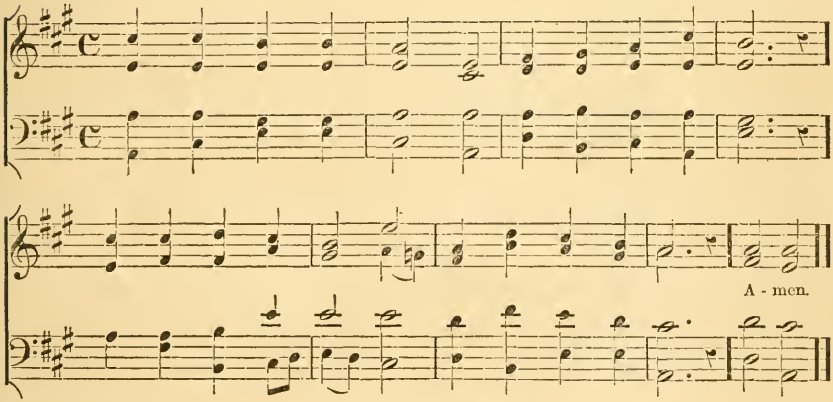
1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When JESUS was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

REST. C. H. RINCK.



Hymn 203.

1 MISTS are rising slowly,
Earth her incense yields;
Silence, calm and holy,
Reigns o'er woods and fields.

2 But while all is sleeping,
Still the brook flows on;
Onward wildly sweeping
Goes that restless one.

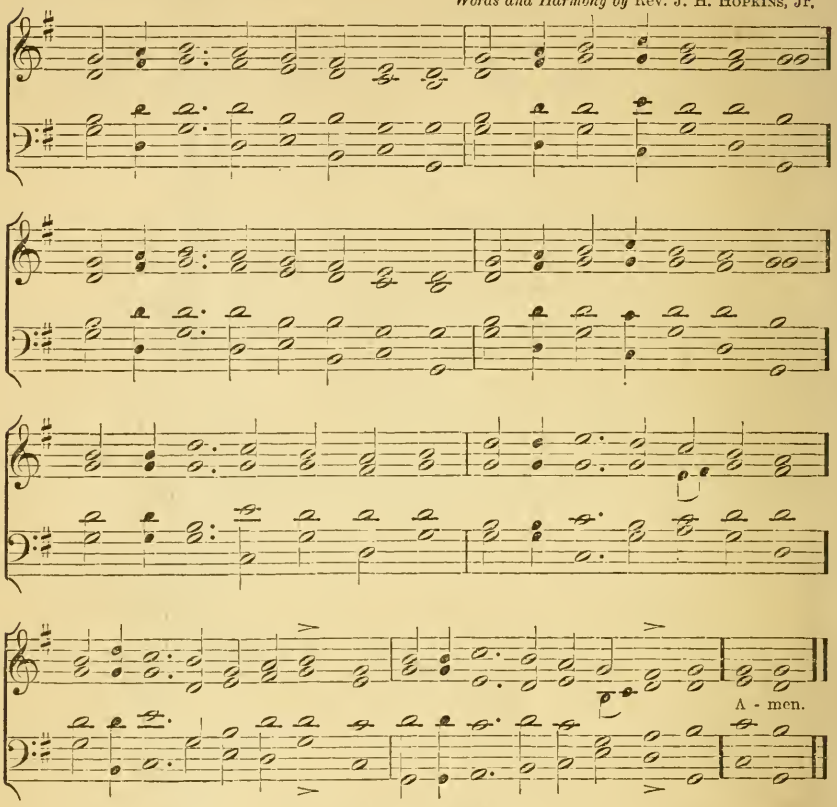
3 Him the rustling willow
Cannot soothe to rest;
He must seek a pillow
On the ocean's breast.

4 So when we have striven
On and on through life;
We may find in heaven
Rest from that long strife.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE.

The Melody is that set to CLEMENT MAROT'S 42*d Psalm*, *A. D.* 1543, *by* GUILLAUME FRANC.

Words and Harmony by Rev. J. H. HOPKINS, Jr.



Hymn 204.

1 FORTH from Egypt's house of bondage,
Calls us now the GOD of Love:
See, the cloudy, fiery Pillar
Marshals us the way we move!
GOD's right hand and holy arm
Smote the realm that wrought us harm;
Many a sign and mighty wonder
Burst the tyrant's bands in sunder.

2 When the sea spread out before us,
And behind us raged our foe,
Walls of waves stood firm as crystal,
Till the ransomed Tribe passed through.
Pharaoh's hordes at morn we found
In the roaring waters drowned;
While, with timbrels and with dances,
Our exulting host advances.

3 From the top of stony Sinai
GOD declares His perfect Law:
Trumpet tones and fires and thunders
Thrill the soul with trembling awe.
There the thirsting Flock complain,
There the Rock is cleft in twain:
And wherever Israel goeth
Lo, the Living Water floweth!

4 On the Altar, morn and evening,
Smokes the daily Sacrifice:
Every dawn the luscious manna
Freshly greets our longing eyes.
O'er the golden mercy-seat
Floats the cloud of incense sweet;
While the King, once slain and gory,
Fills the silence with His glory.

5 On before Him, in their order,
March the priests, in rich array;
Loudly peal their silver trumpets,
Signaling our onward way.
Israel's ranks, in armour tried,
Flash afar on every side,
Standards set, and banners flying,
All the foes of God defying.

6 Drought and pestilence surround us;
Sinners tempt, and fiends deride:
Midst the fiery flying serpents
Lift we up the Crucified!
Murmurers, cowards, rebels, drones,
Pave the desert with their bones:
Lasts our Pilgrimage the longer?
Purer grows our host, and stronger!

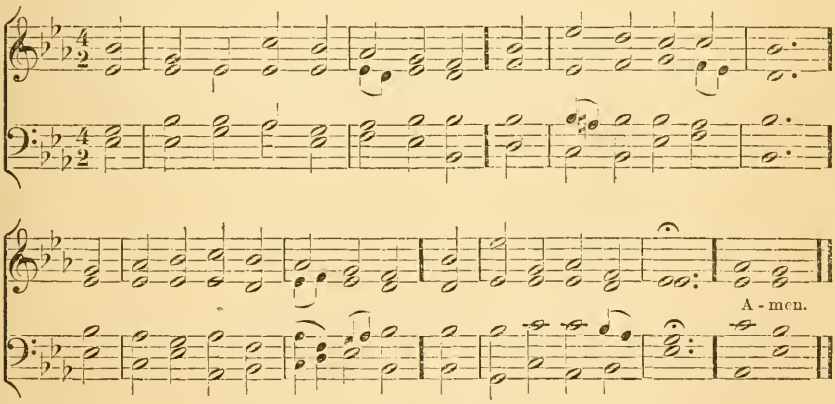
7 What to us the scorns of Edom?
What the swords of Amalek?
While the prayerful hands are lifted
No defeat our course shall check.
Vain are Moab's lustful snares;
Vain are Balaam's hireling prayers.—
God's unchanging truth confessing,
All his curses turn to blessing.

8 Now behold! the swelling Jordan,
Rears aloft his watery walls:
At the voice of Israel's shouting,
Jericho in ruin falls.
All the Promised Land is ours,
Fields, and folds, and royal towers,
Vineyards, groves, and snowy mountains,
Seas, and ever-flowing fountains.

9 There, enclosed in hills of beauty,
Shining like a jewelled Bride,
Stands Jerusalem the Golden,
All her portals opened wide.
There the King upon His Throne,
Sees and claims us for his own;
Clothes us with His glory splendid:
And our Pilgrimage is ended.

10 Join we now the angelic chorus,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Saints in light gone Home before us,
Chaunting their triumphal hymn:—
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
Three in One, by all adored,
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

BEDFORD.



Hymn 205.

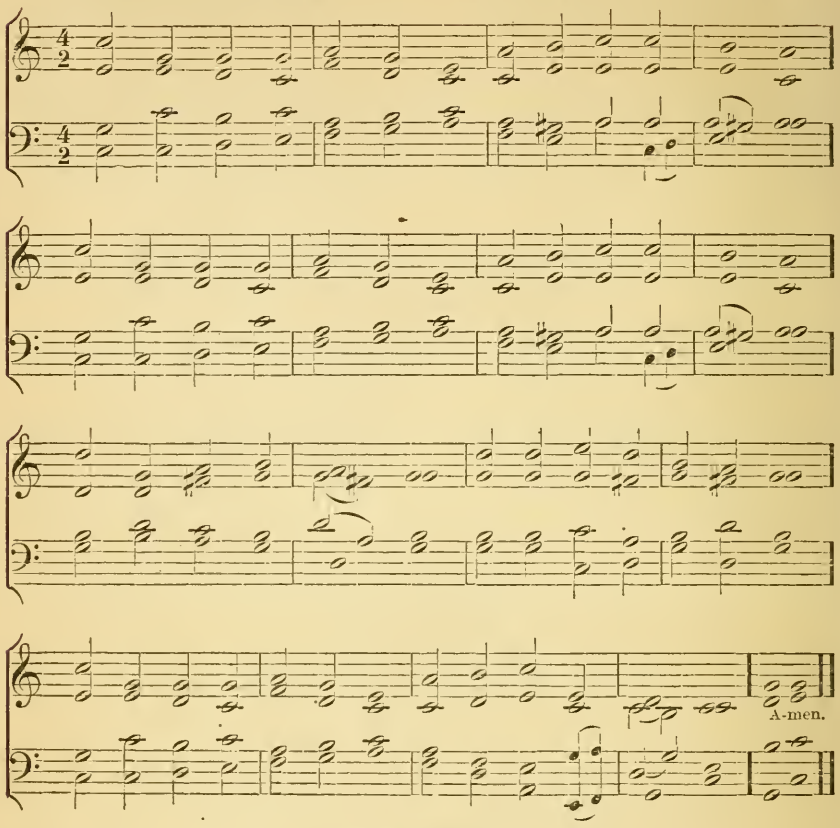
1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us When our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesu, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM. *Words and Music by* Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.



Hymn 206.

1 LORD, now round Thy Church behold
Countless foes assembling;
See, in thy divided Fold,
Fearfulness and trembling.
Night is transitory,—
Darkest night brings in the morn:
Now, O Christ, O Virgin-born,
Come, in clouds of glory!

2 Rise, Lord God of Sabaoth!
Thy right hand hath crowned Thee
King of Saints and Angels both:
Call Thine armies round Thee.
Shine forth in Thy splendour,
Shine, O bright Immanuel!
Thou that conquerest Death and Hell,
Thou art our Defender.

3 Vain Thy love, that long hath yearned;
Vain thy Blood, long flowing:
Mercy now to wrath is turned,
Love to vengeance glowing.
From the Cross that bore Thee
Now let thunderbolts flash forth,
Till Thy foes, in all the earth,
Prostrate fall before Thee.

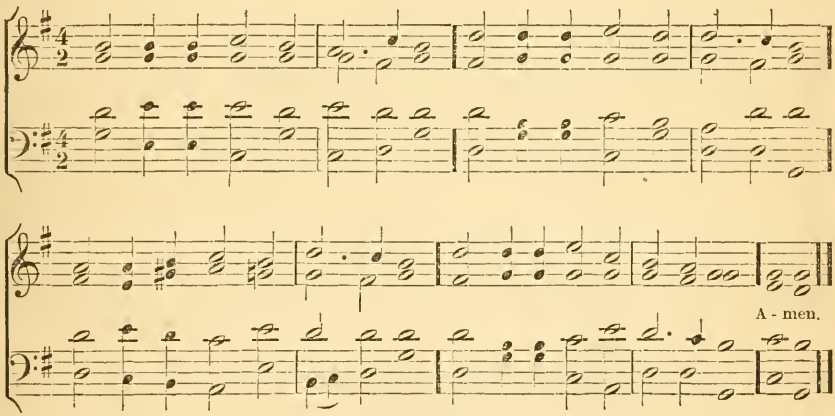
4 Smite old Egypt's sevenfold flood,—
Dry its streams unstable;
Smite Assyria's lustful brood;
Smite the pride of Babel;
Break the bands of Edom,—
Break the tyrant's rod of power:
Now, in one triumphant hour,
Give Thy people freedom!

5 Come, O God the Holy Ghost!
O strong Wind, with Thunder,
Blow, till all our scattered host
Part no more in sunder.
Light, O Flame all-glorious,
Light once more Thy tongues of fire:
Breathe on us, till Thou inspire
Thine own Love victorious.

6 O thou East, take, as of yore,
Thy primeval glory;
O thou West, renew once more
All thine ancient story;
O ye Isles of Ocean,
Earth's remotest ends, rejoice:
Now the Bride sends forth her voice,
"Come," saith Christ's own Chosen.

7 One His Body aye must be;
One its Spirit ever;
One Hope,—immortality;
One Love,—failing never;
One Lord, Christ our Saviour;
One our Faith; Our Baptism one;
One the Father, Spirit, Son,—
One God, blest forever! Amen.

ST. AIDAN.



Hymn 207.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.—Amen.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. J. E. Roe.

Alla Marcia.

Chorus.

A - men.

Hymn 208.

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go,
Cho.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph,
Satan's hosts doth flee,
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver,
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices.
Loud your anthems raise.
Cho.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

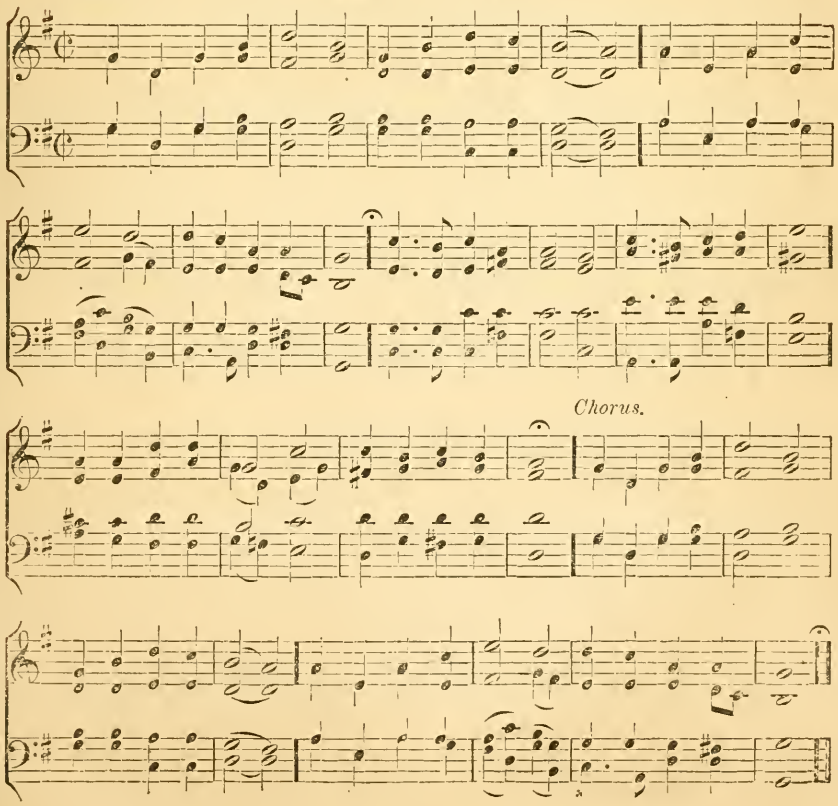
3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God,
Brothers we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Cho.—Onward, &c.

4 What the saints established,
That I hold for true;
What the saints believed,
That believe I too.
Long as earth endureth,
Men that faith will hold,
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.
Cho.—Onward, &c.

5 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Cho.—Onward, &c.

6 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song—
Glory, land, and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Cho.—Onward, &c. Amen.

HYMN 208. Second Tune. (*Words on opposite page.*) Alf. King.

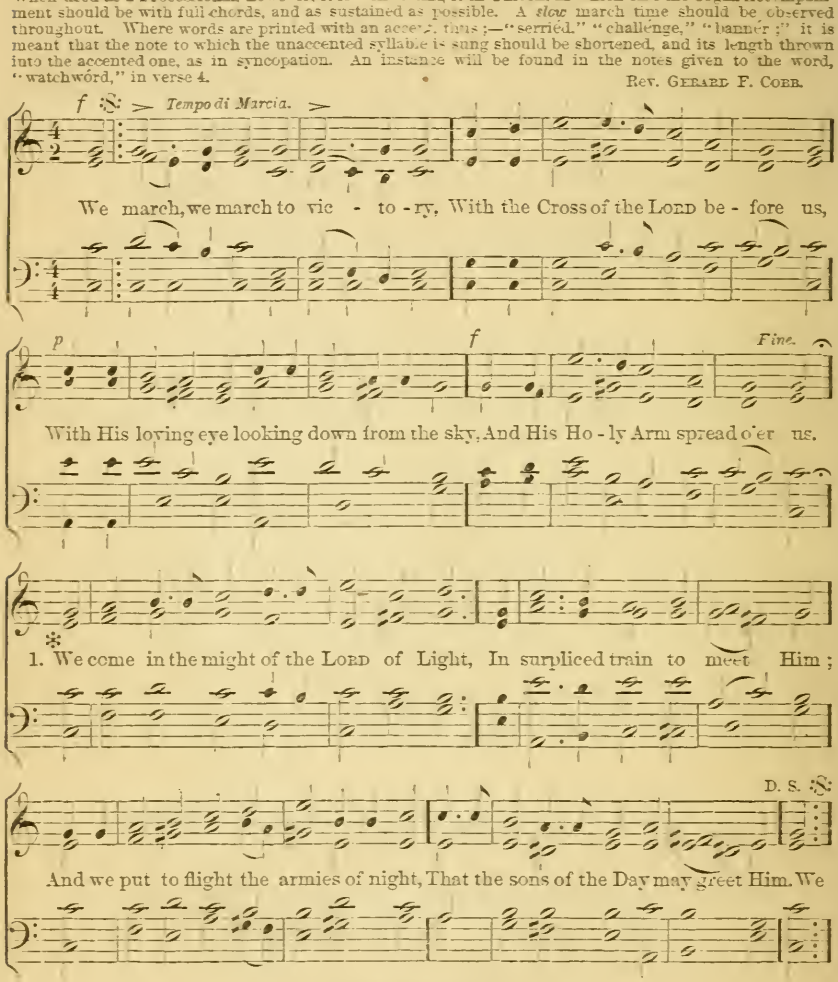


"WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY."

Words by Rev. Gerard Moultrie.

Note.—The following Tune is here given in Short Score for those who wish to sing it in harmony. When used as a Processional, however, it is well to sing it in Unison, in which case the Organ Accompaniment should be with full chords, and as sustained as possible. A *slow* march time should be observed throughout. Where words are printed with an accent, thus ;—"serried," "challenge," "banner ;" it is meant that the note to which the unaccented syllable is sung should be shortened, and its length thrown into the accented one, as in syncopation. An instance will be found in the notes given to the word, "watchword," in verse 4.

Rev. Gerard F. Cobb.



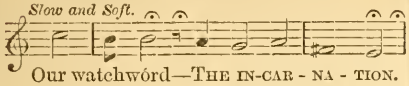
Hymn 209.

2 The bands of the Alien flee away
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the Lord in serried array,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
We march, we march, &c.

3 We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
With the watchword duly given ;
And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell
To fight for the Gates of Heaven:
We march, we march, &c.

* N B.—The Refrain is repeated at the end of each verse. Pause at the conclusion of it, and then proceed with the next verse to the music at ✻.

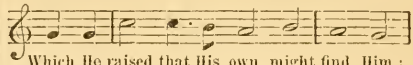
Boys only.
4 Our sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our helmet His salvation ;
Our bannér the Cross of Calvary,
Slow and Soft.



Our watchwórd—The in-car - na - tion.
All. We march, we march, &c.

5 We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil :
For our Captáin Himself guards well our coasts,
To defend His Church from evil :
We march, we march, &c.

Boys only.
6 He marches in front of His bannér unfurl'd,

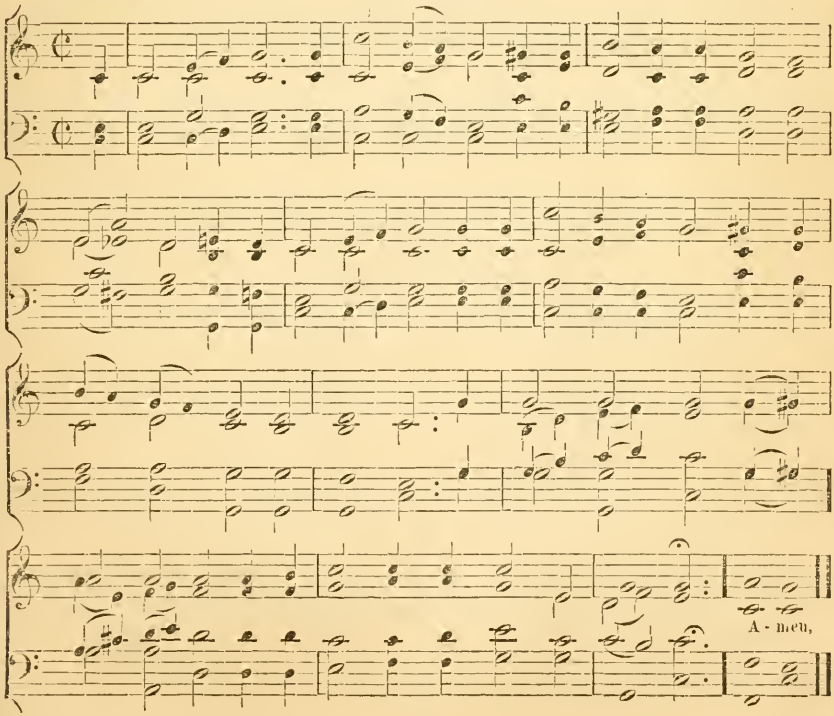


Which He raised that His own might find Him ;
Men only.
And the Holy Church thoughout all the world
Fall into rank behind Him.
All. We march, we march, &c.

Boys only.
7 And the choir of Angels with songs awaits
Our march to the golden Sion ;
Men only.
For our Captáin has broken the brazen gates
All (Full organ and ritardo).
And burst the bars of iron :
We march, we march, &c.

8 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the bannér of Christ before us,
Soft.
With his eye of love looking down from above,
Slow and soft.
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
A tempo. ff We march, we march, &c.

HYMN 209. Second Tune. *(Words on opposite page.)* Rev. E. Husband.



"BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER." *From* HAYDN, *arranged by* Rev. J. B. DYKES.

f

Chorus.

A-men.

Hymn 210.

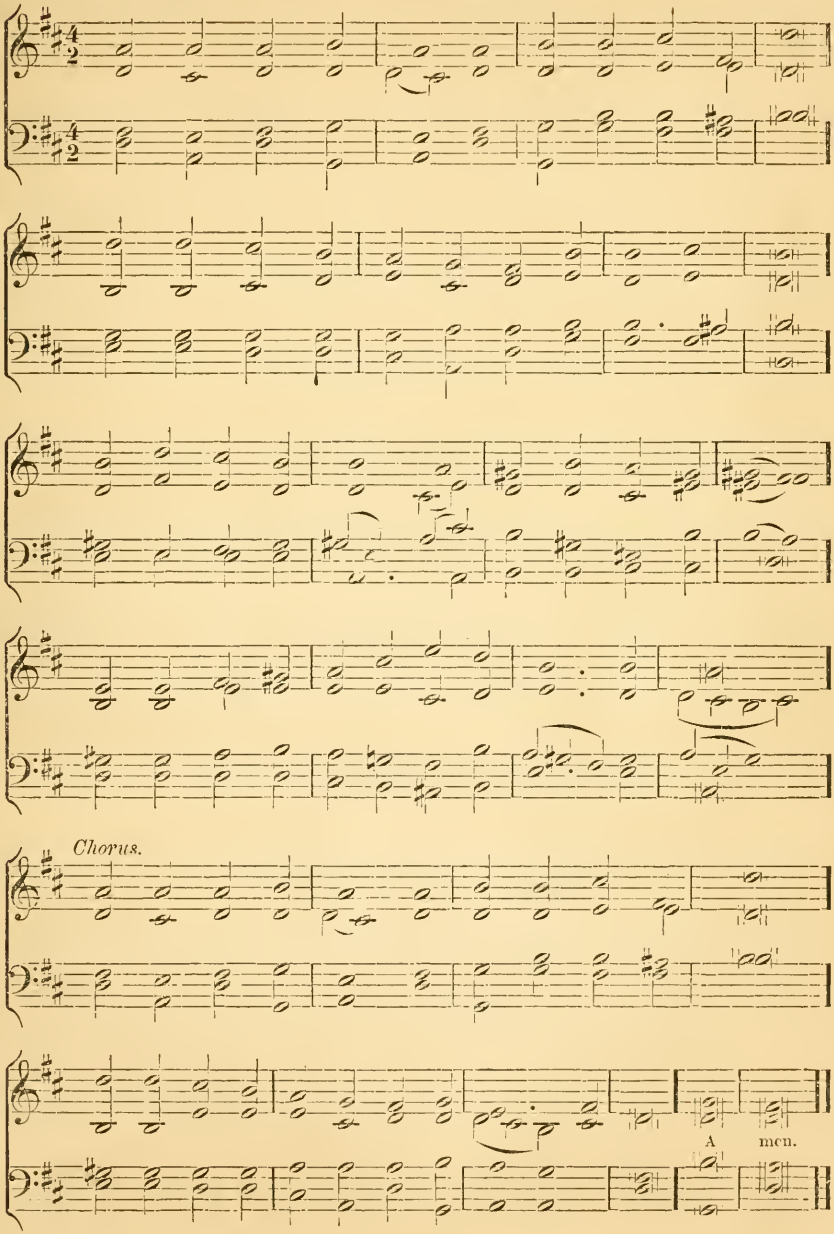
1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And, with hearts united,
Take our heav'nward way.
Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

2 Hail! sweet JESUS, Master,
Round Thy Sacred Feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas! we've left Thee
Straying far away,
Now once more we'll enter
On the narrow way.
Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

3 All our days direct us,—
Make us meek and mild,
By Thy Childhood's Pattern,—
Mary's Holy Child.
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou—protect us
At death's solemn hour.
Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

4 JESU! Saints and Angels
With Thy Church combine,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy glorious shrine:
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
JESUS in His beauty,—
Songs that never cease.
Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high. Amen.

ST. MARGARET'S. SECOND TUNE. (*Words on opposite page.*) J. BARNBY.



"CAROL, CAROL, CHRISTIANS." Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss. (Miss M. Lindsay.)

Ca - rol, ca-rol, Christians, carol joy - ful-ly, Ca-rol for the com-ing of

Christ's nati - vi - ty, And pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men.

p *f*

Carol, carol, Christians, 'till Christmas comes again, Carol, carol, ca - rol, ca - rol!

Hymn 211.

2 Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow;
Gather them for JESUS,
Wreathe them for His shrine;
Make His temple glorious
With the box and pine.
Carol, carol, carol.

3 Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might,
Deeds and dreams of darkness
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly
As Thyself with men;
So to rise in glory,
When Thou com'st again.
Carol, carol, carol.

"SIMPLE CAROLLERS ARE WE." J. B. BOUCHER.

Cheerfully.

1. Sim - ple Ca - rol - lers are we, Bre - thren in com-mu - nion;
JE - SUS CHRIST'S Na - ti - vi - ty Is our bond of u - nion.
Wine or was - sail heed we not, Pre - cious gift or guer - don;
Him we sing Who, with - out blot, Bore our sins' deep bur - den.

Hymn 212.

2 Though the star o'er Bethlehem's plain,
Sages watch no longer;
While the swift years wax and wane,
Christian love grows stronger;
Over every land and sea
Speeds the Gospel story;
This is CHRIST'S Nativity,
Give Him praise and glory.

"WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN." ARTHUR H. BROWN.

PRELUDE.

1. When CHRIST was born of Ma - ry free, In Beth - le - hem that fair ci - tie,

p

An-gels sang there with mirth and glee, "*In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a.*"

CHORUS. *ff*

In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri - a, In ex-cel-sis Glo-ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a,

In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a.

Verse 2

Herdsmen beheld,&c. Then,dear Lord,&c.

Verse 4.

Hymn 213.

2 Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said GOD's Son is born to-night,
"*In excelsis Gloria.*"

3 The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truth we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"*In excelsis Gloria.*"

4 Then, dear LORD, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"*In excelsis Gloria.*"

"COME YE LOFTY, COME YE LOWLY." G. J. ELVEY, MUS. DOC.

Cheerfully.

1. Come ye lof - ty, come ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad - ness ring;

In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man-ger rests the King;

See in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing CHRIST by highest Heaven a - dored:

Come, your cir - cle round Him closing, Pi - ous hearts that love the LORD.

Hymn 214.

2 Come ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the child your hearts adore:
He, the LORD of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them!
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the Shepherds, GOD has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3 Come ye children blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

4 High above a Star is shining,
And the Wisemen haste from far:
Come glad hearts, and spirits pining:
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come ye people, come ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5 Hark the Heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the LORD to man is born!
Are not all our hearts too singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn:
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

"GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE." *Old German.*

1. Good Christian men re-joice With heart and soul and voice, Give ye heed to

fz fz

what we say; news! news! JESUS CHRIST is born to day: Ox and ass before Him bow, And

ff

He is in the manger now, CHRIST is born to-day! CHRIST is born to- day!

Hymn 215.

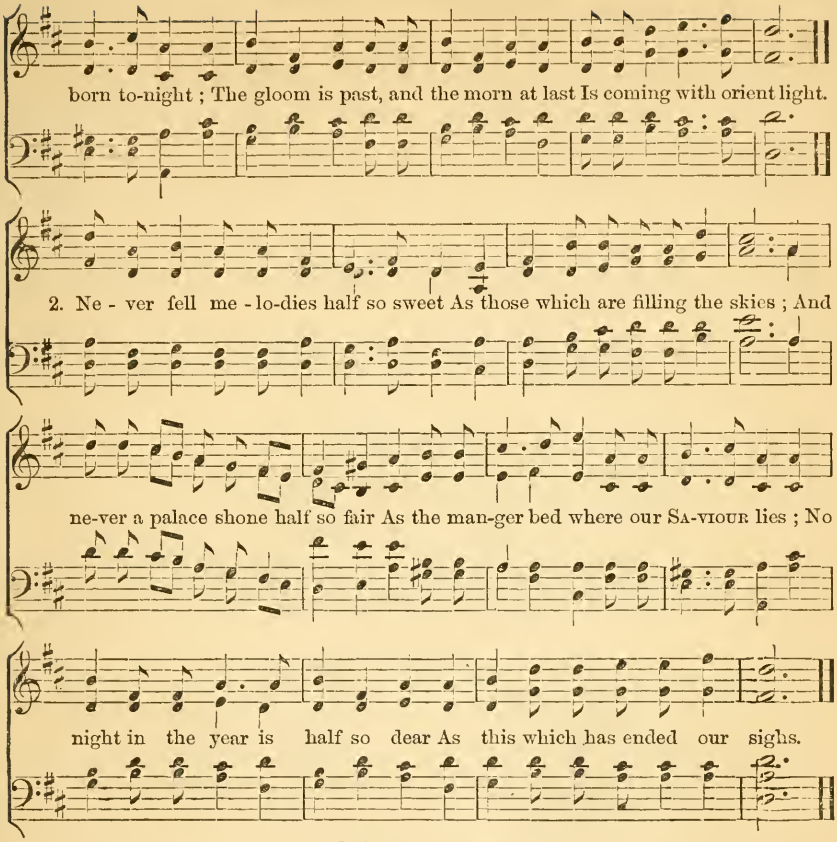
2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
JESUS CHRIST was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
CHRIST was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave;
Peace! Peace!
JESUS CHRIST was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save.

THE MANGER THRONE. C. STEGGALL, MUS. DOC.

1. Like sil - ver lamps in a distant shrine, The stars are sparkling bright; The

bells of the ci - ty of GOD ring out, For the SON of Ma - ry was



Hymn 216.

3 Now a new Power has come on the earth
  A match for the armies of Hell :
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
  And all the spirits of wickedness quell :
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
  Whom the prophets of God foretell.

4 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
  They gleamed on this wonderful night :
The bells of the city of God peal out,
  And the Angels' song still ring in the height ;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
  Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

5 Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
  The pavement of sapphire is there ;
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world ;
  And Angels of God are crowding the air ;
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
  Are at peace on this night so fair.

"GOOD KING WENCESLAS." *From* HELMORE'S *Carols.*

1. Good King Wenceslas look'd out, On the Feast of Stephen; When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp, and e - ven: Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cruel, When a poor man come in sight, Gath'ring winter fu - el.

Hymn 217.

2 "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3 "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
"Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear then thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went to-gether:
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

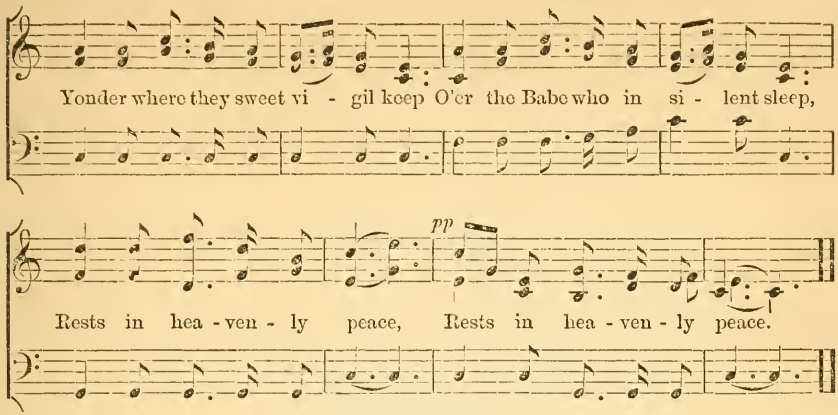
4 "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart I know not how;
I can go no longer.'
"Mark my footsteps, good my page:
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5 In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

"HOLY NIGHT!" (*Words on opposite page.*)

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark, save the light,

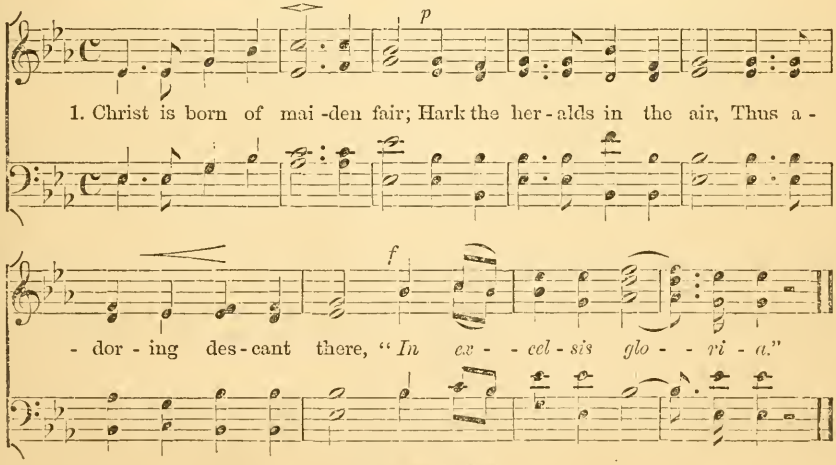


Hymn 218.

2 Holy night! peaceful night!
Only for shepherd's sight,
Came blest visions of angel throngs,
With their loud Hallelujah songs,
Saying, JESUS is come,
Saying, JESUS is come.

3 Holy night! peaceful night!
Child of Heav'n! O! how bright [born;
Thou didst smile on us when thou wast
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy,
Full of heavenly joy.

"CHRIST IS BORN OF MAIDEN FAIR." DR. GAUNTLETT.

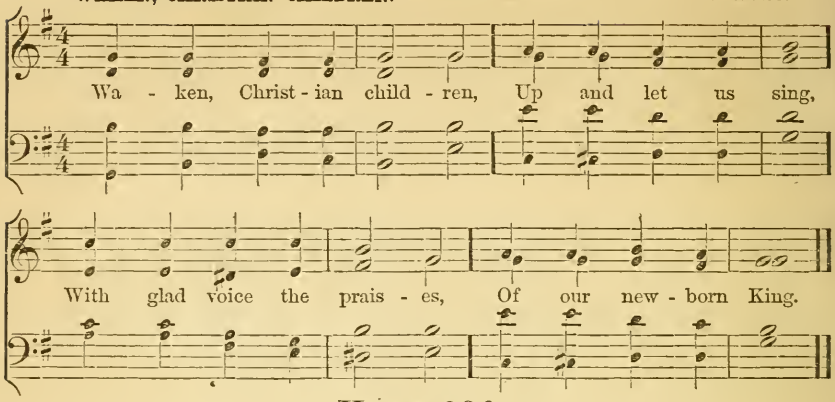


Hymn 219.

2 Shepherds saw those angels bright,
Carolling in glorious light;
"GOD, His Son is born to-night,
In excelsis gloria."

2 CHRIST is come to save mankind,
As in holy page we find,
Therefore this song bear in mind,
"*In excelsis gloria.*"

"WAKEN, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN." Rev. S. C. Hamerton.



Hymn 220.

2 Up! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

3 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children
"Let them come to Me."

4 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.

5 Far above that stable,
Up in Heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

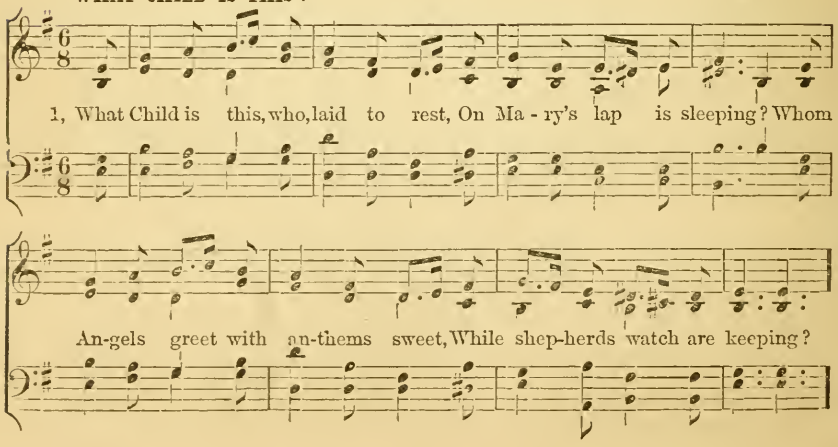
6 Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

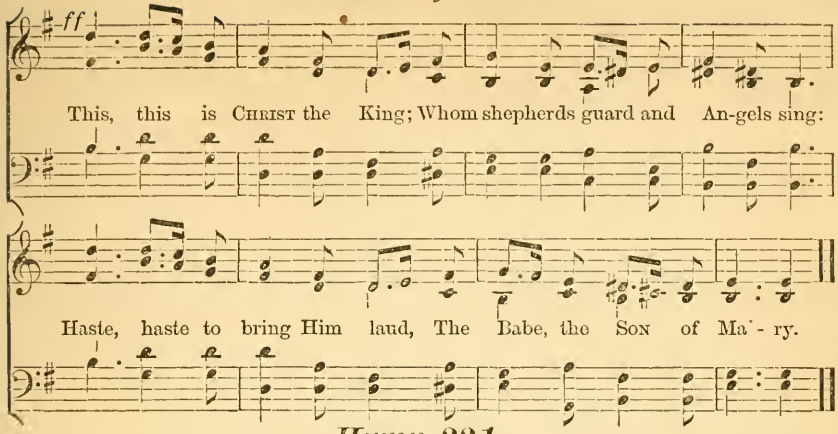
7 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offering costlier still;
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

8 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Infant purity.

9 Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

"WHAT CHILD IS THIS?" Old English.



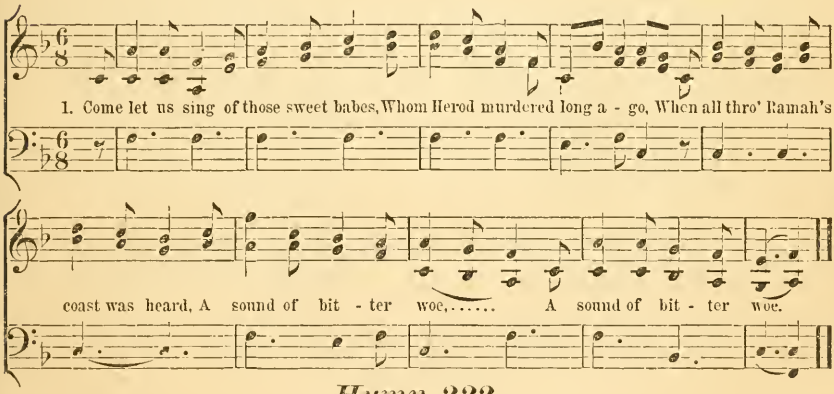


Hymn 221.

2 Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
Hail, hail, the Word made Flesh,
The Babe, the SON of Mary!

2 So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king, to own Him:
The King of kings, salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise, the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, Joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the SON of Mary!

THE HOLY INNOCENTS. MENDELSSOHN.



Hymn 222.

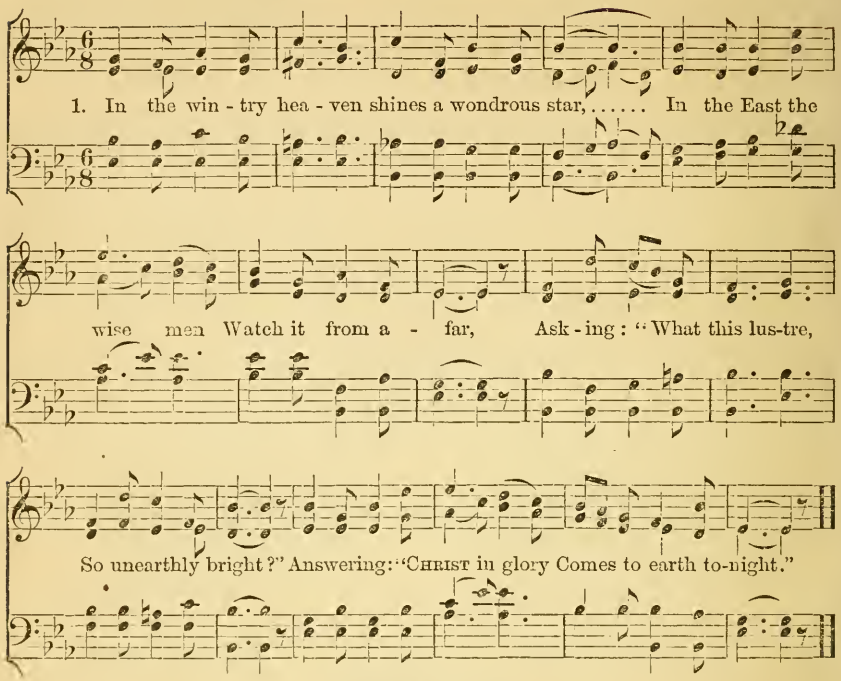
2 They tore them form the cradle bed,
They tore them from their mother's breast;
But since they died for JESU'S sake,
We call those babies blest.

3 They might have grown up wicked men,
That heeded not GOD'S holy word;
They might have joined their cruel cry
Who crucified the LORD.

4 But early called they gave their lives
For Him, who fleeing through the wild,
Yet had a part in all their pangs,
And loved each martyr child.

5 Safe from beneath the murderer's knife
They passed to His eternal rest:
And since they died for JESU'S sake,
We call those babies blest.

THE STAR IN THE EAST. Rev. W. H. Cooke.



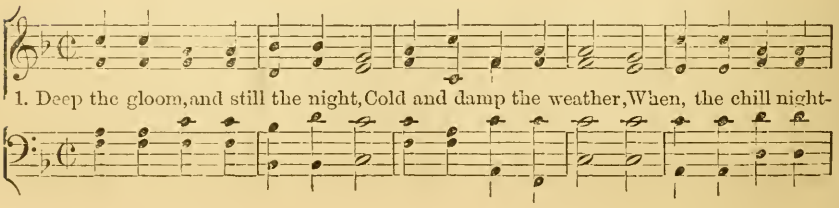
Hymn 223.

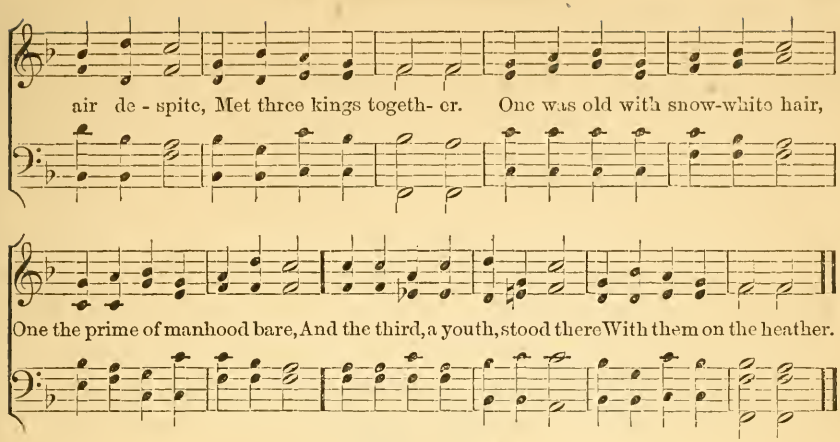
2 O'er the dusty highways,
O'er the deserts drear,
From the East, the wise men
Watch it shining clear;
Asking: "Shall we follow
In this starlit way?"
Answering: "Yes, 'twill lead us
To the perfect day."

3 In a lowly manger
Lies an Infant weak;
Is it He whom wise men
Come so far to seek?
Asking: "Where the Monarch?
Where Judea's King?"
Saying: "Gifts and worship
To His throne we bring."

4 In our hearts, we children
See this star once more—
Not as wise men saw it
In the days of yore—
Asking: "May we bring Him
Childish love to-day?"
Answering: "Come, dear children,
Jesus says we may."

"DEEP THE GLOOM." Rev. G. Pierce Grantham.





Hymn 224.

2 Looking for the promised King,
Who, in Eastern quarters,
Soon should spring to life, to rule
O'er earth's sons and daughters.
Them this eve, while rapt in sleep,
One had roused in accents deep,
"Haste ye ; watch ye ; vigil keep
By Euphrates' waters !"

3 Up they spring, and quickly hie,
Each his pathway bending,
Through the chilly mist and gloom,
O'er the earth depending.
How the world in darkness lay,
Till the Day-Star shed Its ray,
Nature thus would fain display ;—
Mystic emblems lending,

4 Then the kings with solemn gaze
Looked on high beholding ;
For the marvel yet to come,
Heav'n their spirits moulding,
When behold, with silent awe,
Suddenly the clouds they saw
Like a darkened veil withdraw,
Wonders more unfolding.

5 In a trice a star shone forth,
O ! so brightly shining !—
Nearer, nearer yet it came,
Still towards earth inclining !
And 'twas shaped—O ! wondrous sight !
Like a child enthroned in light,
Crown'd, though yet, with sceptre bright,
Victor—cross combining ! *

6 Then again the moon her rays
O'er the earth was streaming ;
Cold and darkness fled apace,
Stars with light were beaming.
But yet kneeling 'neath the sky,
Still the Magi gazed on high,
As though rapt in ecstacy,
Or entranced dreaming !

7 Then one cried, "Behold the star
Of which seers have spoken,
Beaming on the land afar,
And of life the token !
Haste we, brothers ! let us speed ;
See, it moves ! It comes to lead
To the Christ, of Judah's seed
Born of line unbroken !"

8 Up they rise, and bend their way,
Toil nor labour sparing,
Over mountain, hill, and plain,
Costly treasures bearing.—
So do ye your offrings make,
Fear no pain for Jesu's sake,
Ever strive heaven's road to take,
For your Lord preparing !

* An allusion to a legend, preserved in an ancient Commentary on S. Matthew, that the star, on its first appearance to the Magi, had the form of a radiant child, bearing a sceptre or cross.

THE ADORATION. *From 'Narrative Hymns.'* MOZART.

1. Saw ye ne - ver in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies,

Up in heav'n the clear stars shining, Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes?

So of old, the wise men watching, Saw a lit - tle stran - ger star,

And they knew the King was giv-en, And they fol-lowed it from far.

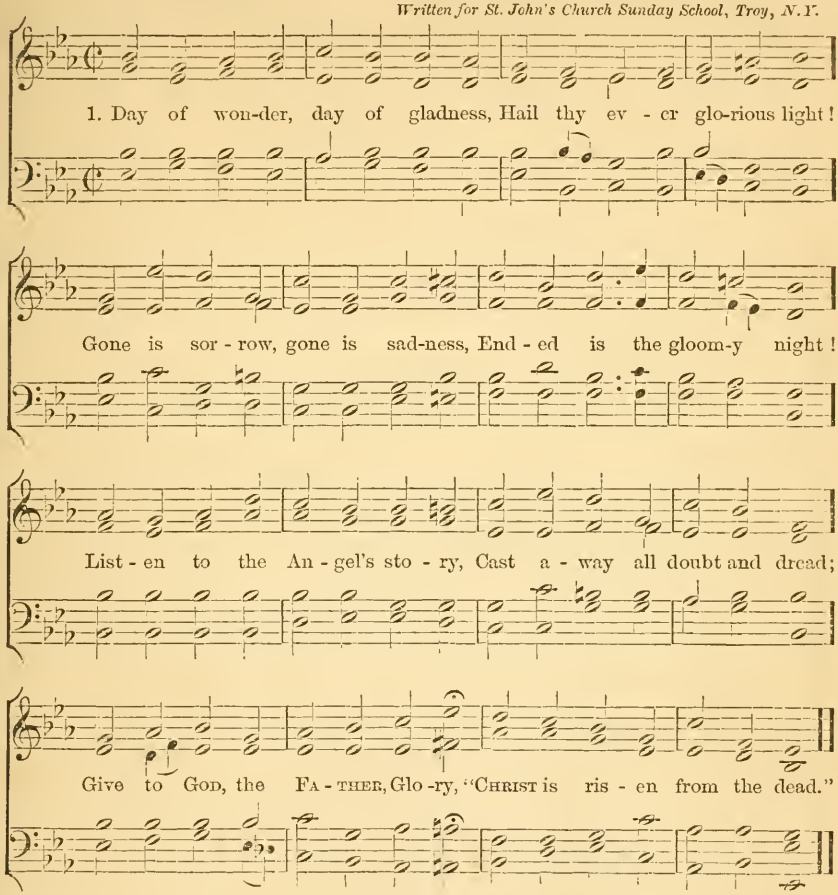
Hymn 225.

2 Heard you never of the story,
How they cross'd the desert wild,
Journey'd on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the Holy Child?
How they open'd all their treasure,
Kneeling to that Infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and morning Star,
He who come to light the Gentiles
And the darkened isle afar?
And we too may seek His cradle,
There our hearts' best treasures bring,
Love, and Faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

"DAY OF WONDER."

Words by B. H. HALL. *Music by* W. W. ROUSSEAU.
Written for St. John's Church Sunday School, Troy, N.Y.



Hymn 226.

2 In the triumph of this hour,
Jubilant shall swell the song,
Unto JESUS honour, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,
Sin and hell are captive led,
E'en the grave is freed from terror.
"CHRIST is risen from the dead!"

3 Every people, every nation
Soon shall hear the gladsome sound,
Joyous tidings of salvation
Borne to Earth's remotest bound.
Then shall rise in tones excelling,
Praise for grace so freely shed,
And the Easter hymn be swelling,
"CHRIST is risen from the dead!"

4 Victor now, to heaven ascended,
Seated on the FATHER's throne,
CHRIST, in whom our nature blended,
Will His blessed children own.
If above, in glory meeting,
We the heavenly courts should tread,
Sweeter then will sound the greeting,
"CHRIST is risen from the dead!"

"PUT ON, PUT ON YOUR BEST ARRAY." *Words and Music by* EDW. GREATOREX.

1. Put on, put on your best ar - ray, your best ar - ray, your best ar - ray

Put on, put on your best ar - ray, your best ar - ray,

Let us make glad Ho - li - day, glad Ho - li - day; Mer - ri - ly the

p

Let us make glad Ho - li - day.

Church bells ring, Cheer - i - ly the An - gels sing, CHRIST the LORD is

ris'n to - day! CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day, This Eas - ter Day.

ff

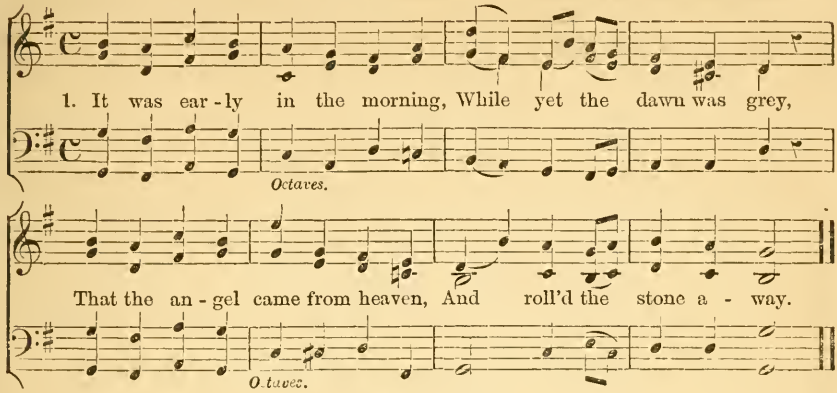
Hymn 227.

2 Sing, sing ye birds on ev'ry tree,
Carol, warblers o'er the lea;
Gone are winter's gloomy days,
Banished by the Sun's bright rays;
CHRIST from death hath set us free!
This Easter Day,

3 Spring, spring, ye flowers of richest dyes,
Lift to Heav'n your dewy eyes;
Spring has come from GOD on high,
We wake to life no more to die,
CHRIST the Risen bids us rise,
This Easter Day.

3 Depart, depart, ye shades of night,
Before our Risen Sun's great Light;
Lift we up our chant of praise
Quickened by His orient rays,
All is glorious, all is bright,
This Easter day.

"IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING." *From 'Narrative Hymns.'* H. BENNETT.



Hymn 228.

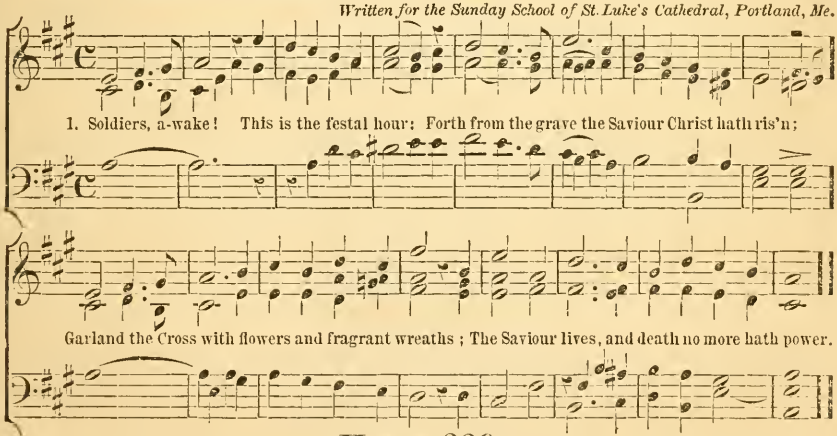
2 It was early in the morning
That from His short repose,
Ere the women brought their spices
The LORD of life arose.

3 Then the glorious work was finished,
On Calvary begun,
Then for us the foe was conquered,
The victory was won.

4 And death cannot hold a Christian,
He sleeps, but he shall awake,
Since our LORD in death's dark prison
Lay three days for his sake.

5 Since He burst the prison dreary
And laid His grave clothes by;
For because our LORD is risen
His children cannot die.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S EASTER HYMN. WM. H. WALTER, MUS. DOC.
Written for the Sunday School of St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, Me.



Hymn 229.

2 Soldiers, arouse! Banish all Lenten gloom;
Let sacred joy this Easter morn attend;
JESUS hath burst the mighty bands of death,
And holy angels guard the riven tomb.

3 Soldiers, to prayer! Kneel first this blessed day
To Him, the LORD of Hosts, the King of kings;
See on your banner His redeeming cross,
And there your motto, "Ever watch and pray."

4 Soldiers, to arms! Forth to life's battle field,
The SPIRIT's sword your only trust shall be,
While on your brow salvation's helmet rests,
And Christian faith protects you as a shield.

5 Soldiers, salute, with Heaven's triumphant host,
JESUS, the Prince of Peace, the Conqueror!
Yield Him the homage due Almighty GOD;
Worship the FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

"LET THE SONG BE BEGUN." *Words by* Rev. J. C. Middleton. Geo. W. Warren.

1. Let the song be be - gun, For the bat - tle is done,
And the vic - to - ry won, And the foe is scat - tered,
And the pris - on shat - tered; Sing of joy, joy, joy, And to - day
Raise the lay, Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis. A - - - men.

Hymn 230.

2 Sing your Carols to-day,
And your gladsomest lay
To the Paraclete pay—
Now to mortals given;
Now sent down from heaven:
Sing of joy, joy, joy
And to-day, raise the lay,
Te Deum Laudamus, Dominum.

3 Death and hell overcome,
Easter morn, from the tomb
Jesus chased all the gloom,—
Ope'd the prison portals—
Freedom brought to mortals
Sing of life, life, life,
And the strain, raise again,
Te Deum Laudamus, Dominum.

MORNING.

[*All standing up the Minister or Superintendent shall say.*]

IN the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

[*All kneeling.*]

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Versicle.—O LORD, open Thou our lips.
Response.—And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

V.—O GOD, make speed to save us.
R.—O LORD, *make haste to help us.*

[*All standing up.*]

GLORY be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

V.—This is the day which the LORD hath made.
R.—Let us rejoice and be glad in it.

HYMN, OR PSALM.

SHORT LESSON FROM THE BIBLE.

[*All standing up.*]

I BELIEVE in GOD the FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in JESUS CHRIST his only SON our LORD; Who was conceived by the HOLY GHOST, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell, The third day he rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of GOD the FATHER Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; The holy Catholic Church, The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

V.—All thy children shall be taught of Thee.
R.—And great shall be the peace of thy children.

V.—Like as a father pitieth his own children.
R.—Even so is the LORD *merciful unto them that fear Him.*

V.—Glory be to Thee, O LORD, Who on this day didst rise from the dead.
R.—That we might rise at the last day, and live for ever.

V.—Glory be to Thee, O LORD, Who as on this day didst send down upon Thy faithful people the light of Thy HOLY SPIRIT.
R.—May that SPIRIT *help us at all times to love, obey, and please Thee.*

V.—The LORD be with you.
R.—And with thy spirit.

Let us pray. [*All kneeling.*]

BLESSED be Thou, O LORD, for giving us this holy Day of rest, for appointing one day in seven to be Thine own—to be spent in learning our Christian duty, in hearing Thy blessed Word, and in worshipping Thee in Thy holy Church. Help us, O LORD, to turn away our thoughts from pleasure, folly, and worldly cares, and teach us to join in Thy service with delight; and to be serious and attentive — and may Thy HOLY SPIRIT be with us this day in our goings out and comings in, for JESUS CHRIST's sake. *Amen.*

O GOD, Who didst reveal Thyself to Thy Prophet Samuel while he was yet a child; grant unto us, Thy children, the knowledge of Thy Will, that we may ever walk in Thy commandments, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

THE grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD, and the fellowship of the HOLY GHOST, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

BEFORE GOING TO CHURCH.

[*All standing up.*]

Antiphon.—O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving.

PSALM 122.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the LORD.

2 Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity in itself.

4 For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the LORD, to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the LORD.

5 For there is the seat of judgment, even the seat of the house of David.

6 O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will wish thee prosperity.

9 Yea, because of the house of the LORD our GOD, I will seek to do thee good.

GLORY be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Antiphon.—O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

V.—Hear the voice of my humble petitions when I cry unto Thee.
R.—*When I lift up my hands towards the mercy-seat of Thy holy temple.*

Let us pray.

O LORD, we beseech Thee, to keep our feet when we go into Thy house, that we may be ready to hear and to offer the sacrifice of praise. Guard us from all wandering thoughts and unseemly actions, and make our service acceptable unto Thee, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

Benediction.—The Only-Begotten SON of GOD, vouchsafe to bless and succour us. *Amen.*

EVENING.

[*All standing up the Minister or Superintendent shall say*]

IN the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

[*All kneeling.*]

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Versicle.—O LORD, open Thou our lips.

Response.—And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

V.—O GOD make speed to save us.

R.—O LORD *make haste to help us.*

[*All standing up.*]

GLORY be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

HYMN, OR PSALM.

V.—Abide with us, for it is towards evening.

R.—And the day is far spent.

I BELIEVE in GOD the FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in JESUS CHRIST his only SON our LORD; Who was conceived by the HOLY GHOST, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell, The third day he rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of GOD the FATHER Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; The holy Catholic Church, The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

V.—Let our prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense.

R.—And let the lifting up of our hands be an evening sacrifice.

V.—The LORD be with you.

R.—And with thy spirit.

Let us pray. [*All kneeling.*]

O GOD of Abraham, GOD of Isaac, GOD of Jacob; bless these Thy children, and sow the seed of eternal life in their hearts; that whatsoever in Thy holy Word they shall profitably learn, they may in deed fulfil the same. Look, O LORD, mercifully upon them from heaven, and bless them, that they, observing Thy will, and alway being in safety under Thy protection, may abide in Thy love unto their lives' end — through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who didst sit lowly in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; grant unto us, Thy servants, both aptness to teach, and willingness to learn Thy blessed will, Who livest and reignest with the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST, One GOD, world without end. *Amen.*

THE grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD, and the fellowship of the HOLY GHOST be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

BEFORE GOING TO CHURCH.

HYMN.

Antiphon.—Glory and worship are before Him.

PSALM 134.

BEHOLD now, praise the LORD, all ye servants of the LORD;

2 Ye that by night stand in the house of the LORD, even in the courts of the house of our GOD.

3 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and praise the LORD.

4 The LORD, that made heaven and earth, give thee blessing out of Sion.

Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Antiphon.—Glory and worship are before Him, power and honour are in His sanctuary.

V.—My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the LORD.

R.—*My heart and my flesh rejoice in the living* GOD.

Let us pray.

GLORY be to Thee, O LORD JESUS, Who at the age of twelve years didst go up to Jerusalem with Thy parents, after the custom of the feast, to eat the passover, and to worship Thy Heavenly Father, O Blessed SAVIOUR, give us grace, like Thee, to make religion our chiefest care, and devoutly to observe solemn times, and all holy rites which relate to Thy worship.

Hosanna to the SON *of David; Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the* LORD, *Hosanna in the highest. Amen.*

ALMIGHTY FATHER, Who hast promised that they who seek early Thy heavenly wisdom shall early find it more precious than all the treasures of this world, send down on these children the grace and blessing of Thy HOLY SPIRIT; that they being trained up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD, may choose and love Thy way, and depart from it no more for ever; and that when Thou makest up Thy jewels in Thy glorious kingdom, these children may be there; all which we ask for the sake of Thy Holy Child JESUS, our only SAVIOUR and REDEEMER. *Amen.*

THE LORD bless us, and keep us. The LORD make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. The LORD lift up His countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

ADDITIONAL COLLECTS AND PRAYERS.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting GOD, by whose SPIRIT the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified; receive our supplications and prayers, which we offer before Thee for all estates of men in Thy holy Church, that every member of the same, in his vocation and ministry, may truly and godly serve Thee; through our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, the giver of all good gifts, who of Thy divine providence hast appointed divers Orders in thy Church; Give Thy grace, we humbly beseech Thee, to all those who are to be called to any office and administration in the same; especially the Bishop of this diocese and the minister [*or ministers*] of this parish, and so replenish them with the truth of Thy doctrine, and endue them with innocency of life, that they may faithfully serve Thee, to the glory of Thy great Name, and the benefit of Thy Church; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*

BLESSED LORD, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of Thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and madest infants to glorify Thee by their deaths; Mortify and kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by Thy grace, that by the innocency of our lives, and constancy of our faith even unto death, we may glorify Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD Jesus, our merciful Redeemer, who didst call children to Thee, and didst take them in Thy arms and bless them; give Thy blessing to us also, we beseech Thee, this day and through the whole course of our lives. Grant that we may ever love Thee above all things, and with our whole hearts; and that we may earnestly seek after that happiness for which we were created. Bless our dear parents, relations, teachers, pastors, and benefactors, preserve them from all evil, and direct them to all good; and grant that we may meet in Thy eternal kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY God, preserve Thy Church amidst all dangers; purge it from all corruptions, and heal its divisions, so that Christians may unite and love one another as the disciples of Christ. Grant that all Bishops and Pastors may be careful to observe the sacred rights committed to their trust. Bless all the missions of Thy Church; and have mercy upon all the heathen, Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be made one fold, under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

DIRECT us, O Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy Name, and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

ALMIGHTY God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking: We beseech Thee to have compassion upon our infirmities; and those things, which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

GRANT, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may, through Thy grace, be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living, to the honour and praise of Thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Prayer to be said in Church (*before Service*).

O LORD Jesus Christ, Shepherd of the lambs, help me so to hear and pray in Thy house this day, that at last I may join with holy children in singing praise to Thee for ever. Amen.

[*Or*,]

O LORD, I humbly beg Thy Holy Spirit to help my infirmities at this time, and to dispose my heart to devotion, that my prayers and praises may be acceptable in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen.

[*After Service.*]

I THANK Thee, Heavenly Father, for letting me come to Thy house. Bless me, and keep me a good child, for my Saviour's sake. Amen.

[*Or*,]

GLORY be to Thee, O Lord God Almighty; Who hast permitted me to appear before Thee this day, and to worship in Thy courts.

Lord, pardon all my failings in Thy service at this time, my wandering thoughts, and the coldness of my prayers, and for the sake of my blessed Saviour have mercy upon me. Amen.

Adapted partly from TALLIS' Responses, arranged by BARNBY, and from Rev. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS' Arrangement of the Russian Litany.

Minister or Superintendent. *Response.*

In the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. A - men.

All kneeling. *R.* *Versicle.*

Our FATHER, who art in heaven. A - men. O LORD o - pen Thou our lips.

R. *V.*

And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise. O, GOD make speed to save us.

R. *V.*

O LORD make haste to help us. { Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST;

R.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

IN THE MORNING.

V. *R.*

This is the day which the LORD hath made. Let us re- joice and be glad in it.

FOR THE EVENING.

V.

Let our prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the in - cense.

And let the lift - ing up of our hands be an eve - ning sac - ri - fice.

HYMN, OR PSALM.

SHORT LESSON FROM THE BIBLE.—THE CREED.

I believe in God. A - men. All Thy children shall be taught of Thee.

R.

And great shall be the peace of thy chil - dren.

V.

Like as a father pitieth his own chil - dren.

R.

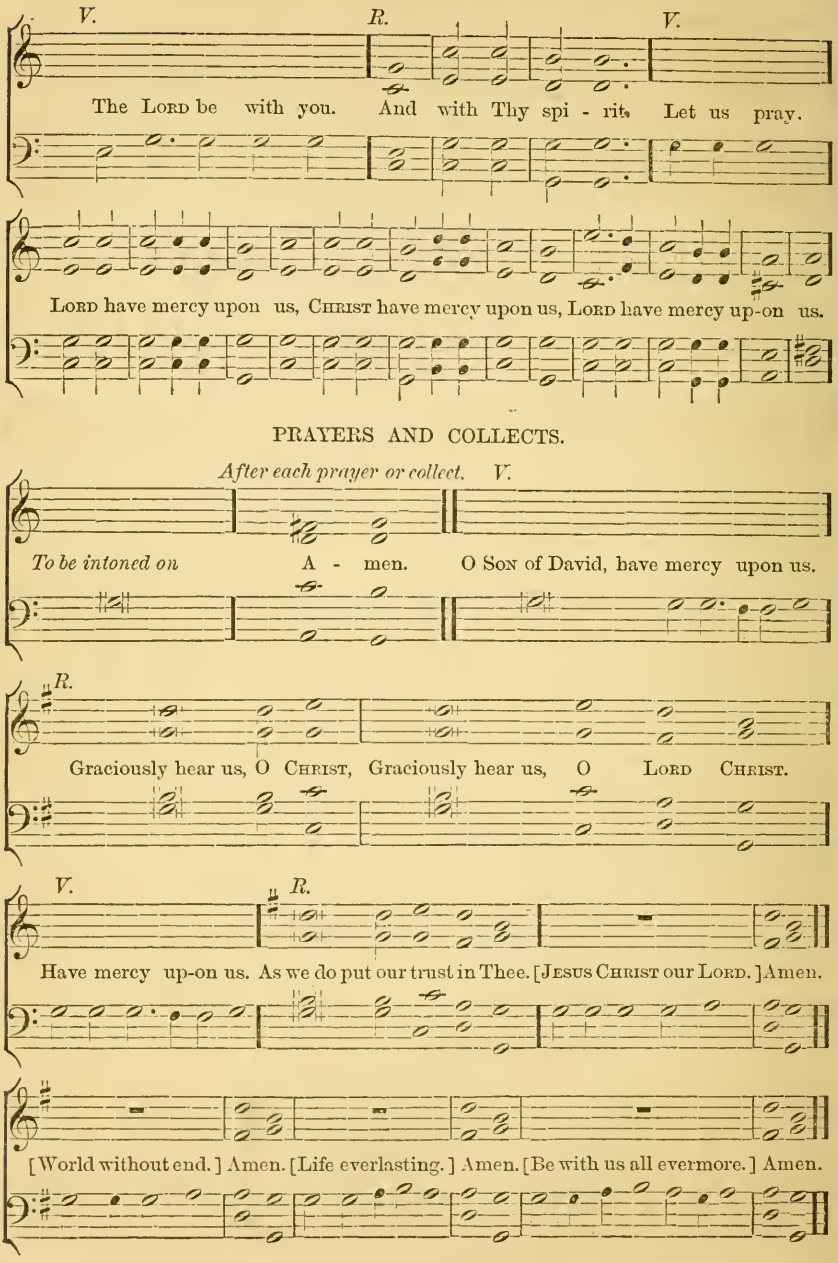
Even so is the Lord mer - ci - ful un - to them that fear Him.

V.

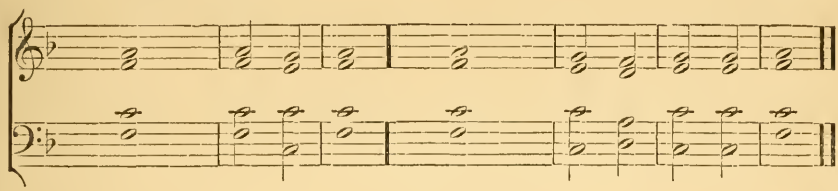
Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Who on this day didst rise from the dead.

R.

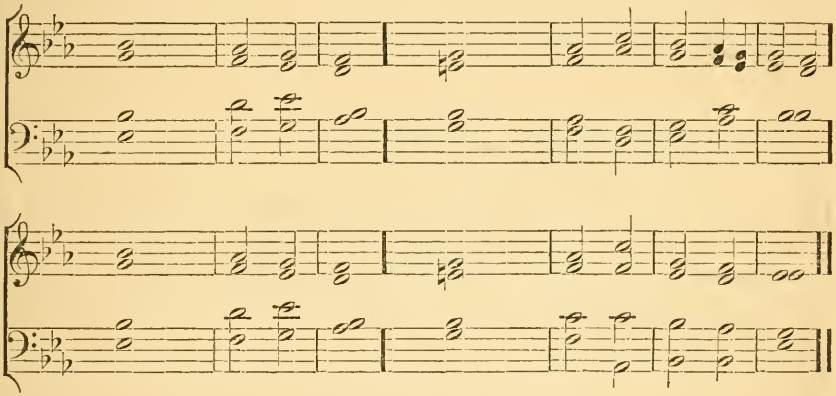
That we might rise at the last day and live for - - ev - er.


V.
R.
V.
The Lord be with you. And with Thy spi - rit. Let us pray.
Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us, Lord have mercy up-on us.
PRAYERS AND COLLECTS.
After each prayer or collect.
V.
To be intoned on
A - men. O Son of David, have mercy upon us.
R.
Graciously hear us, O Christ, Graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.
V.
R.
Have mercy up-on us. As we do put our trust in Thee. [Jesus Christ our Lord.] Amen.
[World without end.] Amen. [Life everlasting.] Amen. [Be with us all evermore.] Amen.

No. 1. SINGLE CHANT. TALLIS.



No. 2. DOUBLE CHANT. DR. WORGAN.



Venite, exultemus Domino.

O COME, let us sing un | to the | LORD : || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

Let us come before his presence | with thanks | giving : || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

For the LORD is a | great— | GOD : || and a great | King a | bove all | gods.

In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth ; || and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

The sea is his, | and he | made it : || and his hands pre | pared the | dry— | land.

O come, let us worship, | and fall | down : || and kneel be | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

For he is the | LORD our | GOD: || and we are the people of his pasture, | and the | sheep of his | hand.

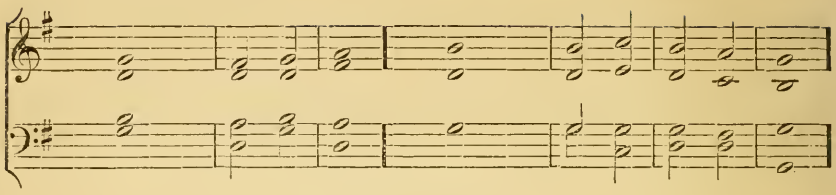
O worship the LORD in the beauty of | ho-li- | ness : || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth : || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

GLORY be to the FATHER, | and to the | SON : || and | to the | HOLY | GHOST.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-·-er | shall be : || world | without | end. A- | men.

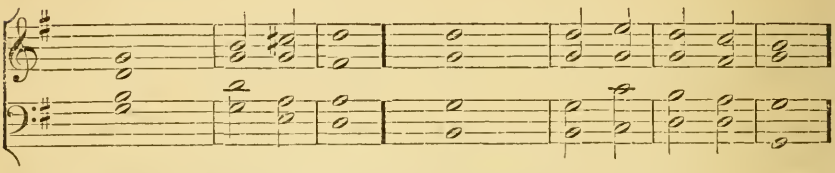
No. 3. TRIPLE CHANT.



Gloria in Excelsis.

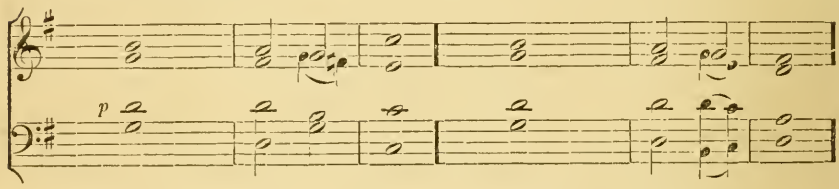
1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord God, | Heavenly | King || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty !

4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ,|| O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son— | of the | Father.

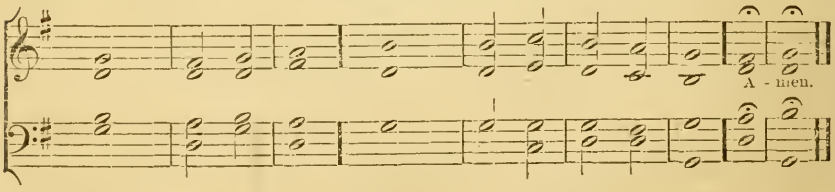


5 That takest away the | sins..of the | world, || have mercy up- | on— | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, || have mercy up- | on— | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.

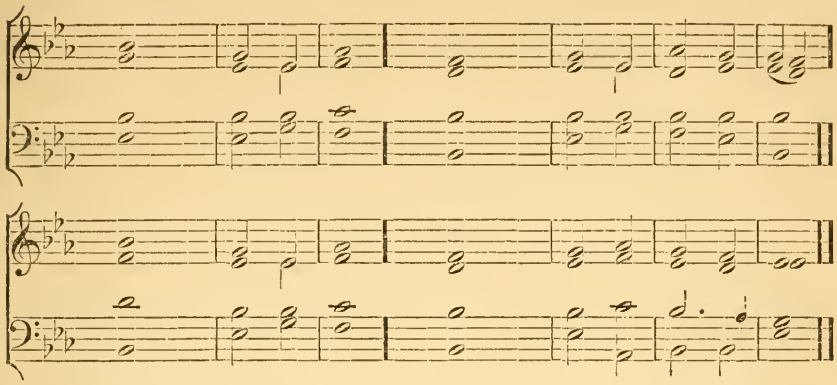
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father,|| have mercy up- | on— | us.



9 For Thou only | art— | holy, || Thou | only | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. || A— | men.

No. 4. DOUBLE. GIBBONS.



Te Deum Laudamus.

WE praise | Thee, O | God ; || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
All the earth doth | worship | Thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.

To Thee all Angels | cry a | loud ; || the Heavens, and | all the | Powers there | in.

To Thee Cherubim, and | Seraph- | im || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord | God of | Sabaoth ; || Heaven and earth are full of the | majes-
ty | of thy | glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles | praise— | Thee. || The goodly fellowship of the |
Prophets | praise— | Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs | praise— | Thee. || The holy Church throughout all the
world | doth ac- | knowledge | Thee ;

The | Fa— | ther || of an | infinite | majes- | ty ;

Thine adorable, true, and | only | Son ; || Also the | Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, | O — | Christ ; || Thou art the everlasting | Son— | of
the | Father.

When thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be |
born— | of a | virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || thou didst open the kingdom
of | heaven to | all be | lievers,

Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to | be our | Judge.|| We therefore pray Thee, help Thy
servants, whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.

Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting.

O Lord, | save Thy | people, || and | bless— | thine— | heritage.

Gov | —ern | them, || and | lift them | up for | ever.

Day by day we | magnify | Thee ; || And we worship Thy name ever, | world with- |
out— | end.

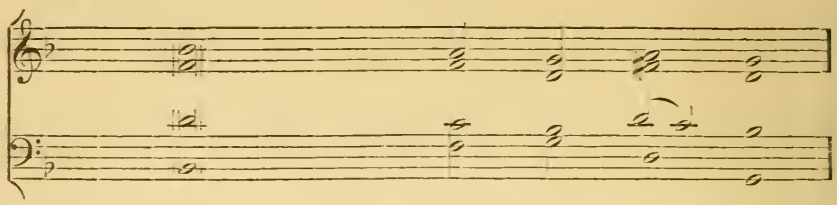
Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with- | out— | sin.

O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us, || have mer— | cy up- | on us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust is | in— | Thee.

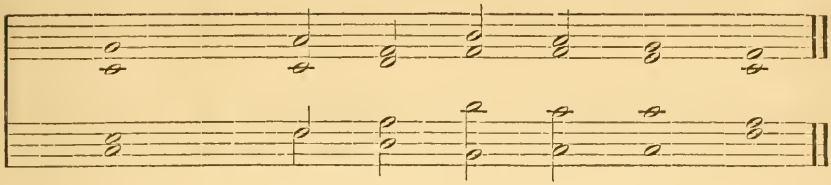
O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted ; || let me | never | be con- | founded.

No. 5.



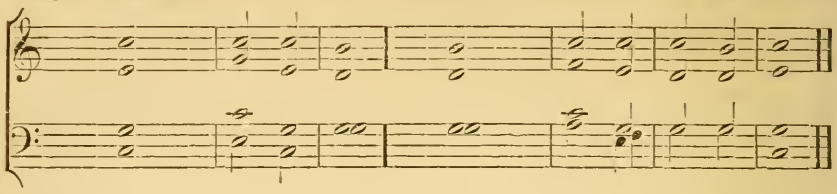
Te Deum laudamus.

F. f	We.....	praise	Thee	O	God:
D. f	All the.....	earth	doth	worship	Thee:
C.	To Thee all.....	An -	gels	cry	aloud:
D.	To Thee Cheru- - - - - - -	bim	and	Sera -	phim:
F. ff	Holy,.....	Ho -	ly,	Ho -	ly:
F. ff	Heaven and earth are full.....	of	the	Ma -	jesty:
D. p	The glorious company.....	of	the A -	pos -	tles:
C. p	The goodly fellowship.....	of	the	Pro -	phets:
D. p	The noble.....	ar -	my of	Mar -	tyrs:
C.	The Holy Church.....	through-	out	all	the world:
D. f	The.....	—	—	Fa -	ther:
C. f	Thine.....	—	a -	dorable,	true:
D. f	Al - - - - - - - - - - - - -	so -	the	Holy	Ghost:
F. ff	Thou art the.....	King	of	Glo -	ry:
D.	Thou art the.....	ev -	er -	last -	ing Son:
C. pp	When thou tookest upon Thee...	to	de -	liver	man:
D.	When Thou hadst overcome the..	sharp -	ness	of	death:
F. f	Thou sittest.....	at the	right	hand	of God:
D. p	We.....	believe	that	Thou	shalt come:
C. p	We therefore pray Thee.....	help	Thy	ser -	vants;
F. f	Make them to be number - - -	ed	with	Thy	saints:
D. f	O Lord,.....	save	Thy	peo -	ple:
C. f	Gov- - - - - - - - - - - -		—	ern	them:
F. ff	Day.....		—	by	day:
D.	And we.....	wor -	ship	Thy	Name:
C. p	Vouch- - - - - - - - - - -	safe,	—	O	Lord:
F. p	O Lord, have.....	mer -	cy up -	on	us:
C. p	O Lord, let Thy mercy.....	be	up -	on	us:
F. f	O Lord, in Thee.....	have	I	trust -	ed:

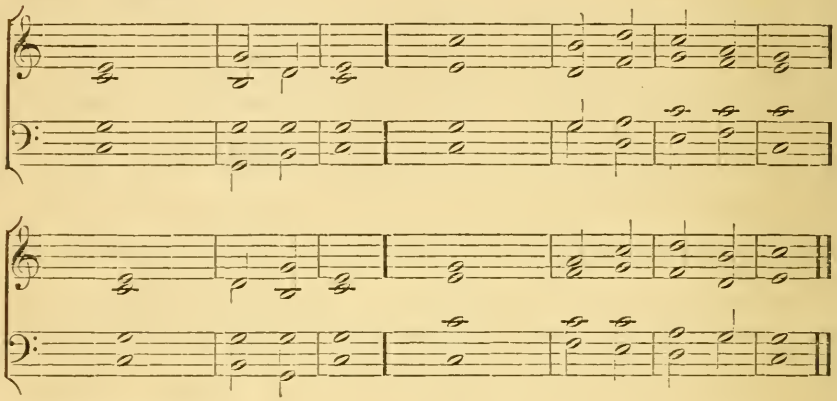


we ac - - - - -	knowl -	edge	Thee	to	be	the LORD.
the.....	FA -	THER	ev -	er -	last -	ing.
the.....	Heavens,	and	all	the	Powers	therein.
con - - - - - -	—	—	tin -	ual -	ly	do cry,
LORD.....	—	—	GOD	of	Saba -	oth.
of.....	—	—	—	Thy	Glo -	ry.
F. ff praise.....	—	—	—	—	—	Thee.
F. ff praise.....	—	—	—	—	—	Thee.
F. ff praise.....	—	—	—	—	—	Thee.
doth	—	—	—	ac -	knowledge	Thee.
of.....	—	an	in	finite	Ma -	jesty.
and.....	—	—	—	—	on -	ly SON.
the.....	—	—	—	—	COM -	FORTER.
O.....	—	—	—	—	—	CHRIST.
of.....	—	—	—	the	FA -	THER.
Thou didst humble Thyself.....	to	be	born	of a	Vir -	gin.
F. ff Thou didst open the Kingdom of.....	heaven	to	all	be -	liev -	ers.
ff in the	Glo -	ry	of	the	FA -	THER.
to.....	—	—	—	—	be	our Judge.
whom Thou hast re-	deem -	ed	with	Thy	pre -	cious blood.
ff in.....	glo -	ry	ev -	er -	last -	ing.
and.....	—	—	bless	Thine	her -	itage.
and.....	lift	them	up	for	ev -	er.
ff we.....	—	—	mag -	ni -	fy	Thee.
ev - - - - - -	—	er,	world	with -	out	end.
to keep.....	us	this	day	with -	out	sin.
have	mer -	—	cy	up -	on	us.
as	our	—	trust	is	in	Thee.
let me.....	nev -	er	be	con -	found -	ed.

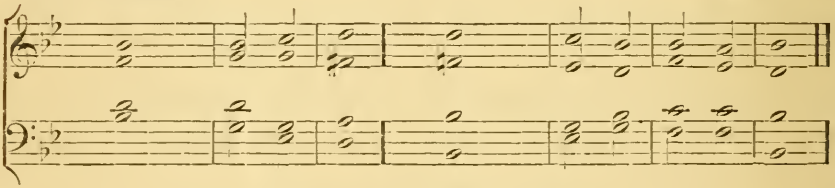
No. 6. SINGLE. P. Humphrey.



No. 7. DOUBLE. W. H. Havergal.



No. 8. SINGLE. Novello.



Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

O ALL ye works of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | Him · for | ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Heavens, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, bless | ye · the Lord ; || praise him, and · magni- fy | him · for | ever.

O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Sun and Moon, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Stars of Heaven, bless | ye · the Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Showers and Dew, bless | ye · the Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Winds of God, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Fire and Heat, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

O ye Winter and Summer, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Dews and Frosts, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Frost and Cold, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Ice and Snow, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Nights and Days, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Light and Darkness, bless | ye · the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, | bless ye the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O let the Earth, | bless · the | Lord; || yea, let it praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

O ye Mountains and Hills, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O all ye Green Things upon the earth, | bless · ye the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

O ye Wells, | bless · ye the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Seas and Floods, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, | bless · ye the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O all ye Fowls of the Air, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

O all ye Beasts and Cattle, | bless · ye the | Lord ; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him for ever.

O ye children of Men, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

O let Israel | bless · the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

O ye Priests of the Lord, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him for | ever.

O ye Servants of the Lord, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

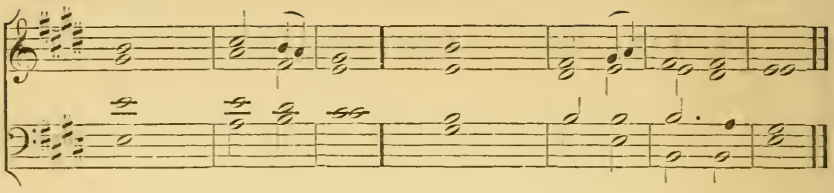
O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart, | bless · ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magni-fy | him · for | ever.

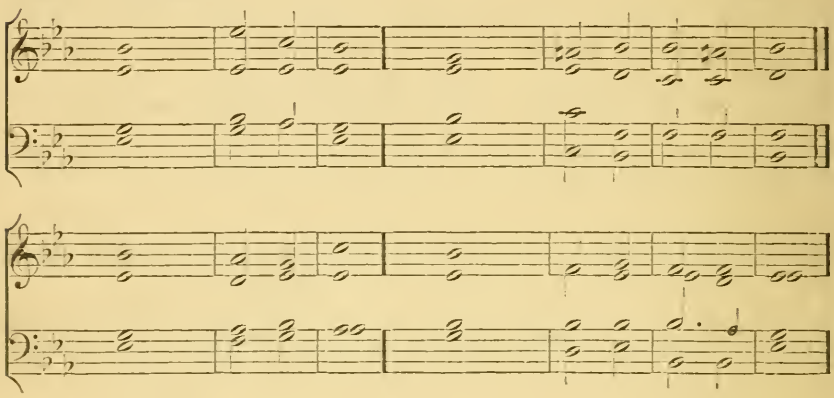
Glory be to the Father, | and · to the Son : || and | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

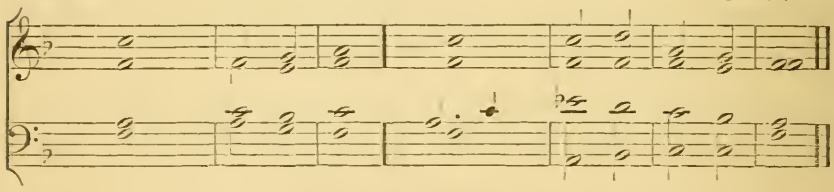
No. 9. SINGLE. W. HAYES.



No. 10. DOUBLE. ROBINSON.



No. 11. FELTON.



Jubilate Deo.—Psalm 100.

1 O BE joyful in the LORD, | all ye | lands : || serve the LORD with gladness, and come before his | pres-ence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the LORD | he is | GOD : || it is he that made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep · of his | pasture.

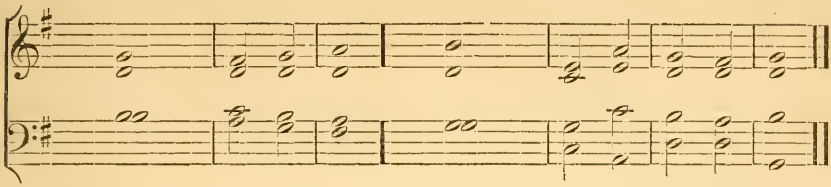
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise: || be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting : || and his truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.

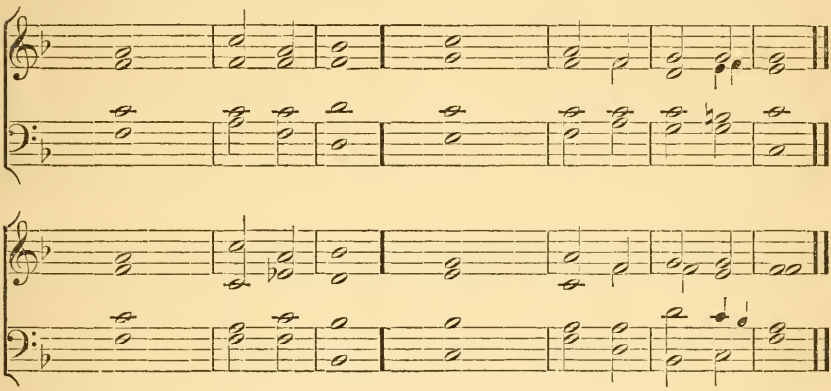
Glory be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to the | HO-LY | GHOST :

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A | men.

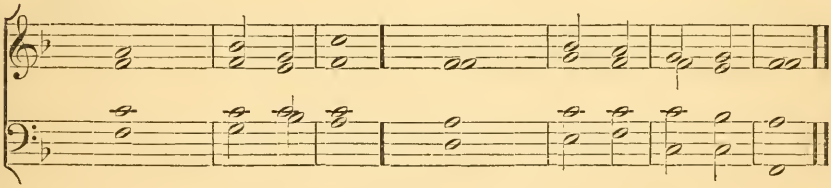
No. 12. SINGLE.



No. 13. DOUBLE. C. CLARKE.



No. 14. SINGLE. FELTON.



Benedictus. St. Luke, i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord God of | Is-ra- | el : || for he hath visited, | and · re- | deemed · his | people ;

And hath raised up a mighty sal- | va-tion | for us : || in the house | of · his | ser-vant | David ;

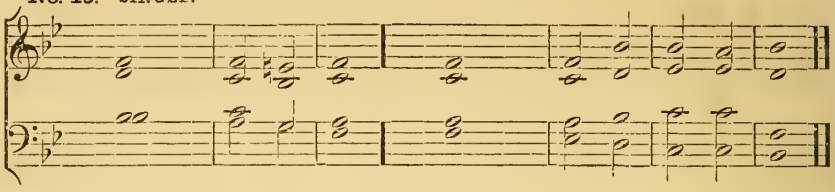
As he spake by the mouth of his | ho-ly | Prophets : || which have been | since · the | world · be- | gan ;

That we should be saved | from · our | enemies : || and from the hand of | all · that | hate— | us.

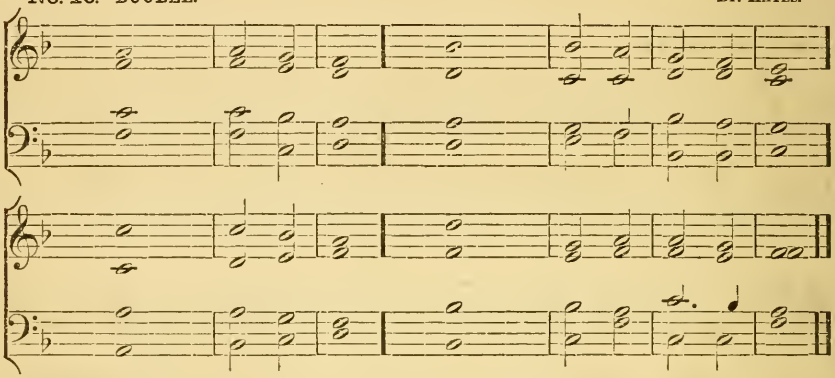
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to · the | HOLY | GHOST ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

No. 15. SINGLE.



No. 16. DOUBLE. Dr. Hayes.



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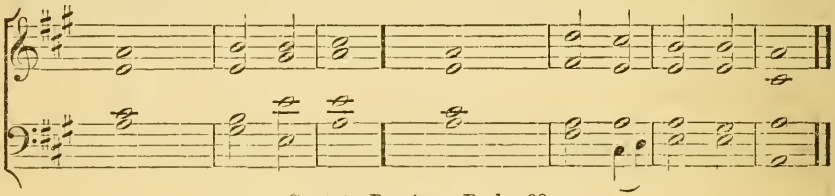


Cantate Domino. Psalm 98.

1 O SING unto the Lord a | new— | song: || for he hath | done—|marvel-lous | things.

2 With his own right hand, and with his | ho-ly | arm: || hath he | gotten·him- | self·the vietory.

3 The Lord declared | his·sal- | vation: || his righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight · of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of | Is-ra- | el : || and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | va-tion | of · our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all·ye | lands: || sing, re | joiee,and | give— | thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up-|on·the|harp: || sing to the harp with a|psalm·of|thanks—|giving.

7 With trumpets | also · and | shawms : || O show yourselves joyful be | fore·the | Lord, the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | there-in | is : || the round world, and | they · that | dwell · there- | in.

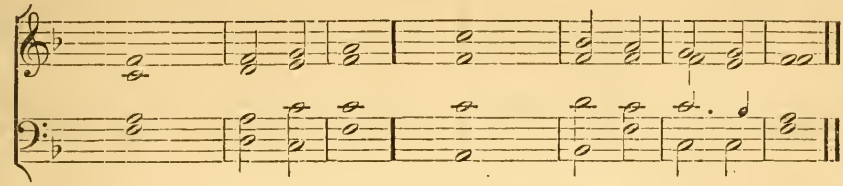
9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore · the | Lord: || for he | cometh · to | judge · the | earth.

10 With righteousness shall he | judge·the | world : || and the | peo-ple | with— | equity.

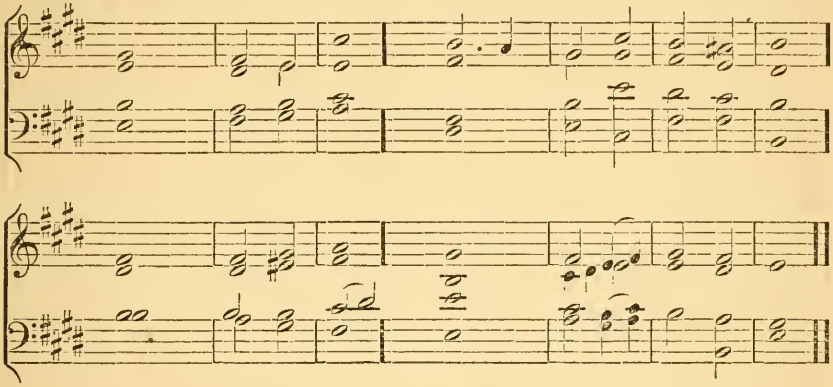
Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son : || and | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

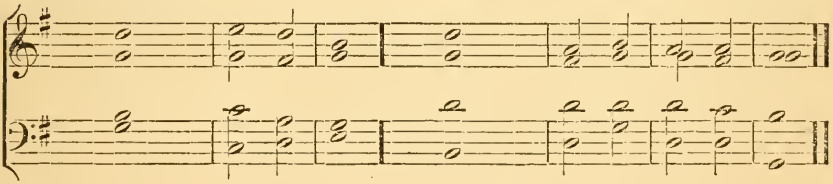
No. 18. SINGLE. FARRANT.



No. 19. DOUBLE. HENLEY.



No. 20. SINGLE. DR. HAYES.



Bonum est confiteri, Psalm 92.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un- | to · the | LORD : || and to sing praises unto thy | Name,— | O · Most | Highest ;

To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in · the | morning : || and of thy truth | in · the | night— | season ;

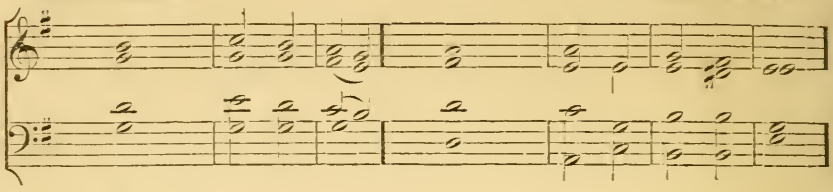
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on · the | lute : || upon a loud instrument, | and · up- | on the | harp.

For thou, LORD, hast made me glad | through · thy | works : || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- | a-tions | of · thy | hands.

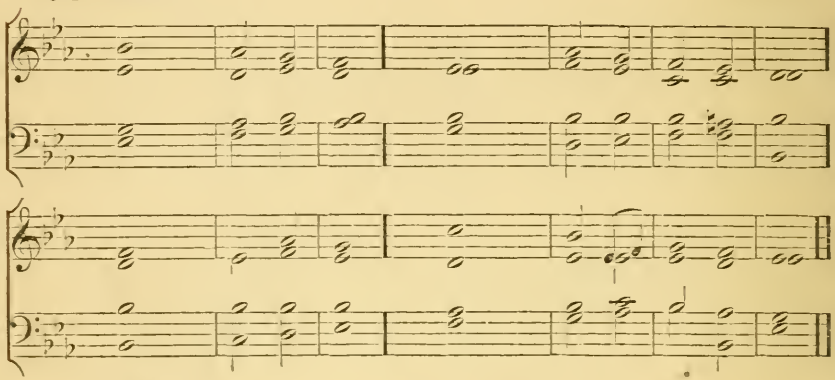
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to · the | HO-LY | GHOST.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev · -er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

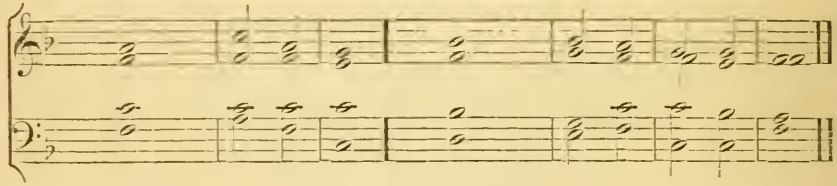
No. 21. SINGLE. GREGORIAN. (*Tonus Peregrinus.*)



No. 22. DOUBLE. HIGGINS.



No. 23. SINGLE.



Deus Misereatur. Psalm 67.

GOD be merciful unto us, and | bless— | us : || and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci-ful | un-to | us ;

2 That thy way may be | known up-on | earth; || thy saving | health · a- | mong · all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God : || yea, let all the | peo-ple | praise— | thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice | and · be | glad: || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | na-tions | up-on | earth.

5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God : || yea, let all the | peo-ple | praise— | thee.

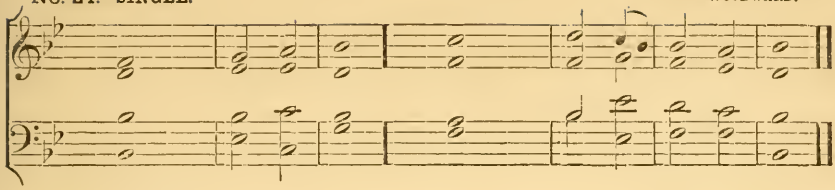
6 Then shall the earth bring | forth · her | increase : || and God, even our own God, shall | give— | us · his | blessing.

7 God shall | bless— | us : || and all the ends of the | world · shall | fear— | him.

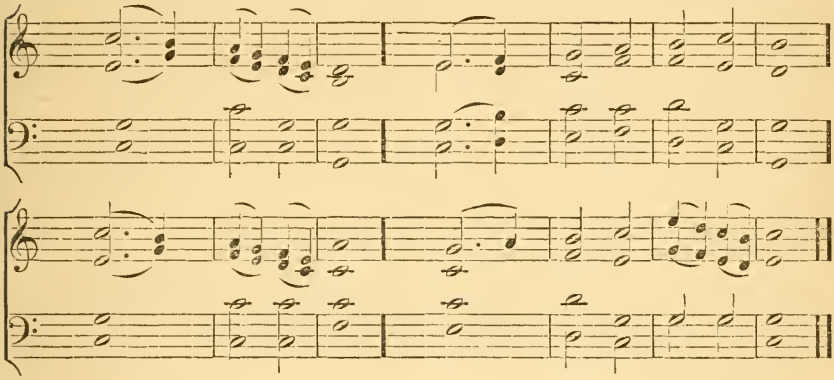
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to the | HO-LY | GHOST ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

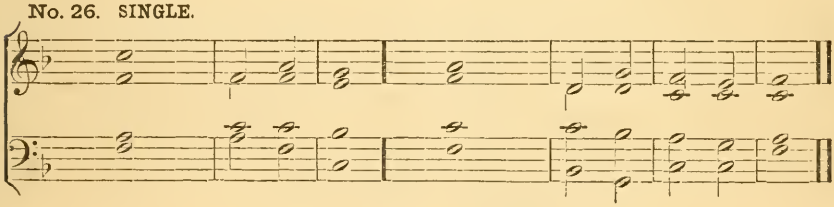
No. 24. SINGLE. WOODWARD.



No. 25. DOUBLE. CHARLET.



No. 26. SINGLE.



Benedic, anima mea. Psalm 103.

PRAISE the LORD, | O · my | soul : || and all that is within me, | praise · his | ho-ly | Name.

Praise the LORD, | O · my | soul : || and forget not | all · his | be-ne- | fits.

Who forgiveth | all · thy | sin : || and healeth all | thine · in- | firm-i- | ties ;

Who saveth thy life | from · de- | struction : || and crowneth thee with mercy and | lov-ing- | kind- — | ness.

O praise the LORD, ye Angels of his, ye that ex- | cel · in | strength : || ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice · of | his— | word.

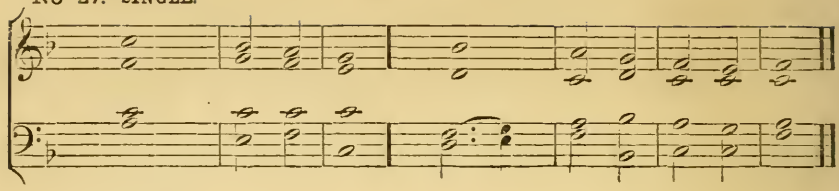
O praise the LORD, all | ye · his | hosts : || ye servants of | his · that | do · his | pleasure.

O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of his, in all places of | his · do- | minion : || praise thou the | LORD,— | O · my | soul.

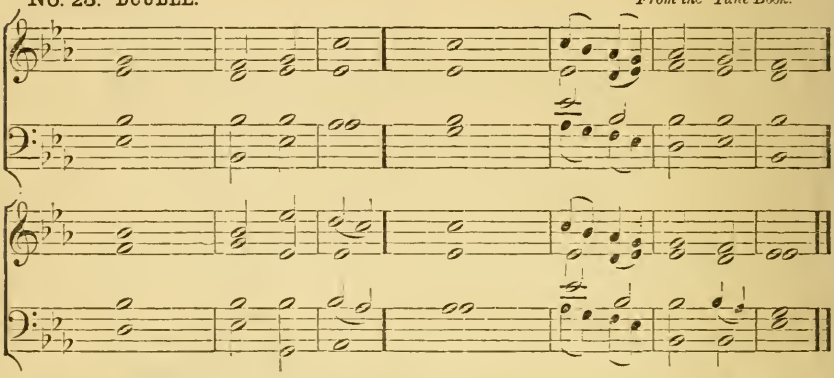
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to the | HO-LY | GHOST ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : | world | with-out | end. A- | men.

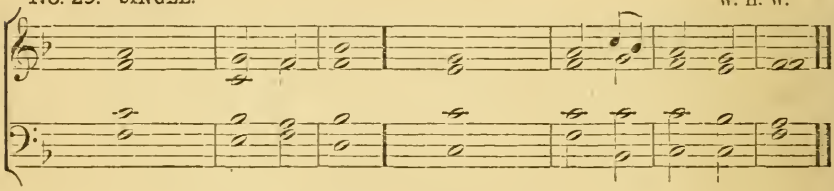
No 27. SINGLE.



No. 28. DOUBLE. *From the 'Tune Book.'*



No. 29. SINGLE. W. H. W.



Magnificat. St. Luke. i. 46.

MY soul doth magni- | fy · the | Lord : || and my spirit hath re- | joiced · in | God · my | Saviour.

For He | hath · re- | garded : || the lowliness | of · his | hand— | maiden ;

For behold, | from · hence- | forth : || all generations | shall— | call · me | blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy | is · his | Name : || and his mercy is on them that fear Him, through- | out . all | gen-er- | ations.

He hath shewed strength | with · his | arm: || He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of · their | hearts.

He hath put down the mighty | from · their | seats : || and hath exalted the | hum-ble | and · — | meek.

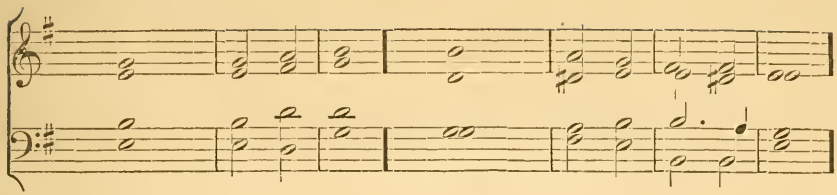
He hath filled the hungry | with · good | things : || and the rich He | hath · sent | emp-ty a- | way.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant | Is-ra- | el : || as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and · his | seed · for | ever.

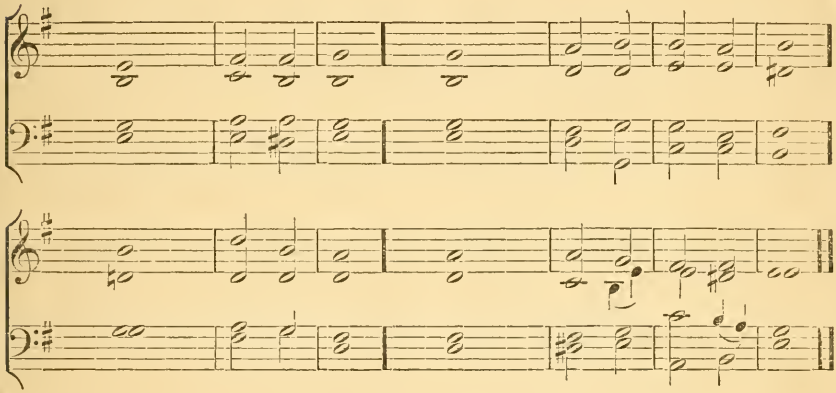
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to the | HO-LY | GHOST ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : | world | with-out | end. A- | men.

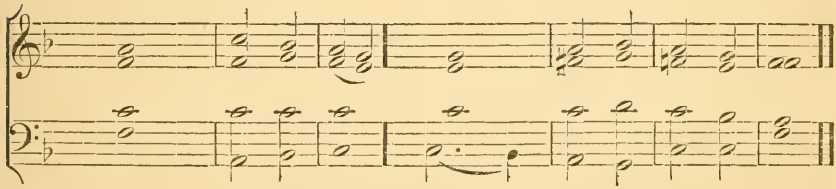
No. 30. SINGLE.



No. 31. DOUBLE. FLINTOFT.



No. 32. SINGLE.



Nunc dimittis. St. Luke. ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de- | part · in | peace: || ac- | cord-ing | to · thy | word.

For | mine— | eyes: || have | seen— | thy · sal- | vation.

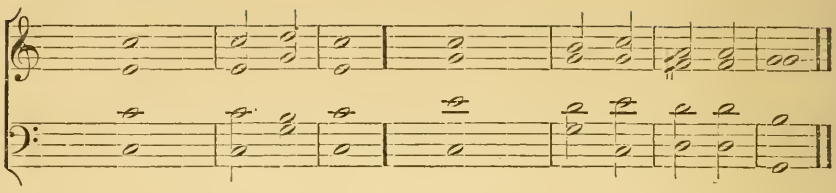
Which thou | hast · pre- | pared: || before the | face · of | all ·— | people.

To be a light to | light-en the | Gentiles: || and to be the glory of thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.

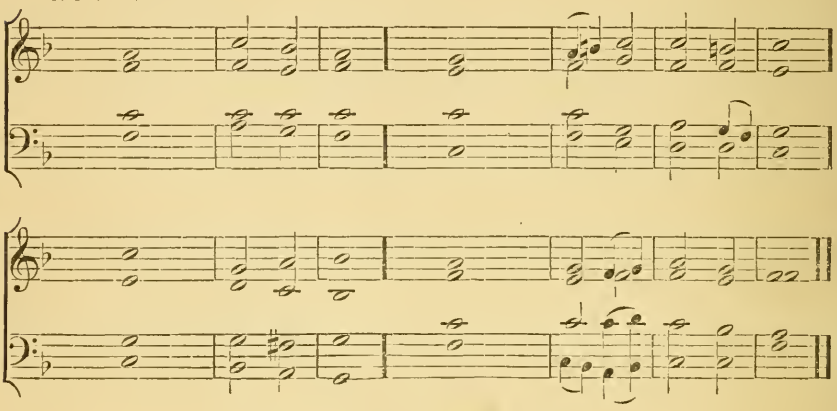
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON: || and | to · the | HO-LY | GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

No. 33. SINGLE. 8TH TONE.



No. 34. DOUBLE. DEAN ALDRICH.



Psalm 8. *Domine, Dominus noster.*

1 O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy Name in | all · the | world: || thou that hast set thy | glory · a- | bove · the | heavens!

2 Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings, hast thou ordained strength, because | of · thine | enemies: || that thou mightest still the enemy | and— | the · a- | venger.

3 For I will consider thy heavens, even the works | of · thy | fingers: || the moon and the stars | which · thou | hast · or- | dained.

4 What is man, that thou art | mindful · of | him; || and the son of man, | that · thou | visit-est | him?

5 Thou madest him lower | than · the | angels: || to crown him with | glo- — | ry · and | worship.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion of the works | of · thy | hands: || and thou hast put all things in sub- | jec-tion | under · his | feet;

7 All | sheep · and | oxen: || yea, and the | beasts— | of · the | field;

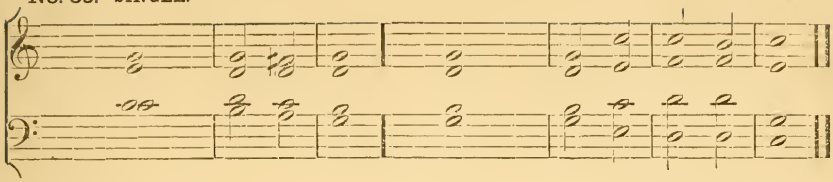
8 The fowls of the air, and the fishes | of · the | sea: || and whatsoever walketh | through · the | paths · of the | seas.

9 O | LORD, our | Governor: || how excellent is thy | Name · in | all · the | world!

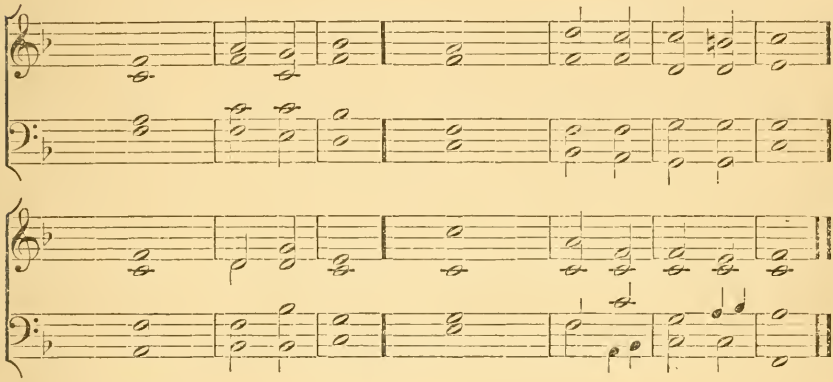
GLORY be to the FATHER: | and · to the | SON: || and | to · the | HO-LY | GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: || world | with-out | end. A— | men.

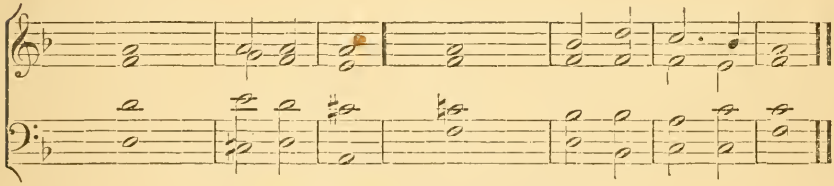
No. 35. SINGLE. SAVAGE.



No. 36. DOUBLE. *Adapted from* HANDEL.



No. 37. SINGLE. FELTON.



Psalm 15. *Domine, quis habitabit?*

1 LORD, who shall dwell | in · thy | tabernacle: || or who shall rest up- | on · thy | ho-ly | hill?

2 Even he that leadeth an | uncor-rupt | life: || and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the | truth— | from · his | heart.

3 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil | to · his | neighbour: || and | hath · not | slandered · his | neighbour.

4 He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in | his · own | eyes: || and maketh much of | them · that | fear · the | LORD.

5 He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disap- | pointeth · him | not: || though it | were · to | his · own | hindrance.

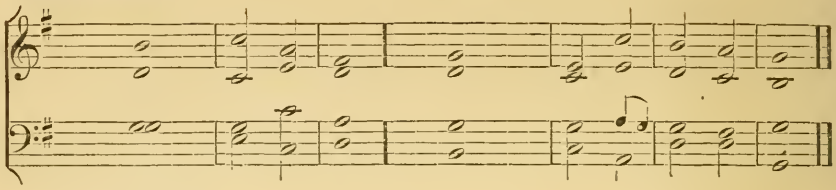
6 He that hath not given his money up- | on— | usury: || nor taken reward a- | gainst · the | in-no- | cent.

7 Whoso doeth | these— | things; || shall | nev— | —er | fall.

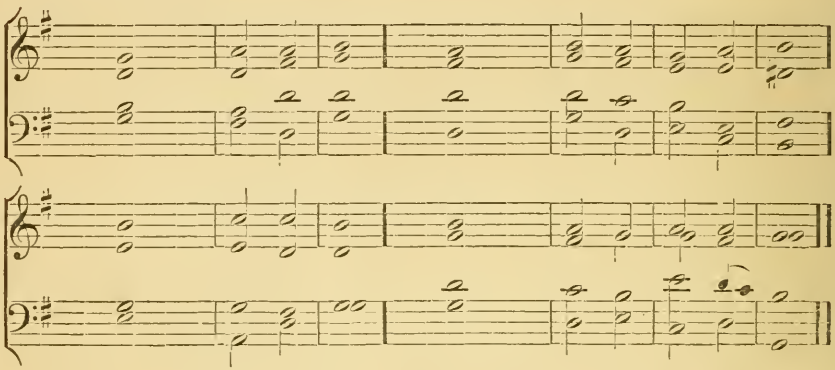
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON: || and | to · the | HO-LY | GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall · be: || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

No. 38. SINGLE. Dr. Nares.



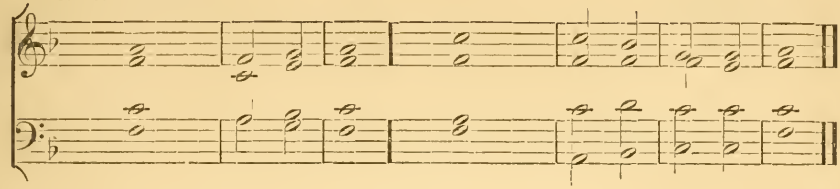
No. 39. DOUBLE.



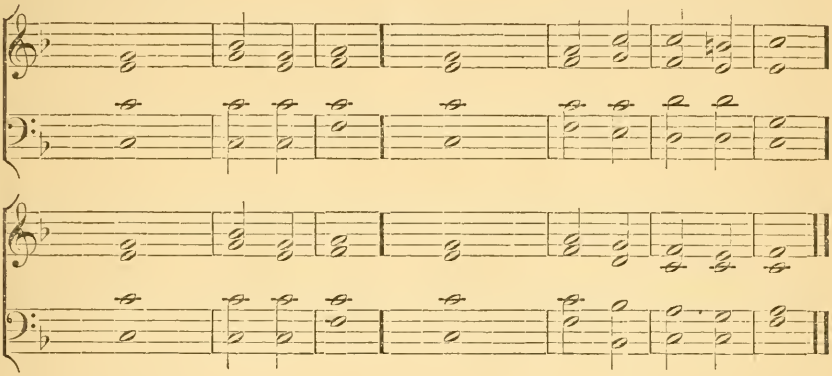
Psalm 19. *Cœli enarrant.*

1 THE heavens declare the | glory · of | God : || and the firmament | showeth · his | hand-y- | work.
2 One day | telleth · an- | other : || and one night | cer-ti- | fieth · an- | other.
3 There is neither | speech · nor | language: || but their voices are | heard · a- | mong— | them.
4 Their sound is gone out into | all— | lands : || and their words into the | ends— | of · the | world.
5 In them hath he set a tabernacle | for · the | sun: || which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a | giant · to | run · his | course.
6 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of | it · a- | gain : || and there is nothing hid | from · the | heat · there- | of.
7 The law of the Lord is an undefiled law con- | verting · the | soul : || the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth | wis-dom | unto · the | simple.
8 The statutes of the Lord are right, and re- | joice · the | heart : || the commandment of the Lord is pure and giveth | light · un- | to the | eyes.
9 The fear of the Lord is clean, and en- | dureth · for | ever: || the judgments of the Lord are true, and | right-cous | al-to- | gether.
10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much · fine | gold : || sweeter also than honey, | and · the | hon-ey- | comb.
11 Moreover, by them is thy | ser-vant | taught : || and in keeping of them | there · is | great · re- | ward.
12 Who can tell how oft | he · of- | fendeth : || O cleanse thou me | from · my | se-cret | faults.
13 Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion | o-ver | me : || so shall I be undefiled, and innocent | from · the | great · of- | fence.
14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of · my | heart || be alway accepta- ble | in · thy | sight.
15 O | —·— | Lord : || my strength and | my · re- | deem- — | er.
Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son : || and | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

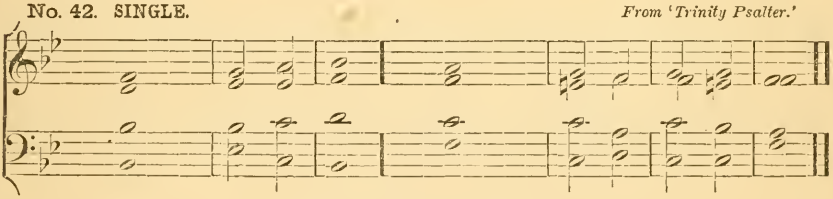
No. 40. SINGLE — Dr. Gauntlett.



No. 41. DOUBLE. — Dr. Gauntlett. (*From 7th Tone.*)



No. 42. SINGLE. — *From 'Trinity Psalter.'*



Psalm 23. *Dominus regit me.*

1 THE Lord | is · my | shepherd: || therefore | can · I | lack— | nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a | green— | pasture: || and lead me forth be- | side · the | waters · of | comfort.

3 He shall con- | vert · my | soul: || and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness | for · his | Name's— | sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear · no | evil: || for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff— | com-fort | me.

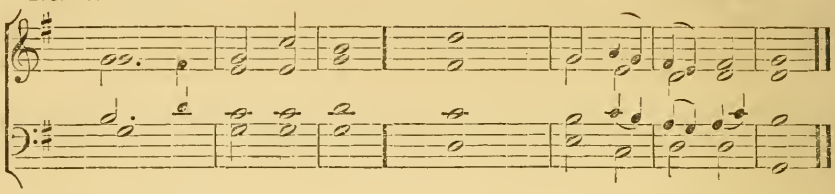
5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that | trou-ble | me: || thou hast anointed my head with oil | and · my | cup · shall be | full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days | of · my | life: || and I will dwell in the house | of · the | Lord · for | ever.

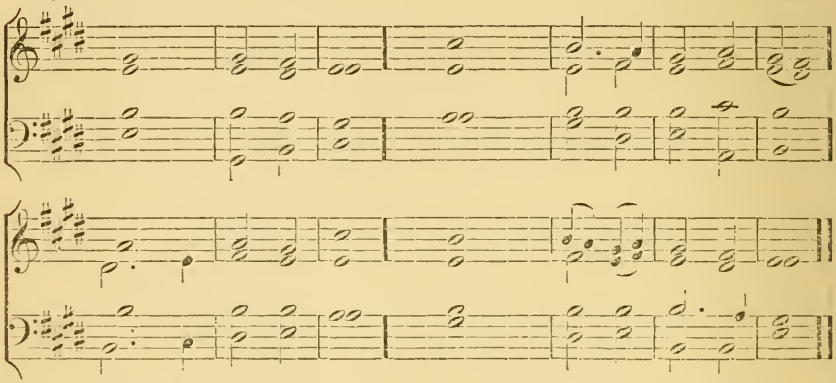
Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son: || and | to · the Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: || world | with-out | end. A— | men.

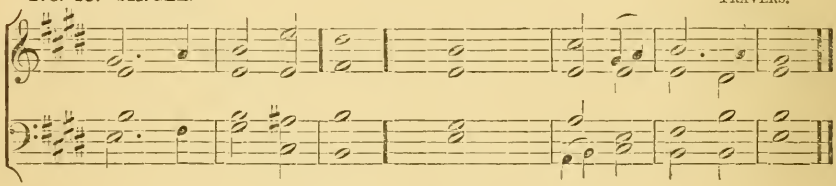
No. 43. SINGLE. BENNETT.



No. 44. DOUBLE. C. TEESDALE.



No. 45. SINGLE. TRAVERS.



Psalm 121. *Levavi oculos meos.*

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes un- | to · the | hills: || from | whence— | cometh · my | help.

2 My help cometh even | from · the | LORD: || who hath | made— | heaven · and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot | to · be | moved: || and he that | keepeth · thee | will · not | sleep.

4 Behold, he that keepeth | Is-ra- | el: || shall | nei-ther | slumber · nor | sleep.

5 The LORD himself | is · thy | keeper: || the LORD is thy defence up- | on · thy | right— | hand;

6 So that the sun shall not burn | thee · by | day: || neither the | moon— | by— | night.

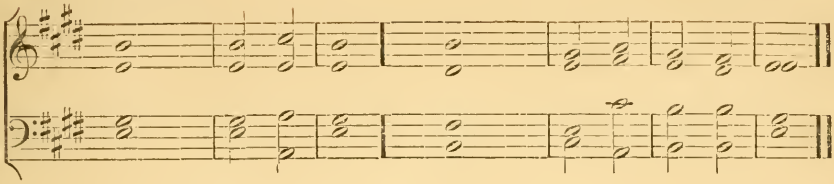
7 The LORD shall preserve thee | from · all | evil: || yea, it is even He | that · shall | keep · thy | soul.

8 The LORD shall preserve thy going out, and thy | com-ing | in: || from this time | forth · for- | ev-er- | more.

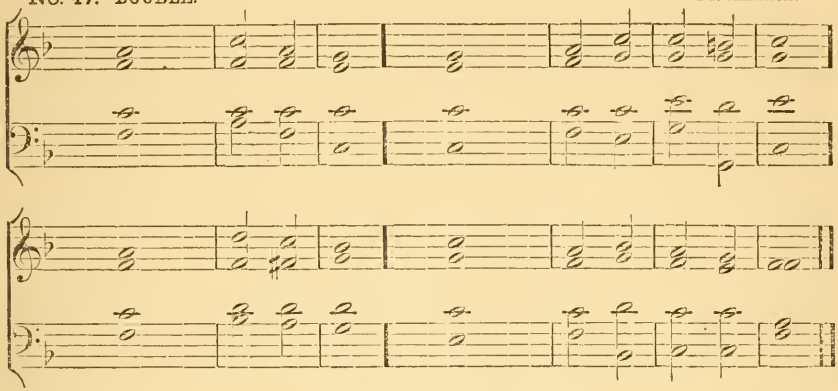
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON: || and | to · the | HOLY | GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

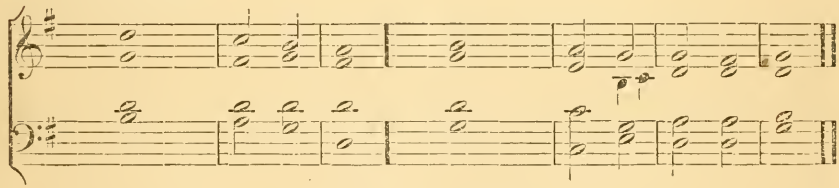
No. 46. SINGLE. 5TH TONE.



No. 47. DOUBLE. DR. ALDRICH.



No. 48. SINGLE.



Psalm 122. *Lætatus sum.*

I WAS glad when they said | un-to | me : || We will go into the | house— | of the | LORD.

2 Our feet shall stand | in · thy | gates : || O | —Je- | ru-sa- | lem.

3 Jerusalem is built | as · a | city : || that is at | uni-ty | in · it- | self.

4 For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes | of · the | LORD : || to testify unto ISRAEL, to give thanks unto the | Name— | of · the | LORD.

5 For there is the | seat · of | judgment : || even the seat | of · the | house · of | David.

6 O pray for the peace of Je- | ru-sa- | lem : || they shall prosper | that— | love— | thee.

7 Peace be with | in thy | walls: || and plenteous- | ness with- | in · thy | palaces.

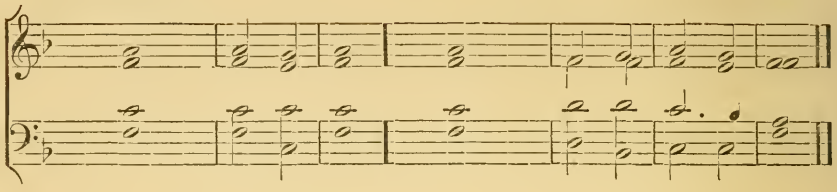
8 For my brethren and com- | pan-ions' | sakes: || I will | wish— | thee · pros- | perity.

9 Yea, because of the house of the | LORD · our | God : || I will | seek · to | do thee | good.

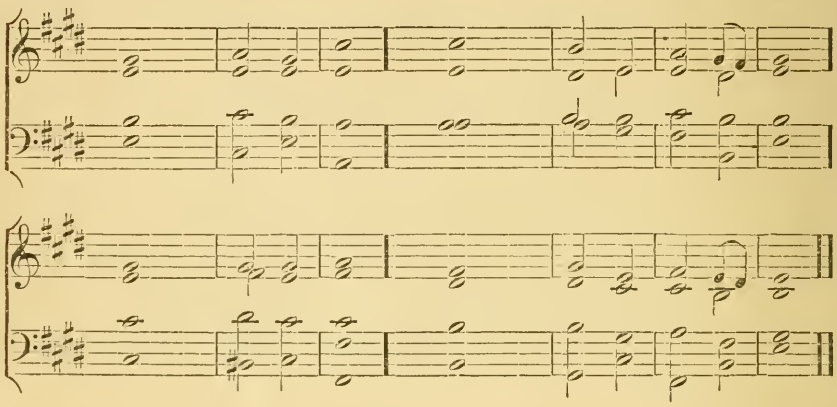
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to the | HO-LY | GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

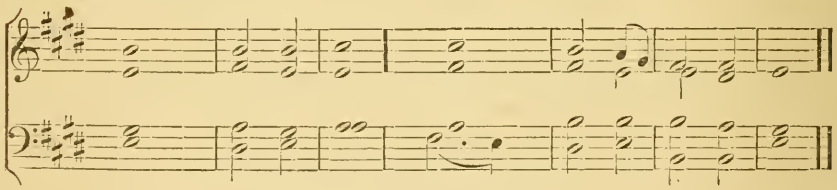
No. 49. SINGLE. 6TH TONE.



No. 50. DOUBLE. W. H. WALTER. 1861.



No. 51. SINGLE. TRAVERS.



Psalm 134. *Ecce nunc.*

BEHOLD now, | praise · the | LORD : || all ye | ser-vants | of . the | LORD ;

2 Ye that by night stand in the house | of · the | LORD : || even in the courts of the | house— | of · our | God.

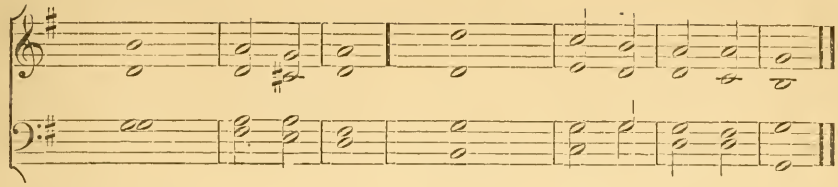
3 Lift up your hands | in · the | sanctuary : || and | praise— | — the | LORD.

4 The LORD, that made | heaven · and | earth : || give thee blessing | out · of | Si- — | on.

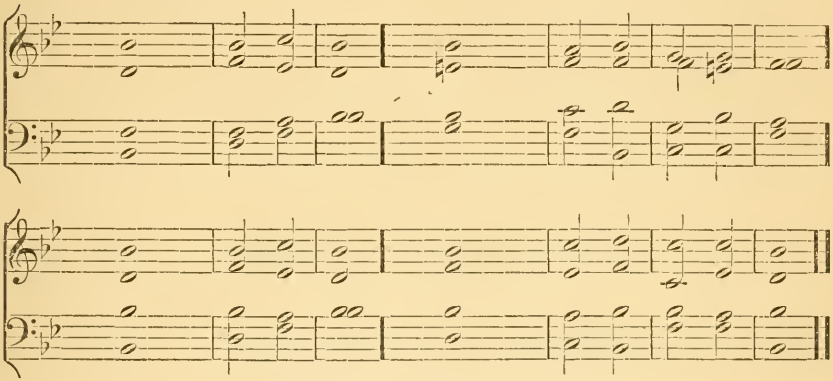
GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to · the | HO-LY | GHOST;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

No. 52. SINGLE. H. PURCELL.



No. 53. DOUBLE. Dr. GAUNTLETT. *From 8th Tone.*



From Psalm 136. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for | he · is | gracious : || and his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

O give thanks unto the God | of · all | gods : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

O thank the Lord | of · all | lords : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

Who only | doeth · great | wonders : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

Who by his excellent wisdom | made · the | heavens : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

Who laid out the earth a- | bove · the | waters : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

Who hath made | great— | lights : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

The sun to | rule · the | day : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

The moon and the stars to | govern · the | night: || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

Who remembered us when we | were · in | trouble: || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

And hath delivered us | from · our | enemies : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

Who giveth food | to · all | flesh : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

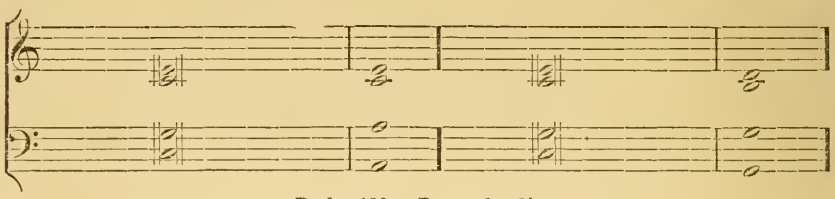
O give thanks unto the | God · of | heaven : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

O give thanks unto the | Lord · of | lords : || for his | mercy · en- | dureth · for | ever.

GLORY be to the FATHER, | and · to the | SON : || and | to · the | HO-LY | GHOST ;

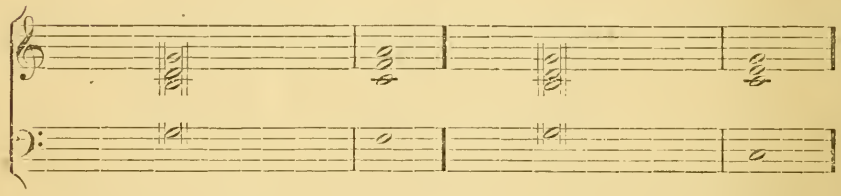
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

No. 54.



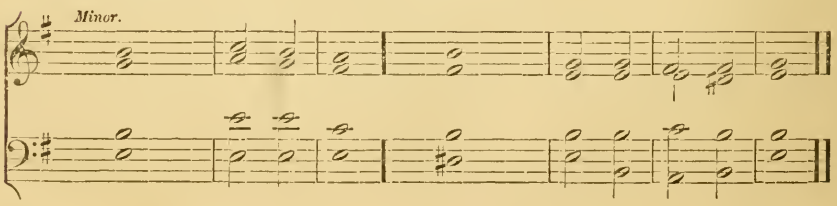
Psalm 130. *De profundis.*

1. Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O.....	Lord;	Lord, hear my.....	voice. 2.
3. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done a - -	miss:	O Lord, who may a - - -	bide it. 4.
5. I look for the Lord, my soul doth wait for.....	Him:	in His word is my.....	trust. 6.
7. O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is.....	mercy:	and with Him is plenteous re-	demption. 8.
GLORY be to the FATHER, and to the.....	SON:	and to the HOLY.....	GHOST;

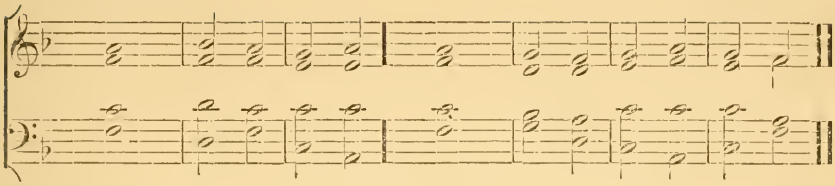


2. O let Thine ears consider.....	well:	the voice of my com - -	plaint. 3.
4. For there is mercy with.....	Thee:	therefore shalt Thou be....	feared. 5.
6. My soul fleeth unto the.....	Lord:	{ before the morning watch, I say before the morning	watch. 7.
8. And He shall redeem Isra - -	el:	from all his..... ...	sins.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall.....	be:	world without end. A - -	men.

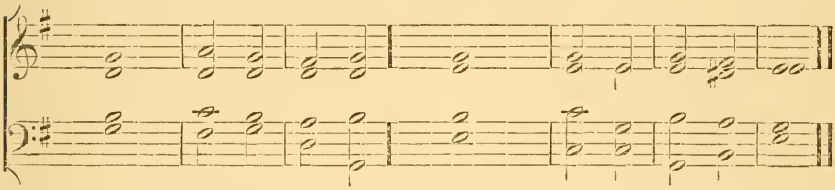
No. 55. SINGLE. *(For Psalm 51, on next page.)* J. BARNBY.



No. 56. SINGLE. 1st Tone.



No. 57. SINGLE. 3d Tone.



Psalm 51. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after | thy · great | goodness : || according to the multitude of thy mercies do a- | way — | mine · of- | fences.

Wash me throughly from my | wick-ed- | ness : || and | cleanse · me | from · my | sin.

For I ac- | knowledge · my | faults : || and my sin is | ever · be- | fore— | me.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil | in · thy | sight : || that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and | clear · when | thou · art | judged.

Behold, I was shapen in | wick-ed- | ness : || and in sin hath my | mother · con- | ceiv-ed | me.

But lo, thou requirest truth in the | in-ward | parts ; || and shalt make me to understand | wis-dom | se-cret- | ly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I | shall · be | clean : || thou shalt wash me, and I shall be | whit-er | than— | snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of | joy · and | gladness : || that the bones which thou hast | bro-ken | may · re- | joice.

Turn thy face | from · my | sins : || and put out | all— | my · mis- | deeds.

Make me a clean heart, | O— | God : || and renew a | right— | Spirit · with- | in me.

Cast me not away | from · thy | presence : || and take not thy | Ho-ly | Spir-it | from me.

O give me the comfort of thy | help · a- | gain : || and stablish me | with · thy | free— | Spirit.

Then shall I teach thy ways un- | to · the | wicked : || and sinners shall be con- | vert-ed | un-to | thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God | of · my | health : || and my tongue shall sing | of · thy | right-eous- | ness.

Thou shalt open my lips, | O— | Lord : || and my | mouth · shall | show · thy | praise.

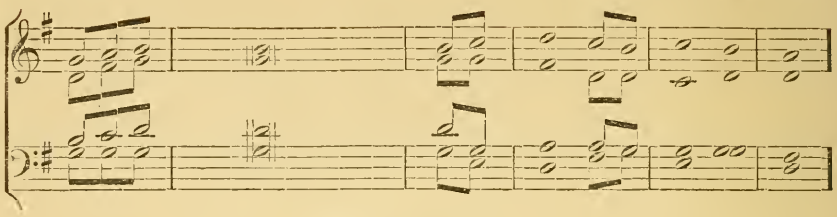
For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I | give · it | thee : || but thou delightest | not · in | burnt— | offerings.

The sacrifice of God is a | trou-bled | spirit: || a broken and contrite heart, O God, | shalt · thou | not · de- | spise.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son : || and | to · the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

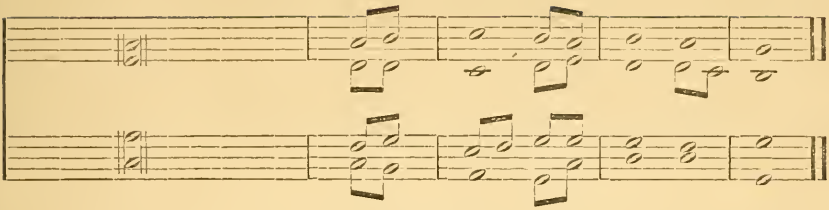
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world | with-out | end. A- | men.

No. 58. *Adapted from an Ancient Melody.*



Miserere mei, Deus.

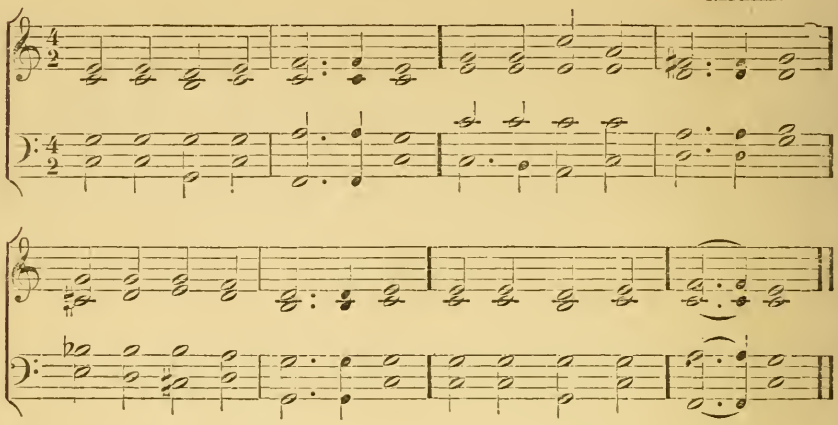
1. Have mer-cy	upon me, O God,.....	af - ter	Thy great	good- -	ness :
2. Wash me....	throughly.....	from	— my	wick - ed-	ness :
3.	For	I ac -	know - ledge	my —	faults :
4. A - gainst..	Thee only have I sinned, and.....	done this	e - vil	in Thy	sight :
5.	Behold, ...	I was	sha - pen in	wick - ed -	ness :
6. But lo, ...	Thou re - - - - -	quir - est	truth in the	in - ward	parts :
7.	Thou shalt purge....	me with	hyssop, and I	shall be	clean :
8 Thou shalt...	make me.....	hear of	joy and	glad - -	ness :
9.	Turn Thy	face	from —	my —	sins :
10. Make	me a.....	clean	heart, —	O —	God :
11.	Cast me not a - - -	way	from Thy	pre - -	sence :
12. O.....	give me the.....	com-fort	of Thy	help a -	gain :
13.	Then shall I.....	teach Thy	ways un -	to the	wicked :
14. De - liv - er	me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou that.....	art the	God —	of my	health :
15.	Thou shalt open	my	lips, —	O —	Lord :
16. For Thou ...	desirest no sacrifice, ..	else	would I	give it	Thee :
17.	The sacri- - - - -	fice of	God is a	trou-bled	spirit :
18. O be.....	favourable.....	and	gra - cious	un - to	Sion :
19.	Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-	offer-ings	and ob -	la- - -	tions :
Glo-ry.....	be to the	Fa - -	— ther and	to the	Son :
As it	was in the beginning, is now,.....	and	ev - er	shall —	be :



From Psalm 51.

according to the multitude of Thy mercies.....	do a -	way mine of -	fen - - -	ces.
and.....	cleanse	— me	from my	sin.
and my.....	sin is	ev - er be -	fore —	me.
that Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying, and clear	when	Thou art	judg- - -	ed.
and in sin.....	hath my	mo - ther con-	ceiv - ed	me.
and shalt make me to under -	stand	wis - dom	se - cret -	ly.
Thou shalt wash me,.....	and	I shall be	whiter than	snow.
that the bones which.....	Thou hast	brok - en	may re -	joice.
and.....	put out	all —	my mis -	deeds.
and renew a.....	right	spir - it with-	in —	me.
and take not Thy.....	Ho - LY	SPIR - IT	from —	me.
and.....	sta - blish	me with	Thy free	Spirit.
and sinners shall.....	be con -	vert - ed	un - to	Thee.
and my.....	tongue shall	sing of Thy	right - eous -	ness.
and.....	my	mouth shall	show Thy	praise.
but Thou de - - - - - -	light - est	not in	burnt - -	offerings.
a broken and a contrite heart,	O	GOD shalt Thou	not de -	spise.
build.....	Thou the	walls of Je -	ru - sa -	lem.
Then shall they offer young bullocks.....	up -	on Thine	al - - -	tar.
and.....	to the	Ho - - - -	- - LY	GHOST;
world.....	with - out	end. A -	- - - -	men.

REDHEAD.



Hymn 231.

1 GOD the FATHER, seen of none,
GOD the Sole-Begotten SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, with Them One;
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 JESU, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

3 By that Hour of Agony
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

4 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray
That the Cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey:
Hear us, Holy JESU.

5 By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the Cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

6 By Thy nailing to the Tree,
By the title over Thee,
On the hill of Calvary;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

7 By the parting of Thy clothes.
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

8 By Thy Seven Words then said,
By the bowing of Thy Head,
By Thy numbering with the dead;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

9 By the piercing of Thy Side.
By the stream of double tide,
Blood and Water, thence supplied;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

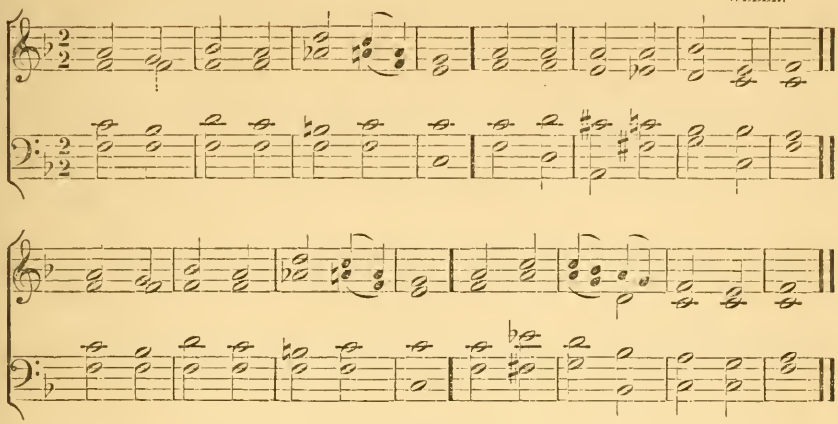
10 Cleansing us from outward sin,
And from evil thoughts within,
That we may true pureness win;
Save us, Holy JESU.

11 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life;
Save us, Holy JESU.

12 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss,
But Thee only on Thy Cross;
Save us, Holy JESU.

13 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past,
We may see Thy Face at last;
Save us, Holy JESU.

WEBER.



Hymn 232.

1 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
HOLY GHOST the Comforter,
Ever Blessèd Three in One;
Spare us, HOLY TRINITY.

2 CHRIST, Whose mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill,
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

3 Thou Who on the Cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy Blood our stain;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

4 Thou Whose will it is that we
Should from death return to Thee,
And should live eternally;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

5 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep;
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

6 In all poverty and wealth,
In all sickness and in health,
Ever from the Tempter's stealth;
Save us, HOLY JESU.

7 For all lack of love and faith,
From a sudden, evil death.
Thou Whose Arm delivereth;
Save us, HOLY JESU.

8 When our dying draweth near;
On the last Great Day of fear,
Master, King, Redeemer dear;
Save us, HOLY JESU.

9 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our soul's offence,
And find truest penitence;
We beseech Thee, JESU.

10 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy Face;
We beseech Thee, JESU.

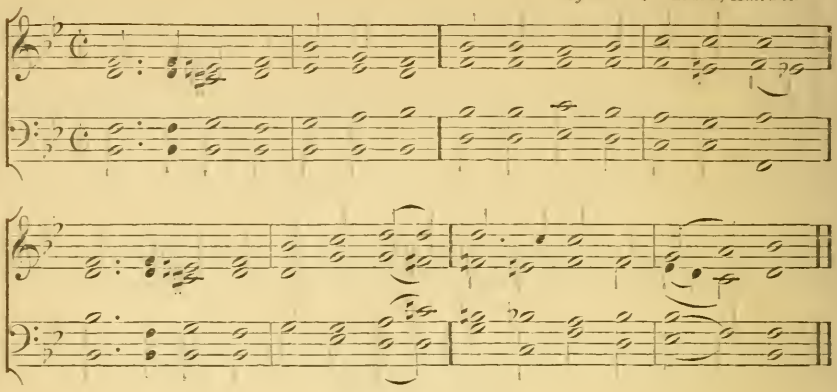
11 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust;
We beseech Thee, JESU.

12 That to sin for ever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread;
We beseech Thee, JESU.

13 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore;
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Litany of the Holy Childhood.

T. Morley.
Arr. by Wm. H. Walter, *Mus. Doc.*



Hymn 233.

1 God the Father, God the Word,
God the Holy Ghost adored,
Blessed Trinity, One Lord;
| *Spare us,* | Ho-ly | Trin-i- | ty.

2 Jesu, David's Root and Stem,
Jesu, Bright and glorious Gem,
Jesu, Babe of Bethlehem;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

3 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

4 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

5 Jesu, at Whose infant Feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

6 Jesu, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, as them the Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

7 Jesu, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hast'ning to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

8 Jesu, forced away to flee,
By King Herod's cruelty,
From the roof that sheltered Thee;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

9 Jesu, Whom Thy Mother found
Sitting in the temple's bound,
With the doctors placed around;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

10 Jesu, Lord of life and death,
Who to her that gave Thee breath
Subject wast in Nazareth;
| *Hear us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

11 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
| *De-* | *liv-er* | *us, Child* | Je— | su.

12 From all sloth and idleness,
From rejoicing at distress,
From jealousy and greediness;
| *De-* | *liv-er* | *us, Child* | Je— | su.

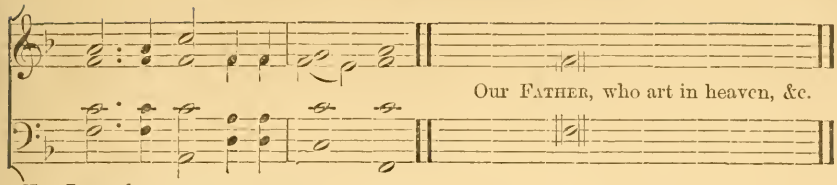
13 From disobedience, murmuring,
Thoughts in prayer-time wandering,
From each evil word and thing;
| *De-* | *liv-er* | *us, Child* | Je— | su.

14 By Thy coming from the skies
Here to dwell in mortal wise,
To enlighten darkened eyes;
| *Save us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

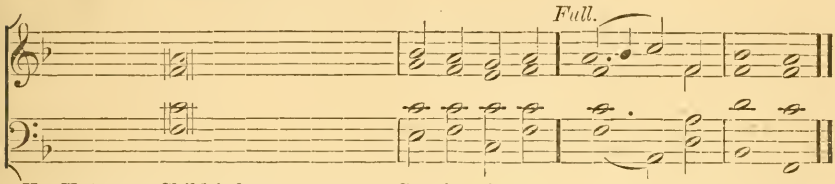
15 By Thy Birth and childish years,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
By Thine infant wants and fears;
| *Save us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

16 By those first-shed drops of gore
Which Thou didst for sinners pour,
By the Name we bow before;
| *Save us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.

17 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy never-fading light,
By Thy mercies infinite;
| *Save us,* | *O Child* | Je— | su.



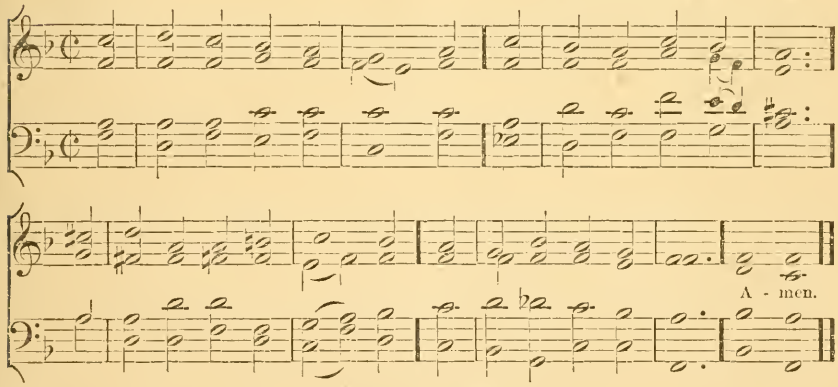
V. Lord, have mer-cy up - on us.
R. Christ, *have mer-cy up - on us.*
Full. Lord, have mer-cy up - on us.



V. Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is giv-en, *Al - - le - lu - ia.*
R. And the government shall be up - on His shoulders. *Al - - le - lu - ia.*

(*Collect for Christmas.*)

NOËL. Wm. H. Walter, *Mus. Doc.* 1869.



Hymn 234.

1 A GREAT and mighty wonder!
A full and holy cure!
The Virgin bears the Infant,
With Virgin honour pure.

2 The Word is made incarnate,
And yet remains on high;
And cherubim to shepherds
Sing anthems from the sky.

3 And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men!"

4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
Ye oceans, clap your hands!

5 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour and the Lord.

6 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye. Amen.

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Christian! dost thou see them	*Lent*	62	54
Christians awake, salute the happy morn	*Christmas*	29	30
Christ is born of Maiden fair	*Christmas*	219	185
Christ is gone up	"	83	71
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	*Morning*	5	8
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	*Easter*	74	63
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	"	76	64
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	*Whitsuntide*	85	72
Come, let us adore Him	*General*	130	105
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	"	129	105
Come, let us sing of those sweet babes	*Holy Innocents*	222	187
Come, sing with holy gladness	*General*	113	93
Come ye lofty, come ye lowly	*Christmas*	214	181
Crown him with many crowns	*General*	112	92
Crowns of glory ever bright	*Easter*	75	64

First Line.	Appropriate for	Hymn.	Page.
Day of wonder, day of gladness	*Easter*	226	191
Days and moments quickly flying	*New Year*	38	37
Dear troubled heart! be not afraid	*General*	115	95
Deep the gloom, and still the night	*Epiphany*	224	189
Far from my heavenly home	*General*	117	97
Far from these narrow scenes	"	118	98
Fiercely came the tempest sweeping	"	165	130
First of Martyrs, thou whose name	*St. Stephen's*	99	81
Fling out the banner	*Missions*	110	90
For thee, O dear, dear country	*General*	188	156
Forth from Egypt's house of bondage	*Processional*	204	168
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	*New Year*	39	38
Forty days and forty nights	*Lent*	53	48
From Greenland's icy mountains	*Missions*	108	89
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	*General*	140	112
Glorious things of thee are spoken	"	166	131
Glory and praise and honour	*Palm Sunday*	70	60
Glory be to God on high	*Trinity*	96	78
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	*Evening*	7	9
Glory to the Father give	*Trinity*	97	79
God hath made the moon whose beam	*General*	164	129
God, Lord of Sabaoth	"	199	164
God, my Father, hear me pray	*Lent*	61	53
God of mercy, God of grace	*Epiphany*	40	38
God of mercy, throned on high	*General*	162	127
God the Father, God the Son	*Litany Hymn*	232	231
God the Father, God the Word	" "	233	232
God the Father, seen of none	" "	231	230
God, Who madest earth and heaven	*Evening*	15	19
Good Christian men rejoice	*Christmas*	215	182
Good King Wenceslas	"	216	184
Grace! 'tis a charming sound	*General*	171	135
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	"	143	114
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine	*Whitsuntide*	86	72
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	*General*	123	101
Hail the day that sees Him rise	*Ascension*	80	68
Hail! Thou long expected Jesus	*Advent*	27	28
Hail! Thou once despised Jesus	*General*	114	94
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	*Epiphany*	41	39
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs	*General*	185	150
Hark! that glorious burst of praise	"	178	143
Hark! the song of jubilee	*Missions*	109	90
Hark! the herald angels sing	*Christmas*	28	29
Hark! what mean those holy voices	"	31	32
Hark! ye faithful, rouse from sleeping	*Advent*	25	27
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	*General*	147	117
He's come, let every knee be bent	*Whitsuntide*	90	74
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty	*Trinity*	92	76
Holy Jesu, Saviour blest	*General*	131	106
Holy night	*Christmas*	218	184
How bright those glorious spirits shine	*Saint's Day*	93	80
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	*General*	119	98
Humble praises, Holy Jesus	"	125	102
I heard the voice of Jesus say	*General*	116	96
I lay my sins on Jesus	"	138	111
I love, I love Thee, Lord most high	"	124	102
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	"	182	146

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In the Cross of Christ I glory	*General*	136	109
In the hour of trial	*Lent*	59	51
In the wintry heaven	*Epiphany*	223	188
I think, when I read that sweet story	*General*	202	266
It was early in the morning	*Easter*	228	193
Jerusalem, my happy home	*General*	190	157
Jerusalem on high	"	189	157
Jerusalem the golden	"	186	153
Jesu, meek and gentle	"	132	106
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	*Easter*	79	66
Jesus, gentlest Saviour	*General*	126	103
Jesus, holy, undefiled	*Morning*	4	7
Jesus loves me	*General*	128	104
Jesus lives! no longer now	*Easter*	78	65
Jesus, Saviour of my soul	*General*	133	107
Jesus, Saviour, Son of God	"	127	104
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*Missions*	207	171
Jesu, to Thee we look	*General*	134	108
Just as I am, without one plea	*Lent*	67	58
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	*General*	122	100
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	*Trinity*	93	77
Let us with a gladsome mind	*General*	169	133
Let the song be begun	*Whitsuntide*	230	194
Litany of the Holy Childhood	*Christmas*	233	232
" " Passion	*Lent*	231	230
" of Penitence	"	232	231
Like a young flower of early May	*General*	157	124
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine	*Christmas*	216	183
Little children, come to Jesus	*General*	155	123
Lo! He comes in clouds descending	*Advent*	23	24
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	*Lent*	55	49
Lord, now round Thy Church behold	*Processional*	206	170
Lord, with glowing heart	*General*	175	141
Lord of every land and nation	"	180	145
Love divine, all love excelling	"	170	134
Mists are rising slowly	"	203	167
My faith looks up to Thee	*Lent*	54	49
My God, my Father, while I stray	*General*	120	99
Nearer, my God, to Thee	*Lent*	51	46
Nearer, my God, to Thee	"	52	47
New every morning is the love	*Morning*	2	6
Not to the terrors of the Lord	*Saint's Day*	104	85
Now the day is over	*Evening*	14	18
Now the thirty years accomplished	*Lent*	64	55
O day most blest	*Sunday*	200	165
O day of rest and gladness	"	18	21
Oft in danger, oft in woe	*Lent*	58	51
O God of life, Whose power divine	*Trinity*	95	78
O happy band of pilgrims	*General*	184	148
O heavenly Father, bow Thine ear	"	152	121
O heavenly Jerusalem	"	191	158
O help us Lord, each hour of need	*Processional*	205	169
O how they softly rest	*General*	198	164
O Light of life, O Saviour dear	*Evening*	16	20
O most merciful	*Before Lent*	47	43
Once in royal David's city	*Christmas*	35	35

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Onward, Christian soldiers	*Processional*	208	172
O Paradise !	*General*	187	154
O Sacred Head, now wounded	*Good Friday*	71	61
O splendour of the Father's beam	*Morning*	1	5
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	*Whitsuntide*	87	73
Pleasant are Thy courts above	*General*	183	147
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	"	168	133
Put on your best array	*Easter*	227	192
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	*General*	167	132
Rest of the weary	*Lent*	49	45
Ride on, ride on in majesty	*Palm Sunday*	50	45
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	*Lent*	48	44
Round the Lord in glory seated	*Trinity*	94	77
Safe home, safe home, in port	*General*	192	159
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	*Evening*	12	17
Saviour, by Thy deep compassion	*General*	66	57
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	*Missions*	105	86
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	*General*	65	6[illegible]
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding	"	135	109
Saw ye never in the twilight ?	*Epiphany*	225	190
See the Conquerer mounts in triumph	*Ascension*	81	69
Shepherd of Israel from above	*General*	161	127
Simple Carollers are we	*Christmas*	212	179
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	*General*	172	136
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love	"	176	141
Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle	*Lent*	64	55
Soldiers awake ! this is the festal hour	*Easter*	229	193
Soldiers, gird on all your armour	*General*	195	161
Soldiers of Christ, arise	"	193	160
Soldiers who are Christ's below	"	194	160
Songs of praise the angels sang	"	177	142
Spirit of mercy, truth and love	*Whitsuntide*	88	73
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	*Evening*	8	10
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	"	11	15
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	*Before Lent*	45	42
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	*General*	141	113
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	*Advent*	26	28
The fields are all white	"	146	116
The day is past and over	*Evening*	17	20
The day of praise is done	*Sunday*	22	23
The God of Abraham praise	*General*	196	162
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	"	142	113
There is a green hill far away	*Lent*	63	54
The roseate hues of early dawn	*General*	179	144
There is a fountain filled with blood	*Lent*	56	50
The Word, with God the Father, One	*Circumcision*	36	36
There is a Friend for little children	*Lent*	148	118
There is a Friend more tender true	*General*	197	163
The Son of God goes forth to war	*Saint's Day*	100	82
The shadows of the evening hours	*Evening*	10	14
The Saints on earth and those above	*Saint's Day*	103	85
The strain upraise of joy and praise	*General*	173	138
The twelve Apostles of the Lord	*Whitsuntide*	91	75
The Son of God, so high and great	*Christmas*	33	33
The sun is sinking fast	*Evening*	13	18
Thine forever, God of love	*General*	121	99
This is the day of light	*Sunday*	21	23

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Those eternal bowers	*Saint's Day*	101	83
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone	*General*	139	111
Thou, Whose Almighty word	*Missions*	106	87
Thy Cross, O Lord, the holy sign	*General*	145	116
To have each day the thing I wish	"	151	120
Waken, Christian children	*Christmas*	220	186
We are but little children weak	*General*	156	123
Welcome, sacred day of rest	*Sunday*	20	22
Welcome, sweet day of rest	"	19	22
We march, we march to victory	*Processional*	209	174
What Child is this?	*Christmas*	221	187
When Christ was born of Mary free	"	213	180
When God of old came down from heaven	*Whitsuntide*	89	74
When I survey the wondrous cross	*Lent*	68	59
When little Samuel woke	*General*	201	166
When morning gilds the skies	"	144	115
When of old the Jewish mothers	"	154	122
When our heads are bowed with woe	*Lent*	57	50
We sing the praise of Him who died	"	69	59
When the sunny morn is bringing	*General*	163	128
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	*Christmas*	30	31
Who are these in bright array?	*Saint's Day*	102	84
With hearts in love abounding	*Missions*	107	88
Within the Temple's hallowed walls	*General*	160	126
Ye Choirs of new Jerusalem	*Easter*	77	65
Ye servants of God	*General*	174	140
Ye servants of the Lord	*Advent*	24	26
Yes, for me He careth	*General*	159	125

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Come ye lofty, come ye lowly	*Christmas*	214	181
Day of wonder, day of gladness	*Easter*	226	191
Deep the gloom, and still the night	*Epiphany*	224	189
Good Christian men rejoice	*Christmas*	215	182
Good King Wenceslas	"	216	184
Holy night	*Christmas*	218	184
In the wintry heaven	*Epiphany*	223	188
It was early in the morning	*Easter*	228	193
Let the song be begun	*Whitsuntide*	230	194
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